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GEN. SCOTT ENTERING THE CITY OF MEXICO.

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Engraved according to a sketch by George Catlin, Esq., in the sketch of the battle of Chapultepec, published in the "Illustrated London News," London, 1847.

THE
BATTLES OF AMERICA
BY
SEA & LAND.



Battle of Plattsburg Bay.

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BATTLES OF AMERICA

BY

SEA AND LAND:

CONSISTING OF

THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES,

THE WAR OF 1812, AND THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGNS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHIES OF NAVAL AND MILITARY COMMANDERS,

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.

BY ROBERT TOMES, M.D.,

JOINT EDITOR OF COMMODORE PERRY'S "EXPEDITION TO JAPAN," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF STEEL ENGRAVINGS OF NAVAL AND MILITARY INCIDENTS AND BATTLE SCENES, CHIEFLY FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY F. O. C. DARLEY, ALONZO CHAPPEL, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

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LIST OF PLATES,

VOL. III.



	PAGE
GENERAL SCOTT ENTERING THE CITY OF MEXICO	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG BAY	<i>Vignette Title.</i>
COMMODORE PERRY AT THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE	57
COMMODORE PERRY LEAVING THE LAWRENCE FOR THE NIAGARA	61
TECUMSEH SAVING PRISONERS	71
PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JACKSON	79
INTERVIEW BETWEEN GENERAL JACKSON AND WEATHERFORD	103
COLONEL MILLER AT THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA	165
M'DONOUGH POINTING THE GUN	206
DEATH OF PACKENHAM, AT THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS	238
COLONEL TAYLOR AT THE BATTLE OF O-KE-CHO-BEE	267
PORTRAIT OF GENERAL TAYLOR	268
MAJOR RINGGOLD MORTALLY WOUNDED	284
CAPTAIN MAY'S CHARGE AT RESACA DE LA PALMA	287
FREMONT'S PARTY SURPRISED	320
FREMONT RAISING THE FLAG	328
PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SCOTT	371
MAJOR DIX AT THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA	399
GENERAL TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA	402
GENERAL SCOTT AT CONTRERAS	447

BATTLES OF AMERICA.

CHAPTER XV.

General Harrison at the Rapids.—He receives Intelligence of the Massacre on the River Raisin.—Retires to the Portage.—Harrison at Fort Meigs.—Sorties.—Daring Attempt.—Strengthening of Defences.—Dwindling of the Troops.—General Proctor at Malden.—Harrison in search of Recruits.—A Sudden Return.—Anxious Fears.—Agreeable Disappointment.—Harrison's Welcome at Fort Meigs.—Great Preparations of the Enemy.—Tecumseh and his Braves.—Visit to the Seminoles and Creeks.—Harrison on the Alert.—Advance of the Enemy.—Expected Reinforcements.—Western Eloquence.—Loud Hurrahs.—The Enemy in Sight.—Landing of the British.—Howls of the Savages.—Fire from the Enemy's Batteries.—A Harmless Bombardment.—News from General Clay.—Important Movement.—Plans of Harrison.—The Enemy's Guns spiked.—Imprudent Kentuckians surrounded.—Sortie from the Fort.—Its Success.—A Military Fraud.—Summons to surrender, and Threat of Indian Cruelty.—Both unheeded.—Retreat of Proctor.—General Dearborn proposes to march to Montreal.—He is checked by Armstrong.—Energy of Commodore Chauncey.—His Flotilla on the Lake.—Movement against York.—Land and Naval Force.—General Pike in command.—The Advance.—The Enemy driven back.—Expectation of Victory.—Terrific Explosion.—Death of Pike.—Fall of York.—Mace and Scalp.—Present to Madison.

1813. GENERAL HARRISON had reached the rapids of the Maumee, on his march to reinforce Winchester, when a messenger came in with the intelligence of the catastrophe at Frenchtown. With the purpose of saving from their pursuers any that might have escaped immediate slaughter, Harrison sent a force to push on, in spite of the winter's snow and ice, in advance, to their protection.* But as the fullness of

the disaster was learned from the few straggling fugitives met on the march, it was found to be too late to afford any service, and the detachment was recalled.

The brave but irresolute Harrison now retired to the Portage river, some eight

* The sufferings of the soldiers in these winter marches are simply and expressively described in this narrative by one of them: "Our tents were struck, and in half an hour we were on the road. I will candidly confess that, on that day, I regretted being a soldier. We marched thirty miles under an incessant rain (on the day before the snow had fallen so deep as to be up to a man's waist), and I am afraid you will doubt my veracity when I tell you that in eight miles of the best of the road, it took us over the

knees, and often to the middle. The Black swamp would have been considered impassable by all but men determined to surmount every difficulty to accomplish the object of their march. The water was about six inches deep on the ice, which was very rotten, often breaking through to the depth of four or five feet. The same night we encamped on very wet ground, but the driest that could be found, the rain still continuing. It was with difficulty we could raise fires; we had no tents; our clothes were wet; no axes; nothing to cook with, and very little to eat. A brigade of pack-horses being near us, we procured from them some flour; killed a hog; our bread was baked in the ashes, and our pork we broiled on the coals—a sweeter meal I never partook of. When we went to sleep, it was on two logs laid close to each other, to keep our bodies from the damp ground."

teen miles back, in order to form a junction with the troops in the rear, coming up with the artillery and stores from Upper Sandusky. Here, as he prepared to
Jan. 21. march, he wrote an encouraging despatch to the government, in which he declared that "a few days would enable him to resume and defend the position (the Rapids) he had left, against anything Proctor could bring against it."

General Harrison, accordingly, having mustered a force of two thousand men,
Feb. 1. returned to the Rapids, and encamped on the eastern side of the Maumee, where he began the construction of defences. This work, which, in honor of the governor of Ohio, Harrison gave the name of Fort Meigs, was situated on the lofty eastern bank of the river, at the foot of the rapids, nearly opposite the former British post of Maumee, a short distance southwest from the present village of Perrysburg, and near the point where the stream falls into Lake Erie.

With the exception of an occasional sortie against the neighboring Indians, and a daring attempt (which was defeated in consequence of the rottenness of the ice) to cut out or destroy a British armed vessel on the lake, at Malden, no military occurrence of any moment took place until the close of April. In the meantime, the soldiers were kept busy at the works, under the able supervision of Colonel Wood, of the engineers.

The general, having now abandoned, as hopeless, an immediate march upon Malden and Detroit, thought only of so strengthening his position as to be able

to remain on the defensive. By the expiration of the term of service of some of the troops, the force at Fort Meigs rapidly diminished. The Kentuckians had returned home; the militia of Ohio soon followed them; and now there were but a few regulars, with a small number of militia from Pennsylvania and Virginia, left.

It was probable that, as soon as Lake Erie was sufficiently freed from ice to admit of navigation, General Proctor, who was lying in wait with a large force of British and Indians at Malden, would embark and make an attempt upon Fort Meigs. Harrison, therefore, anxious to obtain a sufficient force to sustain his post, determined to proceed in person to Ohio and Kentucky, in order to use the great influence which his popularity gave him in getting from those states the necessary troops. While thus engaged at Cincinnati,
Mar. 30. an express messenger arrived from the fort, bringing the alarming intelligence that not only the militia were bent upon leaving as soon as their term of service should expire, but that there was danger of the immediate approach of the enemy, since an unusually warm rain had so far destroyed the ice, that Lake Erie would probably soon be navigable.

Harrison now tore himself suddenly away from his family, and hastened on his way back to Fort Meigs. The reinforcements were not yet ready to march, but the general was too impatient to wait. He therefore pushed forward rapidly, and, meeting on his route with some few companies of regulars and militia, at once

pressed them into service, and led them to the rescue. As they approached the fort, they became more and more anxious about its safety, and scouts were sent forward to ascertain whether it was invested. The joyful intelligence being brought back that the enemy had not yet made their appearance, Harrison the next morning led his little force into the fort. The garrison hailed the return of their general with shouts of joy. Their number had been so greatly reduced by the departure of the Virginia and Pennsylvania brigades, although two hundred and eighty men of the latter had generously volunteered to remain, that they were naturally trembling for the security of their post.

From day to day rumors came in to the camp, of the great preparations made by the enemy for an attack. General Proctor was diligently mustering the militia of Canada, and he had been recently joined by six hundred Indian warriors from the Wabash. Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chief, was at their head, having returned from his mission to Alabama and Florida, where he had gone, a journey of a thousand miles through the wilderness, with his brother the prophet, to arouse the Creeks and the Seminoles to strike a blow for what the noble savage believed was the cause of their wronged race.

General Harrison was on the alert, and, while he was daily strengthening his fortifications by new works, kept his scouts and reconnoitring-parties out on a watch for the long-expected foe. At April 26. length, an officer brought in the intelligence that the British troops were

ascending the Maumee in a large flotilla of various craft, and that the wily Indians were pursuing their stealthy march in crowds along either bank of the stream. Anxious for the arrival of the expected reinforcement of Kentucky troops under General Clay, Harrison sent an officer to meet them and hurry their march. In the meantime, he paraded the garrison, and animated the soldiers with one of those stirring appeals for which western eloquence is so remarkable: "Can the breast of an American soldier," said he, "when he casts his eyes to the opposite shore, the scene of his country's triumphs over the same foe, be influenced by any other feelings than the hope of glory? Is not this army composed of the same materials with that which fought and conquered under the immortal Wayne? Yes, fellow-soldiers, your general sees your countenances beam with the same fire that he witnessed on that glorious occasion; and, although it would be the height of presumption to compare himself to that hero, he boasts of being that hero's pupil. To your posts, then, fellow-citizens, and remember that the eyes of your country are upon you!"

Shouts of applause and earnest expressions of devotion responded to the general's appeal; and, as the soldiers rent the air with their loud hurrahs, the enemy suddenly burst into view. First came the gun-boats, emerging from a bend of the river, where they had been concealed by the forest-growth of the banks, followed by a long line of smaller craft. Making for the western or left side of the stream, opposite to Fort Meigs, they

empty the boats of their crowded loads of soldiers, artillery, and baggage, where the Indians are already thronging upon the shore to welcome their English allies.

No sooner had the British landed, and dragged their artillery up the bank, than they at once began to erect their batteries and mount the guns. The empty boats are soon filled again with thronging Indians, who are brought across to the American side of the river, where they encamp in the forest surrounding the fort, and immediately begin with hideous yells, and the firing of musketry from the tops of the trees to which they clamber, to annoy the garrison.

April 28. The British, having completed their batteries on their side of the river, began to open their fire, but found it of no avail against the Americans on the opposite bank, who, in the meantime, while they kept up a daily cannonade, had been busy on their works, and completed "a grand traverse about twelve feet high, upon a base of twenty feet, three hundred yards long, on the most elevated ground through the middle of the camp." The British kept up an industrious bombardment, but their balls buried themselves harmlessly in the great shield of earth which now concealed and covered the whole American camp.

Finding himself thus thwarted, General Proctor, after some five days of ineffectual cannonading, resolved to change his plan of attack. Guns were accordingly transported across the river, a battery secretly raised among the thick undergrowth of wood on the left of the American camp, and a fire opened. But

this proved of not much greater advantage than the distant battery across the water. The enemy, however, kept up an incessant fire, which was returned with effect by the besieged.

The British now brought their gunboats at night close to the fort, and fired at point-blank shot, but still in vain. The Americans, being ill supplied with ammunition, were not able to fire as frequently as their antagonists, but they generally fired with a better aim and more effect. Thus the siege was continuing, **May 4.** when at midnight the general was suddenly awakened by a messenger, with word that there were some persons at the gate with news from General Clay. In a moment—as he had given orders that the gate should never be opened during the night, except in his own presence and by his own command—the general arose, and hurried to the sally-port by the river. Here he found Major Trimble, of Kentucky; Captain Oliver, his own messenger; and several private soldiers. They had come down the river in a canoe, and brought word that General Clay was above the rapids, and would reach the fort before break of day.

Harrison now resolved on the moment to make an effort to force the enemy to raise the siege. He therefore immediately despatched an officer to General Clay, with directions to land a body of eight hundred men on the British side of the river, and to march them to the enemy's batteries, which they were to carry, and, having spiked the cannon and cut down the carriages, take again to their boats, and cross over to the American camp.

Simultaneously with this movement, Clay was directed to land the remainder of his brigade, amounting to four hundred men, on the American side, and thence come down upon the rear of the British battery and the encampment of the Indians; while Harrison himself would send out a detachment from the fort, to assail them in front.

Clay, having received the orders of his general, promptly obeyed them. The enterprise was intrusted to Colonel Dudley, at the head of eight hundred Kentuckians, who, pushing at once for the shore, landed, marched rapidly for the batteries, and, in spite of a brisk cannonade, carried them and spiked the guns. Now they should have taken to their boats, as they had been ordered, and crossed to Fort Meigs. The impulsive Kentuckians, however, elated by their success, were bent upon having a brush with the "red-skins," who from the surrounding forest had kept up a provoking fire.

May 5. While these daring but undisciplined backwoodsmen were engaged with the savages, General Proctor, the British commander, was aroused in his camp, a mile away. He at once mustered his whole force of Canadians and Indians, and stealthily marching through the forest, and interposing himself between the river and the Kentuckians, cut off all chance of their retreat. Hemmed in thus, they struggled heroically, but in vain. Their leader fell, and all his brave but wayward Kentuckians, except about a hundred and fifty, perished.

The sortie from Fort Meigs, and the combined attack of the rest of General

Clay's Kentucky brigade upon the British batteries and the Indian encampment on the eastern or right bank of the river, were more fortunate. With fixed bayonets, they gallantly carried the enemy's works, and, spiking the guns, reached their own camp, with forty prisoners as a trophy, although set upon by the whole horde of howling savages.

The British commander now began to weary of his long and unsuccessful siege of Fort Meigs. His Indians, too, were threatening to desert him, as this protracted kind of warfare did not suit the restless spirit of roaming savages. General Proctor, however, although he despaired of bringing his enemy to terms by fair means, now ventured upon a military fraud, which had already proved so effective when practised upon the cowardly Hull and the indiscreet Winchester. He summoned Harrison to a surrender, telling him, with affected humanity, that his only object was to save the effusion of blood, while he strove to picture to him the possible horrors which might be inflicted by his own "very respectable" force, and that horde of savages which was "larger than had ever before been embodied."

"Assure your general," replied Harrison to Proctor's messenger, "that he will never have this post surrendered on any terms; and I would courteously advise him not to repeat his request." The privates, to a man, shared in their general's resolute spirit. A British soldier called out to a group of American militiamen on the bank of the river, "You had better hang out the white flag, and surren-

der."—"General Hull has not yet arrived; until *he* arrives, you may save yourselves the trouble of asking for a surrender," was the prompt answer.

May 8. The Indians, having become impatient and discontented at the want of success in the siege, the most of them, notwithstanding the great influence and earnest entreaties of Tecumseh, deserted their British allies. The disappointed Proctor now determined to retire; and, on the day following the abandonment of his savage auxiliaries, he embarked his men, artillery, and baggage, and sailed away with his whole flotilla down the Maumee into Lake Erie, and thence back to Malden.

General Harrison, thus released from all present anxiety for Fort Meigs, by the retreat of the enemy, left the works and garrison under the command of General Clay, and proceeded to Sandusky and Franklinton, to organize the means for a fresh and more vigorous campaign.

General Dearborn had remained quietly in winter-quarters on Lake Champlain until spring; and the northern waters, beginning to be freed from ice, seemed to admit of navigation. He now proposed to march to Montreal; but the new secretary of war, General Armstrong, thought the force under his command—which amounted to only twenty-five hundred men, although it might be increased to four thousand—inadequate to so formidable an attempt, and laid down as a preliminary operation to the more general invasion of Canada, the reduction of Kingston and York, on Lake Ontario, and of Forts George and Erie, on the Niagara

river. As it was thought of great importance to secure a supremacy on the waters of Lake Ontario, it was resolved to strike the first blow at York (now Toronto), where the British were making extensive preparations, by building and arming vessels, to sustain a naval superiority.

Commodore Chauncey had been busy during the winter at Sackett's Harbor; and, early in the spring, he was able to assemble a flotilla of thirteen armed vessels. Such had been the energy of the commodore, seconded by the skill and promptness of the naval architect, Henry Eckford, that the largest ship of the squadron, a sloop-of-war pierced for twenty-four guns, was afloat in the lake, when but nine weeks previously her timber was growing in the adjoining forest! Chauncey advised the movement against York, as thus an opportunity might be taken of destroying a large ship which the enemy were building at that port, and of establishing a superiority on the lake, which would probably depend upon the destruction of that single vessel. Chauncey's advice, strenuously urged, was accordingly taken, and a joint expedition of the marine and land forces resolved upon.

General Dearborn now embarked with sixteen hundred men on board the squadron, under Chauncey, April 22. at Sackett's Harbor. Crowding the little vessels so that the troops not only stifled below, but thickly thronged the decks, the soldiers became impatient to sail, and an attempt was accordingly made to get out of the harbor. A gale, however, as

the commodore had feared, soon drove them back, and the squadron did not sail until three days after. With a strong breeze from the eastward, they moved rapidly up and across the lake to York,* where they arrived in a few hours, without an untoward accident. Though the wind continued to blow very fresh, the boats were hoisted out, manned, the troops received, and landed, with such promptness, that in two hours every man was on the shore.

General Zebulon M. Pike, a gallant officer, had been, at his own urgent request, allowed to conduct the expedition, and he was among the first to reach the shore. The wind had carried the boats beyond the open place selected for landing, to near a cover of thicket and brushwood, where the enemy had concealed their Indians and sharpshooters. In the face of a galling fire, General Pike coolly formed his troops, and, throwing forward an advance-party, which soon cleared every bush and tree of lurking savage (though with a loss to themselves of forty men), followed close with his main body, leading them boldly on to the assault.

In the meantime, the squadron covered the advance of the troops with a rapid discharge of grape, while the smaller vessels beat up under a brisk fire from the enemy's forts and batteries until they arrived within six hundred yards of the main work, upon which they opened as the gallant Pike and his men approached by land. The commodore, not being able

to bring his flag-ship, the Madison, close enough, ordered out his gig-boat, and pulled coolly about right under the enemy's guns, giving directions, and animating his men by his own brave example.

General Pike and his troops kept pushing firmly on, forcing the enemy before them from one position to another, until they took refuge in the redoubts. The first redoubt was assaulted and carried at a single dash, and the British soldiers put to flight. Pike now pressed forward to attack the second and principal work; but, observing that its fire had suddenly ceased, and expecting overtures of surrender, he brought his men to a halt within a hundred yards or so. He himself took his seat on the trunk of a tree, and, while he, in full confidence of victory, placidly waited to see the flag of surrender thrown out from the enemy's walls, and was humanely administering to the wants of a dying British soldier, a terrific explosion occurred. In a moment the ranks but just now so firmly serried, so gallantly trim and exultant, were widely scattered, some dead, some mangled, and all dismayed. The very ships in the bay were shaken as it were with fright at the catastrophe. More than two hundred of the American troops were either killed or wounded, and Pike himself lay in the agony of a mortal blow, being dreadfully crushed by a block of stone.

The magazine of the enemy, said to have contained an unusually large store of powder, had blown up, causing not only this terrific havoc among their assailants, but killing forty of their own men. The American survivors, confused

* York (now called by its early Indian name of Toronto) is situated on the northwestern shore of Lake Ontario, about thirty-five miles north from Niagara

only for a moment by the disaster, soon closed into the ranks of their dead and wounded comrades, and, with cheering music from the band, moved again to the assault, gallantly carrying the last stronghold, from which the British were driven in disorderly retreat. As the American general was stricken down by the mass of falling rock, he exclaimed, "Press forward, my brave fellows, and avenge my death!" When the victors raised their shout of triumph, the dying Pike eagerly asked what it meant. "The British flag is down, and the American is going up," were the encouraging words that cheered the prostrate hero. Pike was now carried on board of the commodore's ship, where, as he lay with his life ebbing fast, he begged that the flag of the enemy might be placed under his head, and thus died, consoled by the fulfilment of the wish he had expressed in his letter written to his father only the day before: "If we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the arms of victory!"*

* ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE was born at Lambertton, in New Jersey, January 5, 1779. His father was a respectable officer in the United States army. His family had for several generations resided in New Jersey, and was descended from a Captain John Pike, who was a gallant and distinguished soldier in the early Indian wars of the colony. Zebulon entered the army while yet a boy, and for some time served as a cadet in his father's company, stationed on the western frontiers. At an early age he received the commission of ensign, and, some time after, that of lieutenant in the first regiment of infantry. He was thus, almost from his cradle, trained to the habits of a military life; and he sedulously applied himself to the acquisition of useful knowledge, and cultivated within himself a generous spirit of chivalry. Soon after the purchase of Louisiana, the government, resolving to explore the immense tract of wilderness included within its limits, sent Captains Lewis and Clarke to discover the sources of the Missouri, while Pike was despatched on a similar ex-

The attack on York was successful in its chief object. The place was surrendered by the militia who held it; and,

pedition for the purpose of tracing the Mississippi to its head. With twenty men in a stout boat, provisioned for four months, Pike left St. Louis in August, 1805. For upward of eight months, he and his men suffered almost incredible hardships, being sometimes for days together without food in the depth of winter. Pike himself was forced to perform the duties of astronomer, surveyor, commanding officer, clerk, spy, guide, and hunter, frequently preceding the party for many miles in order to reconnoitre, or rambling for whole days in search of deer or other game for provision, and then returning to his men in the evening, hungry and fatigued, to sit down in the open air, to copy by the light of a fire the notes of his journey, and to plot out the courses of the next day. . . . Within two months after his successful return from this expedition, Pike was selected by General Wilkinson for a second perilous journey of hardship. He was now directed to explore the lower Mississippi and its tributaries, particularly the Arkansas and Red rivers, and to use his influence in promoting peace among the Indian tribes. Winter overtook the party on the great plains, unprovided with suitable clothing. Their horses died, and for weeks the men were obliged to explore their way on foot through the wilderness, carrying packs of sixty or seventy pounds' weight, besides their arms, during which several had their feet frozen. After a winter march of three months, they were met by a party of Spanish cavalry, by whom Pike was informed, to his great astonishment, that they were not on the Red river, but on the Rio Bravo del Norte, and in the Spanish territory. He therefore reluctantly submitted to accompany the Spaniards to Santa Fé, to appear before the governor of New Mexico. When he arrived, his entire dress consisted of a blanket coat, blue trousers, moccasins, and a cap of scarlet cloth lined with foxskin; his men were in leather coats, with leggings, etc., and not a hat in the whole party! But Pike appeared before the governor with his usual spirit, and insisted on being treated with the respect due to an American officer. From Santa Fé he was sent to the capital of the old province of Biscay, to be examined by the commandant-general, where he was well received and entertained for some time, after which he was sent on his way home, under the escort of a strong party of cavalry. He arrived with his little band at Natchitoches on the 1st of July, 1807. Pike had been fitted out with a complete set of mathematical and astronomical instruments, with which he had made frequent and accurate observations; but, with characteristic jealousy, the Spanish governor seized all his papers except his private journal. Upon his return, he received the thanks of the government and Congress. He was immediately appointed captain, shortly after a major, and upon the further enlargement of the army in 1810, a colonel of infantry.

although one vessel escaped by sailing on the day previous, another was burnt by the enemy before they fled, and a third, with a large quantity of naval and military stores, fell into the hands of the Americans.

General Dearborn, who, during the conflict, remained on board the flag-ship *Madison*, three miles off the land,* was perhaps justly censured for having, while he was negotiating the terms of capitulation with the town, allowed the British General Sheaffe to escape with the greater portion of his regular troops, whom the Americans by a prompt, vigorous pursuit,

and with their manifest superiority in numbers, might have forced to a surrender. The enemy's loss during the engagement, in killed, wounded, and captured, amounted to five hundred; that of the Americans, in killed and wounded, to three hundred and twenty, the most of them by the explosion.

A party of sailors, having found in the Parliament-house the speaker's official mace, over which was suspended a human scalp, carried them off, burnt the building in indignation, and both mace and scalp were sent as trophies to the president at Washington.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Blow at Fort George.—Delay.—Landing of the Troops.—Departure of Commodore Chauncey.—Another Delay.—Reinforcements.—Colonel Scott.—Captain Perry.—An Eager Volunteer.—A Hard Journey.—Arrival of Chauncey.—Embarkation of the Troops.—Movement of the Fleet.—Good Service of Perry.—Scott the first to land.—Forming the Troops.—Position of the Enemy.—“He is lost! he is killed!”—A Bold Charge.—Scott in advance.—Arrival of Reinforcements.—A Rapid Push toward the Village.—Explosion of a Magazine.—Scott unhorsed.—“To the Gate—the Gate!”—The British Flag down.—Coolness.—Disobedience of Orders.—Pushing on.—Pursuit of the Enemy.—Viewing the Falls.—Apology of the British Commander.—British Attack on Sackett's Harbor.—Arrival of Sir James Yeo.—A Decisive Dash.—Sailing of the British Fleet.—Delay.—General Brown to the Rescue.—His Influence.—Preparations for the Defence of Sackett's Harbor.—A Formidable Enemy.—Landing of the British.—Flight of the Militia.—The Sturdy Regulars.—Retreat of the Enemy.—Report of Victory.—A Stupid Blunder.—Slowness of General Dearborn.—General Winder in Pursuit of the Retreating Enemy.—The Americans taken by Surprise.—Vincent without Hat or Horse.—Perplexity of Dearborn.—Surrender of Boerstler.—Recall of Dearborn.—Inactivity of the Americans.—Activity of the Enemy.

1813. No sooner had York fallen, than Commodore Chauncey and General Dearborn prepared to continue the campaign by striking a blow at Fort George, situated on a peninsula, on the Canadian side of the Niagara river.

Immediately after the declaration of war, Pike was stationed with his regiment upon the northern frontier; and, upon the commencement of the campaign of 1813, he was appointed a brigadier-general.—*Analectic Magazine*.

* Ingersoll.

The troops were accordingly again embarked, and the ves- May 1.
sels were about weighing anchor, when a gale suddenly arose, and detained the expedition a week. Then, however, the squadron finally sailed; and Dearborn's force, now greatly reduced by sickness, was landed near Fort Niagara, while the little fleet under Chauncey made sail for Sackett's Harbor, to deposite the large

quantity of stores captured from the enemy at York.

Waiting for the return of Commodore Chauncey and the arrival of reinforcements, Dearborn was not prepared to begin the attack upon Fort George until the 27th of May. In the meantime, his force had been increased to four thousand men, and with the fresh troops had come the gallant Colonel Winfield Scott, who, as he joined the general as the chief of his staff, spiritedly insisted upon the privilege of commanding his own regiment on special occasions. Following Scott, too, came a young friend, who at the time was hardly known to fame, but who was soon destined to perform such deeds as made his name a name of honor throughout the land. This was Captain OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, of the navy, who for awhile had left his command on Lake Erie, where he was building a fleet, and volunteered to aid in the approaching attempt upon Fort George. Such was his eagerness to bear a share in the contest, that he "set out voluntarily and without an order, at a moment's warning, at the beginning of a dark and squally night, in a small boat, to make a voyage of near one hundred miles, over an inland sea subject to violent storms." Arrived at Buffalo, he pursues his adventurous course down the Niagara river, within musket-shot of the enemy's territory, and, after abandoning his boat near the rapids, continues his way on foot and alone, in the midst of a pelting storm, through the forest-wilderness which then darkened the banks of the stream. Such was the earnest zeal of the young Perry to serve his country!

The troops having embarked, the signal was made to weigh anchor, and at four o'clock in the morning the fleet stood toward Fort George. As they approached, Chauncey sent some of his vessels to close in and anchor near the land, in order to cover the disembarkation of the troops. To young Perry was assigned the nice duty of superintending the landing, and he manifested no less skill than courage in conducting the operation, winning praise from all, and this tribute from the commodore in his report to the government: "He was present at every point where he could be useful, under showers of musketry, but fortunately escaped unhurt."

Colonel Scott was in the foremost boat, leading the advanced guard, or forlorn hope, a service which, with characteristic courage, he had volunteered to perform. At nine o'clock in the morning he was the first to spring ashore, followed by his force, which he immediately formed under the cover of a rugged bank. Some seven or eight feet above, upon the rising ground, stood the enemy in close rank and with fixed bayonets. With one resolute word, "Advance!" Scott sprang forward, followed by his men; but they were soon hurled back by the sheer physical force of superior numbers. General Dearborn was at the moment upon the deck of the commodore's ship, anxiously watching the movement through his glass, when, seeing Scott fall back down the bank, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "He is lost! he is killed!"* Scott, however, recovered himself, and, rallying his

* Mansfield.

men, struggled up the rugged bank once more, and, knocking aside the bristling bayonets of the enemy, made good his stand upon the height, with his whole advanced guard. The British, recoiling, fell back under the cover of a ravine. From this shelter, Scott and his men, aided by "a well-directed and tremendous fire of grape and canister" from the armed vessels, routed them out, after a desperate struggle of a quarter of an hour or more. In the meantime, the main body of the Americans had landed, under Generals Boyd and Lewis, and, following with the artillery and a brigade of infantry, was enabled to share in the close of the engagement.

Scott, continuing his advantage, drove the enemy to the village, where he halted until reinforced by Colonel James Miller with the sixth regiment of infantry. With his column thus strengthened, he pushed on for Fort George, but was momentarily checked by meeting with some frightened prisoners, who came running up with the announcement that the garrison were about blowing up and abandoning the works. He pressed on again at the head of his advanced companies, to try to prevent the explosion, and thus save the guns and stores. Before they had arrived within eighty paces of the fort, however, one of the magazines blew up, and Scott was struck with a flying block of timber, which threw him from his horse, and severely bruised him. He was soon upon his feet again, and shouting, as he pointed with his sword, "To the gate—the gate!" the sally-port was forced, and Scott, being the first to enter,

pulled down with his own hands the British flag. Those about him strove to check his impetuosity by reminding him of the danger of explosion; but he coolly ordered Captains Hindman and Stockton to snatch away the matches which had been applied by the retreating garrison to two of the other magazines.

The fort now carried, Colonel Scott remounted his horse, and led on his column in pursuit of the flying enemy. An aide-camp (Lieutenant, afterward the heroic General Worth, of Mexican fame) came galloping after him, soon followed by another of the general's staff, with orders to desist from further pursuit. Scott answered: "Your general does not know that I have the enemy in my power; in seventy minutes I shall capture his whole force." He therefore pushed on, and thus continued the chase for five miles, when General Boyd, who had been appointed by Dearborn the commander-in-chief of the enterprise, rode up in person, overtaking Scott, who had halted a moment for a brother-officer, and peremptorily ordered him to desist. The brave colonel had already got among the British stragglers; the main body of the retreating army, under General Vincent, was in full view; and he was thus about fulfilling his promise of the capture of the whole force, when, in obedience to the orders of his superior, he was reluctantly compelled to give up all further pursuit.

The loss of the Americans amounted to only seventeen killed and forty-five wounded, while that of the British was ninety killed, a hundred and sixty wounded, and a hundred prisoners. Among the

captives was an English colonel, upon whom Scott called in the evening of the battle, to thank him, with his characteristic courtesy, for the use of his horse, when his own was disabled. "I have long owed you an apology," the colonel remarked. "You have overwhelmed me with kindnesses. You can now, at your leisure, view the falls in all their glory." The British officer alluded to an incident which had occurred when Scott himself was a prisoner the year before. While supping with General Sheaffe, his captor, one of the company, an English colonel, asked Scott if he had ever seen Niagara falls. "Yes," he replied, "from the American side." With a bitter taunt, the Englishman rejoined, "You must have the glory of a successful fight before you can behold the great cataract in all its glory"—meaning the view from the Canadian side. Scott quickly exclaimed, "If it be your intention to insult me, sir, honor should have prompted you first to return me my sword." The general now interposed, rebuking his subordinate, and Scott never thought again of the matter until it was brought back to his memory by the apology of the British colonel, now in turn his prisoner. Scott was at last a triumphant spectator, from a Canadian point of view, of the great cataract!

While Fort George was being won by the Americans, the British prepared to take advantage of the absence of Commodore Chauncey and his flotilla, to make an attack upon Sackett's Harbor. Encouraged by the arrival of Sir James L. Yeo, an English admiral of renown, with a number of naval officers and a detach-

ment of four hundred and fifty thoroughbred sailors, the Canadians became confident that they would sweep the Americans from the lakes. Kingston, the British naval depot on Lake Ontario, was selected as the rendezvous. Hither came Sir George Prevost, the governor, with the newly-arrived admiral, to consult, and execute the enterprise against the American naval station of Sackett's Harbor, situated at the mouth of Black river, on the opposite side of the lake, and toward its eastern extremity.

Kingston was all astir with busy preparation. The people, reports a Canadian narrator, were "on the tiptoe of expectation for some decisive dash upon the enemy's flotilla." They were, however, destined to be greatly disappointed by the result, which they fondly believed could not fail to be brilliant, as the enterprise was matured by the joint wisdom of the two British commanders.

Everything being in readiness, about a thousand men sailed from Kingston, on board the British flotilla of three ships, four armed schooners, and a great company of batteaux. The weather was fine and the wind fair, and the expedition was soon wafted across the lake. The enemy intended to have landed in the night, struck an unexpected blow, and carried Sackett's Harbor by a *coup de main*; but, being detained by a brush with a convoy of American troops bound to the place, they were obliged to defer the attack until next morning. In the meantime, the little garrison of only two hundred and fifty dragoons, and a number of invalided soldiers, became aware of their

danger. General Brown was appealed to, in the emergency.

Brown had in disgust quitted the service, and, like another Cincinnatus, was cultivating his farm at Brownsville, when a messenger brought him word of the danger which threatened Sackett's Harbor, and the appeal of his fellow-citizens to go to their aid. Forgetful of all personal considerations, he at once cheerfully obeyed the call, and, hastily collecting some five hundred militiamen, pressed on at their head to the rescue. Brown, the *quondam* Quaker and successful trader, unchecked, it was said, in his transactions, by any regard for restrictions on trade, was warlike by nature, and had a genius for military no less than for commercial operations.* All, whether regulars or militia, felt his superiority, and readily submitted to his command. On his arrival at Sackett's Harbor, he at once became the leader. Familiar with both the land and water, which he had often trod and sailed in the more peaceful pursuits of trade, he knew directly how the enemy would approach, where they would strive to land, and, once debarked, what route they would pursue.

Brown made his dispositions accordingly. In the front, he formed the volunteers and militia, in a line by the shore, to repel the landing of the British. Midway between the shore and the village he posted four hundred regular troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Backus, covered by an abattis of fallen timber. Farther in the rear of all were stationed a

few artillerymen, in charge of the guns of the forts, which Brown had resolved to hold as his last resource.

The enemy's fleet made its appearance in formidable line at daybreak, **May 29.** and soon the troops began to throng the small boats and push for the shore, under the cover of the ships' guns. As they approached, Brown, never very confident of the militia, strove to encourage them to stand their ground, and ordered them to "conceal themselves as much as possible; to reserve their fire until the enemy's approach should enable them to count his coat-buttons; and, if driven from their ground, to rally in the adjoining wood, attack the enemy's flank, and, if unable to stop him, to retire on the left and rear of Colonel Backus's position, and there await further orders." The militia did not prove equal to the trial, and, after a few random shots, fled in disorder from the fire of the ships and the approaching troops.

The regulars, however, posted in the rear, stood firmly as the enemy came up, and, although forced after a hard struggle to shift their ground somewhat to the rear of their first position, so gallantly defended themselves, that the British commander was obliged to order a retreat.

Brown characteristically summed up the result in his despatch to the government:—

"May 29th, 1813.

"We were attacked at the dawn of this day by a British regular force of at least nine hundred men, most probably twelve hundred. They made their land-

* Brown was supposed to have made a fortune by smuggling across the frontier of Canada.

ing at Horse island. The enemy's fleet consisted of two ships, and four schooners, and thirty large open boats. We are completely victorious. The enemy lost a considerable number of killed and wounded on the field, among the number several officers of distinction. After having re-embarked, they sent me a flag, desiring to have their killed and wounded attended to. I made them satisfied on that subject. Americans will be distinguished for humanity and bravery. Our loss is not numerous, but serious from the great worth of those who have fallen. Colonel Miles was shot dead at the commencement of the action; and Colonel Backus, of the first regiment of light-dragoons, nobly fell at the head of his regiment, as victory was declaring for us. I will not presume to praise this regiment; their gallant conduct on this day merits much more than praise. The new ship (the General Pike) and Commodore Chauncey's prize, the Duke of Gloucester, are safe in Sackett's Harbor. Sir George Prevost landed and commanded in person. Sir James Yeo commanded the enemy's fleet.

“JACOB BROWN.”

By a stupid blunder of the officer in charge, the stores lately won from the British at York were destroyed at the commencement of the action. Their repulse at Sackett's Harbor was felt by the enemy as the most humiliating blow they had received since the beginning of the frontier campaign. Brown was rewarded for his conduct by being appointed a brigadier-general of the regular army. At the same time, another batch of political par-

tisans was raised to the same rank; and Leonard Creighton, of Maryland, Robert V. Taylor, of Virginia, and Williams, of South Carolina, became the new brigadiers.

General Dearborn, having waited just long enough to allow General Vincent (when driven by Colonel Scott from Fort George) a chance of escape, came to the untimely resolve to send a force in pursuit of him. He accordingly de- **June 1.**
 spatched a detachment of about eight hundred men, under the command of General Winder, after the retreating enemy. On reaching Forty-mile creek, it was found that Vincent, the British commander, had assumed a strong position on the heights at the head of Burlington bay (situated at the western extremity of Lake Ontario, thirty-five miles west from Niagara). Winder, therefore, discreetly halted where he was, and sent back intelligence to Dearborn, with an urgent request for more troops.

General Chandler, with a brigade of five hundred men, marched immediately to Winder's aid, and, assuming the chief command, moved on with the combined forces toward the enemy's camp, eight miles in front, with the purpose of bringing the British commander to an engagement. Beyond Stony creek the Americans met the advanced picket of **June 6.**
 the enemy, and, having driven them back, came to a halt, as the day was closing, and encamped.

While Chandler was posting his pickets and disposing his force so as to secure his camp for the night, General Vincent, the British commander—who had been

aroused to alertness by the dispersion of his advanced guard early in the evening—determined to take advantage of the confusion natural to the preparations for a night's encampment upon new ground.

The enemy accordingly, by a stealthy march at midnight, succeeded in taking the American camp by surprise. Quietly surrounding it, they captured several guns, and took both the American generals prisoners, together with a hundred men. The result would have proved still more disastrous to the Americans, had not the British missed their commander. In the darkness of the night, and the confusion of the attack, General Vincent lost his way, and was not found till the next day, when he was discovered at a distance of four miles from the scene of the action, roaming about the country, without hat or horse!

Most of the Americans thus
June 7. escaped, and were left in sufficient numbers to have attacked the enemy with a fair hope of success; but Colonel Burns, of the dragoons, having succeeded to the chief command on the capture of Generals Chandler and Winder, pleaded incompetency as a cavalry-officer to manage infantry-troops, and it was accordingly resolved to retreat. The army now moved back upon Forty-mile creek, to await further orders from the general-in-chief.

Dearborn sent forward General Lewis and the sixth regiment, with orders to march at once against the foe. These were, however, almost immediately countermanded, and the whole force was summoned back to Fort George, where, in

the absence of Commodore Chauncey—who had returned to Sackett's Harbor with his flotilla—Dearborn had, in consequence of the approach of some British armed vessels, become fearful for the safety of the place, and with good reason; for, before the return of General Lewis, the enemy's vessels-of-war appeared in force on the lake, and succeeded in harassing his rear, and cutting off some of his batteaux loaded with baggage.

For more than two weeks the anxious Dearborn was kept in such a state of perplexity by the movements of the British, that, although surrounded by his whole army, he could not summon the resolution to do anything that might thwart them. Finally, however, after his procrastination had given the enemy an opportunity of taking possession of some of the most important posts and passes, he despatched Colonel Boerstler, at
June 23. the head of six hundred men, to make an effort to wrest from them Stone House, near the Beaver-dams, where they had lately raised some works and established a garrison. Boerstler, with his meager force, was allowed to reach the place undisturbed; but he had no sooner got fairly within the grasp of his adversaries, than they surrounded him with a large force, to which, after a vain struggle during three hours, he was compelled to surrender.

This was the last and crowning disaster of General Dearborn's unfortunate command. "On the 6th of July, 1813, when news of Boerstler's surrender came, after a short accidental communion of regret and impatience, in the lobby of the

house of representatives, with the speaker (Henry Clay) and General Ringgold, of Maryland," says Ingersoll (then a member of Congress, and subsequently the eccentric historian of the war of 1812), "I was deputed a volunteer to wait on the president, and request General Dearborn's removal from a command which so far had been so unfortunate. The president was ill abed when I called, but promised an early answer, which soon followed me to the capitol, in a message from Mr. Monroe, that General Dearborn should be removed: the order went at once."

The unlucky general took leave of the army at Fort George. **July 15.** Whatever may have been his faults, he was beloved by his officers and soldiers, who expressed in warm terms their regret at his departure. His ill success was undoubtedly as much owing to the defects of the system of policy under which he was forced to act, as to personal deficiencies of character.

"The northern army," says Ingersoll, a strong partisan himself, "relieved of a veteran whose age and health disqualified him for active and enterprising services, in his successor, General Wilkinson, did not get a younger, healthier, or more competent commander." On the departure of Dearborn, the temporary command of the army at Fort George devolved upon Colonel Boyd, an able officer, schooled in East-Indian warfare, and distinguished by the glory he shared with Harrison at

Tippecanoe. He, however, remained inactive during the rest of the summer, in obedience to the express commands of the secretary of war. The enemy did not fail to take advantage of this supineness, and rapidly advanced, almost without check. An occasional skirmish occurred, but no effectual resistance was made to their daring approach.

Presuming upon the lethargy of the Americans, Colonel Bishop, an energetic British officer commanding at Fort Erie, made a dash across the river Niagara, and attacked the post at Black Rock. The few militiamen who garrisoned it fled at the approach of the enemy, who, having taken possession of the abandoned post, spiked the guns, burnt the barracks and blockhouses, loaded themselves with the various stores, and returned to the shore, prepared to cross the river.

In the meantime, the neighborhood was aroused, and a few volunteers mustering rapidly at Buffalo, and joining a hundred regulars or so, set out to recapture the stores and punish the invaders. They reached the shore in time to overtake the enemy, though too late to wrest from them their booty, which they had discreetly sent over in advance, while they remained behind to cover its safe transportation. They were set upon with so much spirit by the little American party, that they were forced to betake themselves to their boats, after the loss of their commander, and of nine others killed and fifteen wounded.

CHAPTER XVII.

Military Misfortunes.—Naval Glories.—Young Sea-Warriors.—James Lawrence.—His Life and Character.—Early Longing for the Sea.—Disgusted with Law.—A Midshipman.—Lieutenant under Decatur.—Gallantry at Tripoli.—Paltry Reward.—Indignant Scorn.—Self-Confidence.—War of 1812.—Command of the *Hornet*.—Neglect of the Government.—An Authoritative Sneer.—A Post-Captain.—Command of the *Chesapeake*.—An Unlucky Ship.—Disappointment.—Fitting for a Cruise.—A Gallant Englishman.—Benefits of Experience.—A Fine Ship.—A Picked Crew.—The *Shannon* off Boston.—Captain Broke's Challenge to Lawrence.—Prompt Acceptance.—A Turbulent Crew.—Want of Officers.—Sailing of the *Chesapeake*.—Crowds of Spectators.—Confident Expectation.—Discontent.—Insolent Independence.—Distrust.—Encouragement and Spirit of the Enemy.—The Ships close.—Decks cleared.—The Action.—A Terrible Broadside.—The *Chesapeake* disabled.—The Sailing-Master killed.—Captain Lawrence wounded.—Fatality to the Man at the Wheel.—Boarders summoned.—A Frightened Bugleman.—The Ships close and fast.—Fall of Lawrence.—Bewilderment.—Captain Broke upon the Deck of the *Chesapeake*.—"Don't give up the Ship!"—The Skulking Mutineers.—Down the Hatches.—Death of Lawrence.—The *Chesapeake* strikes.—Havoc.—Comparative Strength.—Exultation in Great Britain.

1813. WHILE contemplating with dismay the repeated disasters on the northern frontier, where large armies, encouraged by the favor of the national administration, and sustained by all the resources of the country, failed in almost every enterprise, the people again looked with fond expectation to that little navy, which had begun its career so gloriously, to redeem the honor of the nation. Our young sea-warriors had given proof, by their enterprise, their skill and daring, of their ability to cope with the most valiant upholders of England's dread power on the ocean; and so constantly had they won victories, that their countrymen, with a natural and patriotic exaggeration, began to believe them invincible. Captain Lawrence, so fresh from a triumph over the British sloop-of-war *Peacock*, was hailed by the country as one of its youthful naval heroes, whose early career of glory gave promise of still greater deeds in the future.

JAMES LAWRENCE was born on the 1st of October, 1781, at Burlington, in New Jersey. At the early age of twelve years he had already expressed a desire to go to sea; but his father, John Lawrence, who was an eminent lawyer, preferred that he should devote himself to his own profession. Accordingly, in compliance with the paternal wish, he commenced the study of law with his brother John, a practitioner at Woodbury, in his native state. Two years of this uncongenial pursuit gave him such a disgust for its dull technicalities, that his early desire for the adventurous life of a sailor was awakened with increased force. His father having died in the meantime, young Lawrence was permitted by his brother to indulge in his nautical longings, and placed under the care of Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, to acquire the principles of navigation and naval tactics. Here he remained for three months; and shortly afterward, through the influence of his family and

friends, he obtained a warrant as a midshipman in the navy, at the age of sixteen. His first cruise was to the West Indies, in the ship *Ganges*, Captain Thomas Tingey. In this and several subsequent voyages, though no opportunity occurred to call forth particular services, his taste for a sea-life was strengthened, and he became inured to its hardships and thoroughly acquainted with its duties. Moreover, by the correctness of his deportment and the suavity of his manners, he justly won the esteem of his associates.

When war was declared against Tripoli (in 1801), young Lawrence was promoted to a lieutenancy, and appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprise*. He served as first-lieutenant under Decatur (from whom he won the sailor-like tribute for his courage—"There is no more dodge about him than about the mainmast!") in the spirited and successful exploit of burning the frigate *Philadelphia* in the harbor of Tripoli. The paltry reward of two months' extra pay—which was the extent of the acknowledgment of Congress for his share in the gallant affair—was indignantly spurned. With singular devotion to duty, he nevertheless continued to seek and improve every occasion of service, with a proud consciousness of the claims of his country, and faith in its final award of fame, however its generosity might be meagerly represented by any temporary government.

After serving for three years and a half in the Mediterranean, which at that time was the chief school of our naval officers, Lawrence returned to the United

States with Commodore Preble, but was soon after again despatched to the same station, in command of a gun-boat, where he remained sixteen months. He subsequently served as first-lieutenant of the *Constitution*, and commander of the *Vixen*, *Wasp*, and *Argus*. In 1808, he was married to a daughter of Mr. Montauvert, a reputable merchant of New York, to whom, says his biographer, "he made one of the kindest and most affectionate of husbands."

At the breaking out of the war with Great Britain in 1812, Lawrence was appointed to the command of the *Hornet*, one of the squadron which sailed on the first cruise under Commodore Rogers. On his return to port, he found that Lieutenant Morris, who had so gallantly seconded Hull, in the victorious struggle with the *Guerriere*, had been promoted to a post-captaincy, over the heads of himself and other senior officers. Naturally nettled at this preference, and consulting Commodores Rogers and Bainbridge, Lawrence addressed a memorial to the senate, and a letter to the secretary of the navy, in which he firmly but respectfully remonstrated against Morris's promotion, as being contrary to the rules of naval precedence; and declared that, if he was thus to be unjustly outranked, he would be obliged, though reluctantly, to abandon the service. A short, cold-blooded, official answer from the secretary was the result, in which that functionary, with an authoritative sneer, meanly remarked that if he thought proper to leave the service without a cause, there would still remain heroes and patriots to support the honor

of the flag. There was a laconic severity in this reply calculated to cut a man of feeling to the heart, and which ought not to have been provoked by the just and candid remonstrance of Lawrence.

Fortunately, before receiving this answer, he had sailed on that memorable cruise with Commodore Bainbridge, who, with the *Constitution*, conquered the Java, while Lawrence himself, after failing to provoke *La Bonne Citoyenne* to battle, fell in, on his way home, with the *Peacock*, and won the second famous victory. On reaching his native land, all difficulty with the navy department was blown away in the popular gale of applause that wafted him at once to fame.

The rank of post-captain had been conferred on Lawrence during his absence; and soon after his return he received a letter from the secretary of the navy, in which he was offered the command of the *Constitution*, provided Captains Porter and Evans (then absent on cruises), who were older officers, did not proffer their claims. He objected to any such condition, and then received the appointment absolutely, but was surprised next day to find that he was suddenly transferred to the command of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*.

Disappointed at the change, and averse to a ship which was considered the worst in the navy (and was, moreover, looked upon by the superstitious eye of the sailor as an unlucky vessel ever since her inglorious collision with the *Leopard*, in 1808; which ill esteem a subsequent ineffective cruise, and the loss of several men by drowning, served to confirm), Cap-

tain Lawrence wrote to the secretary of the navy that he would prefer to remain in command of the *Hornet*. Besides, he had been absent most of the time since his marriage, and an impending domestic event, casting its shadows before, induced him to desire to remain a few months longer on shore. His repeated letters, however, to the secretary of the department, not being answered, he felt himself obliged to take the command of the *Chesapeake*, and proceeded reluctantly to fit and man her for a cruise.

While the "unlucky ship" was lying in Boston roads, nearly ready for sea, the British frigate *Shannon* appeared in the bay. Her commander, Captain Broke, was a gallant Englishman, as skilful as he was brave. Having contemplated with bitter disappointment the repeated triumphs of the American ships, he had diligently studied the causes, with a patriotic hope of restoring once more the ancient naval glory of his country. In command of a fine ship, with a picked crew, he determined, by the strictest discipline and most constant exercise, to put her in the completest fighting order. Having, with an observant eye, discovered the superiority of the Americans in gunnery, he especially devoted himself for several years in training his own sailors to the practice of ball-firing.*

Thus perfected, the *Shannon* appeared off Boston, and made signals expressive of a challenge to the *Chesapeake*. Captain Broke had previously written a letter to Lawrence, inviting him to battle. "As the *Chesapeake*,"

* Alison.

wrote Broke, "appears to be now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favor to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortunes of our respective flags. All interruption shall be provided against. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake: we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment, if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs, in *even combat*, that you can console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favor me with a speedy reply: we are short of provisions and water, and can not remain long here."*

The brave and impetuous Lawrence did not hesitate to accept the challenge; for though, as a sailor, distrustful of the unlucky Chesapeake, he was led by his daring spirit and patriotic heart to hope and risk all for his country's glory. Her regular crew, falling short of the full complement, had been filled in at the last moment with a number of landsmen; while the old sailors themselves, many of them foreigners, headed by a boatswain's mate, an ill-tempered Portuguese, were almost mutinous because they had not yet received their share of prize-money due to them from the previous cruise. Under ordinary circumstances, discipline would have required instant punishment; but, as Lawrence was so bent upon battle, he

* James.

was obliged to waive the usually prompt and man-of-war severity of justice, and conciliate the men by temporizing with them. Lawrence himself had joined the Chesapeake only a few days before the appearance of the Shannon. His first-lieutenant (Page, of Virginia) was seriously ill on shore; and young Ludlow, who was acting in his place, although a promising officer, lacked experience. So deficient was the ship in officers, that two of the midshipmen were obliged to serve as third and fourth lieutenants, for the first time performing the duty.

With a gentle breeze from the southward and westward, the Chesapeake, having lifted her anchor, stood out June 1. to meet her antagonist, the Shannon, which, with colors flying, and a defiant air, was moving to and fro off the harbor. Crowds of people gathered, on that fine summer day, upon the green heights surrounding Boston. Boys were perched on the trees; men and women stood in the shade; eager spectators were on the housetops; sailors climbed up the masts of the shipping, and skippers poised their glasses from the decks—all ardent lookers-on of the scene. The harbor was thronged with boats and whitened with sails. Each American, taught by triumph upon triumph to believe in the invincibility of his country's ships, manned by his country's heroes, watched the approach of the Chesapeake to the deadly encounter, with a confident expectation of victory, which was alone unshared by Lawrence, who, as he trod the deck of his unlucky vessel amid his incompetent and discontented crew, felt no faith but

in his own dauntless spirit. Hoisting the white flag, with the motto, "*Free trade and sailors' rights*," the heroic commander, as he drew near the enemy, called together the crew, and, in a few manly words, reminded them of their duty. A sullen murmur of discontent was the only answer, until the ugly-tempered Portuguese (the boatswain's mate), emboldened by the occasion, ventured, as spokesman for his shipmates, to utter, with expressions of insolence and mutiny, the complaint that the sailors had not been paid their prize-money. There was no time for remonstrance or for punishment; and Captain Lawrence, forcing down his rising indignation with a strong effort at self-control, sought only to conciliate, and immediately ordered the purser to take the men below and give each the order for his prize-money. Thus they went to battle—the crew encouraged in their insolent independence by their success, and the commander distrustful of an obedience which had been momentarily won only by concession.

On the other hand, all was unanimity and enthusiasm on board the Shannon. The captain had known every sailor in his ship for years, and each man clung to his commander as a friend. When Broke harangued his crew, appealing to their love of country and sense of duty, his stirring words were caught up with a proudly-responsive spirit, and re-echoed with loud cheers.

As the Chesapeake advanced, the Shannon stood off under easy sail, but was soon brought to by a gun fired by Captain Lawrence. It was now about four

o'clock in the afternoon; and the two vessels, with decks cleared, were within gunshot, about thirty miles from the Boston lighthouse. Lawrence resolved at once to close with his adversary, and make it a yard-arm to yard-arm fight. The Shannon was still a little ahead, waiting with her reefed topsails for the Chesapeake, which, under full topsails and jib, was fast coming up. Neither ship fired until the latter approached so near, that she began to overlap, and had got her foremast in a line with the mizzen-mast of her antagonist, distant about a pistol-shot abeam, when the Shannon discharged her cabin-guns, following them with the rest on the starboard-side in succession as the Chesapeake moved along.

Lawrence withheld his fire until every cannon bore well upon the enemy, when he delivered a terrible broadside. Ship now fired into ship without ceasing for six or eight minutes, and with murderous effect on both sides. Though the Chesapeake's broadsides, aimed with the usual skill of American sailors, would have been the most effective under ordinary circumstances, the fire of the Shannon had accidentally proved the most serious.

While the Chesapeake was passing and receiving the first fire of her antagonist, without returning it, she had her foretop-sail-tie and jib-sheet shot away; and at the same moment her spanker-brails were loosened, and her sail blew out. Moreover, the sailing-master, Mr. White, was killed, and, almost immediately after, Mr. Ballard, the fourth-lieutenant, fell, mortally wounded. Captain Lawrence himself was struck by a ball in the leg; but,

propping himself against the companion-way, he continued to give his orders with deliberate coolness. Three men fell dead, one after the other, as they succeeded in turn to the wheel. With this injury to the sails, this loss of the sailing-master, and this rapid fatality to the steersmen, the Chesapeake became almost unmanageable; and, being taken aback, she got sternway, and fell foul of the enemy, the fluke of whose anchor at the same moment hooked in her rigging.

As soon as he observed that his ship was falling aboard of the Shannon, Lawrence ordered the boarders to be summoned. The negro bugleman, who had been appointed to the duty of sounding the call, in lieu of the ordinary drummer, was not for some moments to be found, when at last he was routed out from below the stern of the launch-boat on deck, whither he had betaken himself in his fright, in order to be out of harm's way! He, however, proved impotent; he trembled so with fear, that he could not sound a note. Lawrence was now obliged to send verbal orders around the ship below, to the boarders. He had hardly uttered his commands, when he fell, with a musket-ball through his body.

The Chesapeake, lying close and fast to her enemy, was in the meantime exposed to a raking fire, which almost completely swept her upper deck. The sailors, from the slaughter of their officers, being now without command, and unable to return a shot to the terrific cannonade under which they were suffering, quitted their guns; and the marines also, whose commander lay dead on the deck, were

bewildered and useless, not knowing how to act in the emergency.

Captain Broke, finding the upper decks clear, gave the orders to board, but still led on his men with caution. As he sprang on the deck of the Chesapeake, her bleeding commander was being borne away. "Don't give up the ship!" feebly cried the heroic Lawrence, as he beheld the enemy upon his deck; and, looking for the last time upon his flag, still flying, he was carried dying below.

The British commander found but few to resist him. The boatswain's mate (the mutinous Portuguese) unfortunately still survived; and, as the English boarders came thronging in at the stern, the miscreant removed the gratings of the berth-deck, and cried out, "So much for not having paid men their prize-money!" He then skulked below, followed by a number of his misled shipmates. The two or three surviving young officers (for none but midshipmen were left) strove to rally the men, and succeeded in mustering a few on the fore-castle, who bravely struck a last but vain blow for their ship. The enemy continued to throng in, and, after firing down the hatches upon those huddled below, hauled the American colors down, and hoisted the British flag.

The firing now ceased; and Lawrence, conscious of the sudden silence, forgot for a moment the agonies of death, and said to the surgeon, who was the only officer near him—"Go quick, and tell them on deck to fight on to the last, and not to strike the colors, for they shall wave while I live!" It was, however, too late. Young Ludlow, who lay disabled

on deck, with a sabre-wound on the head, which finally proved mortal, finding all further resistance vain, no longer continued a struggle which could only result in waste of life, and gave up the ship.

The fight had been short (lasting only fifteen minutes), and terribly bloody. The havoc was enormous. The Chesapeake had forty-eight men killed and ninety-eight wounded, and the Shannon twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded. The officers on both sides suffered severely. The captain, three lieutenants, the sailing-master, the boatswain, and three midshipmen, of the Chesapeake, were mortally, and two lieutenants and several of the midshipmen severely, wounded. Captain Broke, of the Shannon, and several of his officers, were badly hurt; while his first-lieutenant and two or three of the subordinates were killed.

Both ships, immediately after the action, made sail for Halifax, where Captain Lawrence and his first-lieutenant, young Ludlow, soon died (where they had lain, in the ward-room of their own vessel), and, wrapped in their country's flag, were buried by the British with military honors. Lawrence was a man of noble stature and fine personal appearance. He had the air and manners of a gentleman-like sailor, and was much beloved by his friends. He was quick and impetuous in his feelings, and sometimes manifested it upon the quarter-deck, but in all critical situations his coolness was remarkable. He was a perfect man-of-war's man, and

an excellent quarter-deck seaman, handling his vessel not only skilfully, but with all the style of the profession.* In his feelings and sentiments he was chivalrous, generous, and just. His conduct during the battle was heroic, and his example inspiring to all about him. His death secured the victory to the enemy—for, had he lived, he would have fulfilled in action his dying words, "Don't give up the ship!"† He was, at his death, but thirty-two years of age, sixteen of which had been passed in his country's service.

This unusual triumph of a British man-of-war over an American ship was hailed with great exultation throughout England, and with no less mortification in the United States. The Americans, however, were consoled by the gallantry of their heroic countryman Lawrence, whose own impetuosity in bringing his ship at once so close into action was considered the cause of the rapidity of the British victory; while to the accident to the sails, and the consequent fouling of the two vessels, was attributed the fatal catastrophe to the Chesapeake. The Shannon, in fact, showed by the numerous shots she had received between wind and water, while her antagonist was scarcely touched in her hull, that, had the ships kept clear of each other, the English vessel would probably have been forced first to strike her flag to her opponent.

* Cooper.

† These rallying-words were not exactly those uttered by the dying Lawrence, who said, "Don't surrender the ship!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Five Small Cruisers.—A Lucky Vessel.—American Pride.—Good Services.—Loss of the Nautilus, the Vixen, and the Siren.—The Argus.—A Brilliant Career.—Lieutenant Allen.—In the Chops of the Channel.—Twenty Sail captured.—Fastidious Consideration.—Alarm of English Merchants.—Capture of a Trader from Oporto.—Too much Wine.—An Enemy.—Engagement.—Allen wounded.—Nodding at the Guns.—Another Allen.—Pertinacity of the Fight.—A Log.—Attempt to board.—The Argus strikes the Pelican.—Causes of the Defeat.—The Enterprise, under Johnston Blakely.—Burrowes in Command.—Cruise.—An Enemy.—Stern-Chasers.—Fearful of Flight.—Reassurance.—Effect of the Stern-Chasers.—Struck?—No, no, no!—An Authoritative Affirmative.—Capture of the Boxer.—Death of the two Commanders.—Exultation in the United States.—The Enterprise under Renshaw.—Continued Success.—A Run for it.—The End of the Enterprise.—Napoleon at Moscow.—A Large British Force.—Blockade.—The British Fleet in the Chesapeake.—The Constellation in Hampton Roads.—Protection of the Constellation.—Ingenious Defences.—Attempts of the Enemy.—Thwarted by a Patriot.—Repeated Attempts and Failures.—“Must be a Scotchman, so wide awake.”—Removal of the Constellation.—Marauding Expeditions.—Admiral Cockburn.—Attack on Craney Island.—A Repulse.—Many-cared Centipede.—Sack and Pillage of Hampton.—A Summary of Outrage.—Devastation on the Coasts.—Mrs. Gaston.—William Wirt.

1813. In the navy of the United States were five small cruisers: the Argus, of sixteen guns; the Siren, of sixteen; the Nautilus, of twelve; the Vixen, of twelve; and the Enterprise, of twelve. The four former were built in 1803, and were all finely-modelled and singularly serviceable vessels. The last (the Enterprise), of older date, was a more clumsy craft, and, although a poor sailer, won for herself the reputation of a “lucky” vessel, which, in the superstitious eye of the mariner, more than compensated for any original defects of construction.

All these little cruisers, by their active participation in the war against Tripoli (in which our naval officers and seamen, by their many dashing exploits, manifested their skill and daring, and schooled themselves for greater deeds), had become associated in the feelings of the people of the United States with triumphs of which a young nation was naturally proud. Familiar with the names which

they bore, and mindful of the gallant deeds that a Hull, a Decatur, and a Lawrence, had won upon their decks, the Americans proudly traced the career of these lithe cruisers, as they sped from coast to coast—now on the Pacific, now on the Atlantic, and again in the Mediterranean. Let us rapidly follow their fortunes, which, if not equal to the heightened expectations of enthusiastic and inexperienced landsmen, were beyond what judicious mariners, on the commencement of a struggle with a great naval power, anticipated.

To the Nautilus, it will be recollected, belongs the unenviable-distinction (without any fault, however, of her skilful commander) of having been the first vessel-of-war taken on either side after the commencement of hostilities with Great Britain. The Vixen had met with a similar fate, having fallen a capture, after a long and arduous pursuit, to the Southampton frigate, of thirty-two guns, Captain Sir

James Lucas Yeo, near the Bahama islands, where both vessels were afterward wrecked. The Siren followed, being captured under like circumstances by the Medway, of seventy-four guns, Captain Boice, and taken into Cape Town.

The Argus had, however, a more brilliant career, before her course was run.

June 18. Early in the summer she sailed from New York, under the command of Lieutenant William Henry Allen, a young Rhode-Islander—he who had with a live coal, plucked with his own fingers from the galley, touched off the only gun fired in the inglorious collision between the Chesapeake and the Leopard; and the same who had shared as first-lieutenant in the triumph of the gallant Decatur over the Macedonian. For his good conduct promoted to the Argus, he now commanded her on her voyage to France, with Mr. Crawford, the newly-appointed minister to that country. Having landed his distinguished passenger, Allen sailed in the middle of July from L'Orient, for a bold and daring cruise against the enemy in the chops of the Channel, and within sight of the very cliffs of the sea-girt island of Great Britain.

The deeds of Allen with his little brig rivalled in daring and success the heroic exploits of Paul Jones, while his chivalrous bearing was no less manifest, though less ostentatiously displayed, than that of the *preux chevalier* of the seas. In a few days the Argus boldly steered through the thronging commerce of the enemy, and captured twenty sail of merchantmen, which were burned—although in

each instance the fastidiously-considerate Allen allowed the skipper and his passengers to secure everything of value belonging to themselves. The merchants of England, alarmed by these repeated losses of their opulent traders, solicited the government for protection; and, at their instance, several cruisers were immediately sent out in search of the daring intruder.

During the night of the 13th of August, the Argus overtook and captured a vessel from Oporto, laden with wine. As the boats passed to and fro, it was supposed that the sailors, worn out with the work of combat to which they had been subjected day and night by the incessant activity of the enterprising Allen, had stove the casks, and helped themselves freely to the wine, ere they mingled it in wasteful dilution with the sea. The captured vessel having been burned just before daybreak, the Argus, under easy sail, and with her crew soddened by the mixed influence of fatigue and debauch, left her.

The day now dawned, and soon a large brig-of-war was seen, standing down, under a cloud of canvas, right for **Aug. 14.** the Argus. As Allen found it impossible to get the weather-gage, he took in his sails, and determined to wait for his enemy, as he now proved himself. As soon as the Englishman got within good grape and canister range, Allen wore ship and fired his larboard broadside. The enemy followed with a vigorous response. The two vessels now came nearer and nearer, while the firing on both sides became more rapid and de-

structive. Captain Allen was mortally wounded by an early shot which carried off one of his legs. He, however, mangled and dying as he was, refused to be conveyed below, and continued to stimulate his crew, who, overcome with fatigue and excessive drink, were "nodding" over their guns! But the gallant fellow soon fell prostrate to the deck, having become exhausted by the loss of blood, and was carried below while in a state of insensibility. Allen's wound occurred at eight minutes past six o'clock, just four minutes after the beginning of the action. In four minutes more, his first-lieutenant, Watson, was struck by a grapeshot in the head, and fell stunned to the deck, when he, too, was carried below. One lieutenant only now remained—young Allen, who, though no relative, bore the same name as his commander, and proved himself of the same heroic stamp. He continued to fight the brig very gallantly, though under the most inauspicious circumstances. The *Argus* had been so disabled that, notwithstanding she was most skilfully handled, the enemy, after being defeated in several previous attempts, succeeded in crossing her stern and raking her. The latter was now so much at the mercy of her antagonist, that every shot told with fearful effect. Her wheel-ropes being gone, and her rigging almost entirely cut away, she lay like a log, unable to resist the fire which the Englishman was pouring into her stern.

At this moment, Lieutenant Watson, having revived from the shock of his blow, was helped up on deck. When he saw the helpless condition of the *Argus*,

he tried to get alongside the enemy, in order to board, but the brig could not be moved. As the Englishman now got on the quarter, and was pouring in his broadside, while the *Argus* could not return a gun, it was determined to strike. Just forty-seven minutes after six o'clock, at which hour the action began, the colors of the *Argus* were hauled down; and the enemy, being close at hand, fell aboard, and came thronging in over the bow, to take possession.

The foe proved to be the brig-of-war *Pelican*, of eighteen guns, Captain Mables, about a fourth larger vessel* than the *Argus*. This alone, however, was not sufficient to account for the victory over the little American brig, which, as long as she was manageable, was so skilfully handled. Other causes have been assigned. The crew of the *Argus* were certainly overcome with fatigue, if not by the wine they had drunk, and fired with a bad aim, as was clear from the fact that the fire was less destructive than usual with American men-of-war. It is alleged, moreover, that the powder—which had been taken from on board a vessel bound to South America—was bad, being some that had been condemned by the British government, and sold for foreign-trade.† Captain Allen died soon after in a hospital on the English shore, and was buried with military honors. The *Argus* lost besides, two midshipmen and four sailors killed, with seventeen wounded. The *Pelican* lost only seven killed and wounded, and was so skilfully manœuvred, that she suffered but little in hull or rigging.

* Cooper.

† Ib.

Of all the little cruisers, however, the *Enterprise* had the most successful career. Under her first commander, Mr. Johnston Blakely, she proved very formidable on the New-England coast, in keeping in check the privateers fitted out in the British American provinces, and, after her capture of the *Fly* privateer, was transferred to the charge of Mr. Wil-

Sept. 1. liam Burrowes. She now sailed from Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, and a day or two after, while in pursuit of a schooner, was led into Portland, in Maine. The next day she was out again, and, while near Penguin Point, a strange brig was seen, whose character soon became apparent by her setting four British ensigns, and firing several signal-guns for the return of a boat which had gone to the shore.

Burrowes, finding that he had an enemy's man-of-war to deal with, began to haul off the land. As he kept away, followed by the stranger, he ordered a long gun to be brought aft, and to be thrust through one of the stern-windows of the poop-deck. The sailors looked surprised at these preparations, and began to suspect that their commander (who, having but lately joined the brig, was a stranger to them) was going to "show his heels," and, keeping at a safe distance from his antagonist, content himself with firing his stern-chaser. The American seamen, unaccustomed to flying before their equals in strength, became in consequence so indignant, that they induced young Aulick, who commanded the fore-castle, to go aft and remonstrate. He accordingly complied so far as to speak to the lieutenant,

who, having explained the purpose of the commander, sent him back to the fore-castle-men with a full relief to their anxieties.

When Captain Burrowes (the last man in the world disposed to fly) had got his gun in place, and had hauled sufficiently off the land, he shortened sail, and edged away for the enemy, who was coming up, and seeming to be equally disposed for the encounter. When the two vessels had approached, on different Sept. 5. tacks, within about pistol-shot of each other, side by side, they fired their guns at almost the same moment. The *Enterprise*, while keeping up a brisk fire, moved ahead, and her commander now sought an opportunity to use his long gun, which thrust its muzzle so threateningly out of the cabin-window. As soon as he was well forward of the enemy's bow, he put his helm a-starboard, and, steering across the other's forefoot, fired the stern-chaser several times with great effect.

The *Englishman* was now allowed to come up on the *Enterprise's* quarter, when the two engaged again with opposite guns. As Burrowes kept his brig well on the enemy's bow, he was able to repeat his manœuvre of steering athwart it, and again employing the long gun aft, "which proved to be the most serviceable piece in the vessel." The *Englishman*, having lost his maintopmast, and being terribly raked by Burrowes's skilful manœuvring with his stern-chaser, ceased firing. It was now four o'clock, just forty minutes since the first shot was fired.

The enemy had his colors still flying ; and Burrowes hailed, to ask if he had struck. An excited officer mounted a gun, shook his two fists savagely at the Americans, and with noisy emphasis cried out, "No—no—no!" He was, however, soon pulled down by his comrades, when his superior answered the hail of the *Enterprise* with an authoritative affirmative, though the British colors were yet flying. On being then ordered to haul down his ensign, he answered that it was nailed to the mast, and could not be lowered until the *Enterprise* stopped her fire—which being done, the Americans took possession.

Their prize turned out to be his British majesty's brig *Boxer*, of eighteen guns, Captain Blythe. Both vessels lost their commanders. Blythe had been nearly cut in two by an eighteen-pound shot. Burrowes, who during the action was full of spirit and activity, with his eye quick to see and his energy ready to meet every emergency, finding that the crew of one of the carronades, lessened by death, had some difficulty in moving out the gun, laid hold himself of the tackle-fall. As he did so, he raised his foot to the bulwark, to give himself a purchase as he pulled. At this moment a canister-shot struck his thigh, and passed along the bone into his body, inflicting a torturing wound, of which he soon after died. The two commanders were buried with the honors of war at Portland, into which port both vessels were taken.*

* Cooper, from whom the foregoing narrative has been compiled, says: "The loss of the *Boxer* in killed has never been accurately ascertained, though it is thought to have been relatively heavy. She had fourteen men wounded.

The triumph of the *Enterprise* was the first American victory at sea since the loss of the *Chesapeake*, and it was hailed in the United States as a consoling proof that the naval glory of the nation, which had so recently and brilliantly risen, was not yet extinct.

The little *Enterprise* continued her career of good fortune, which signally confirmed her character as a lucky vessel. While under the command of Lieutenant James Renshaw, on a cruise to the West Indies, she (bad sailer though she was) was three times chased, and three times she escaped. Again, off the coast of Florida, after forcing an English privateer to strike, the *Enterprise* was driven off from her prize by the sudden appearance of a British frigate, which gave her a long and hard-pressed chase of seventy hours. Renshaw threw overboard every gun but one, and still could hardly keep out of gun-shot. The sea at length becoming calm, the frigate, when within long range, and with the *Enterprise* just within her grasp, began to hoist out her boats. At this moment, a light breeze springing up, brought the "lucky" little brig "dead to windward," and she was safe. On her return to the United States, the *Enterprise* put into Charleston, where she was stationed as a guard-vessel. Being dull and worn out, and having nothing but her

The *Enterprise* had one man killed and thirteen wounded, of whom three subsequently died. But one eighteen-pound shot hulled the *Enterprise*; one passed through her main-mast, and another through her foremast. She was much cut up aloft, particularly by grape; and a great many shot of the latter description had struck her hull. On the other hand, the *Boxer* had been repeatedly hulled, had no less than three eighteen-pound shot through her foremast alone, several of her guns were dismounted, &c."

good fortune to trust to, it was thought expedient to test it no longer.

Although in an equal contest of ship with ship, the Americans had so often proved themselves superior to the British since the beginning of the war, they could not with their little navy pretend to cope with the great maritime power of the enemy. After the fatal retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, and the mighty conqueror had at last found a master in Russia, indomitable by nature, England was able to divert some of her resources from the European to the American war. Accordingly, in the beginning of the second year of the struggle with the United States, there appeared on our coasts a large naval force, together with a considerable number of veteran land-troops, led by officers who had been schooled in the campaigns of India and Spain.

Early in the spring, no less than six seventy-four gun ships, thirteen frigates, from thirty-eight to forty-two guns, and eighteen sloops-of-war, from eighteen to twenty-two guns each,* had gathered in formidable array, and hovered about the American coast from the gulf of St. Lawrence to the gulf of Mexico. This formidable British fleet was under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, an English admiral of renown. A formal blockade was proclaimed of New York, the Delaware, the Chesapeake, Charleston, Savannah, and the mouth of the Mississippi. A distinction was made, however, in favor of New England, with the exception of Connecticut—a privilege which, as it had been earned by the sup-

posed favorable disposition of that part of the country toward Great Britain, was more beneficial to eastern commerce than complimentary to eastern patriotism. As Connecticut did not enjoy the exceptional favor of her sister-states of New England, the frigates United States and Macedonian and the sloop Hornet having taken refuge in the harbor of New London, these vessels were blockaded there.

Admiral Warren was early at his post, having preceded the greater portion of the fleet, and in March occupied Hampton roads, in Chesapeake bay, with a squadron, consisting of two ships-of-the-line, four frigates, and several smaller vessels-of-war. The Poictiers, of seventy-four guns, and the Belvidera frigate, soon followed, and anchored in Delaware bay. Other vessels came at a later day, until almost the whole coast was enclosed within a cordon of British men-of-war.

On the day before the arrival of Warren with his squadron, the American frigate Constellation, under the command of Captain Stewart, anchored in Hampton roads. This fine ship had been equipped and manned at Washington, and having proceeded to Norfolk, preparatory to a cruise, found herself thus suddenly closed in by the formidable array of British war-vessels. The Constellation, at first, was moved up by kedges out of the way, and anchored between the forts at Norfolk, but afterward dropped down again opposite Craney island, in order to cover the fortified works then in progress of erection at that place. Here she was anchored in the middle of the narrow channel, with seven gun-boats moored on each

* Ingersoll.

side of her, the latter being officered and manned by the *Constellation*. Captain Stewart now protected his frigate and its flotilla of guard-boats with contrivances for safety which proved no less his seamanship than his ingenuity.*

Notwithstanding the admirable precautions of Captain Stewart, the British admiral resolved upon an attempt to surprise and cut out the *Constellation*. The Americans were fortunately in due time apprized of the intentions of the enemy, and were thus fully on their guard. A Portuguese vessel, on her way out to sea, had been stopped by the blockading fleet, and was now anchored at the upper part of Hampton roads, just beyond gun-shot

* Cooper gives the following description of Stewart's ingenious safeguards, which we here repeat for the benefit of nautical readers: "A circle of booms, securely fastened, protected the gun-boats from being boarded, which would enable them to maintain a flanking fire on all assailants of the frigate. The gun-deck guns of the latter were housed, and the ports shut in. Great care was taken that no rope should be permitted to be hanging over the side of the vessel, the stern-ladders were taken away, and even the gangway-cleets were removed. Boarding-nettings were made of twenty-one thread ratlin-stuff, that had been boiled in half-made pitch, which rendered it so hard as almost to defy the knife. To give greater strength, nail-rods and small chains were secured to the netting in lines about three feet apart. Instead of tricing to the rigging, this netting was spread out-board, toward the yard-arms, rising about twenty-five feet above the deck. To the outer rope or ridge-line of the netting were secured pieces of kentledge, that, by cutting the tricing-lines when the enemy should get alongside, his boats and men might be caught beneath. Pieces of kentledge were also suspended forward, from the spritsail-yard, bowsprit, &c., to prevent boats from lying under them, while the netting was here hoisted to the forestay. The carronades were charged to the muzzles with musket-balls, and depressed to the nearest range, in order to sweep around the ship. As the frigate was light, and unusually high out of water, it was the opinion of the best judges that, defended as she would certainly have been, under the officers who were in her, she could not have been carried without a loss of several hundred men to the enemy, if she could have been carried by boats at all."

of the *Constellation*. On board of her, as passenger, was Mr. March, an American merchant, established at Madeira; and, with natural patriotism,* he succeeded in reaching the American frigate, and apprizing her commander of the plan of the English admiral, who kept a guard and lookout on the Portuguese vessel, where Mr. March had gathered his information from the British officers (who, in conversation, had let drop the details of the projected enterprise).

Captain Stewart was now on the alert, and, strictly enjoining the utmost vigilance on the part of those in charge of the guard-boats, awaited the enemy with confidence. The night appointed being clear, passed without the attempt being made. On the next morning, the Portuguese captain, who had warmly espoused the American cause on the occasion, went alongside the *Constellation*, on his way to Norfolk, and gave the information that during the previous evening the enemy had gathered a large number of boats for the proposed expedition, but had postponed it until the present night, when the weather promised to be more favorable.

The day closed in a dark, drizzly night, and the British accordingly set out, with fifteen hundred men or so, in a large number of boats; but one of the American cutters on the lookout discovered their approach, and hoisted her signal-lanterns, when all hands were called on board the *Constellation*, and made ready to receive the stealthy invaders. The latter, how-

* Mr. March, moreover, volunteered to aid in the defence of the *Constellation*.

ever, failed to come, having found that the Americans were on their guard, and discreetly turned back. On the following night they came out once more, and again returned to the fleet.

On the third night, the darkness being intense, and greatly favoring the attempt, it was renewed. The second-lieutenant of the *Constellation* (Mr. B. J. Neale), a zealous officer, was on the watch, however, and, observing the foe, approached so close with his gun-boat, that he could hear their talk, but was soon discovered. "A stranger!" called the foremost, and the word passed rapidly from boat to boat; when the Americans, springing to their oars, and pulling with a will, they were directly out of reach. Mr. Neale, however, cautiously closed in again, and followed the enemy as they continued their cruise; and when they anchored, he anchored also. This was near the forts, and just within reach of the *Constellation*. The British officers having landed, to shake off with exercise the chill of the wintry night-air, waited until the ebb-tide, and then returning to their boats, pulled back again, without effecting or even attempting anything. Lieutenant Neale followed close at their heels until they were fairly below the frigate, when he took his leave of them with a parting salute from his musket, the ball of which passed through the jacket of a British officer of high rank.

The English admiral now gave up all further hopes of catching Captain Stewart off his guard, remarking that he must be a Scotchman, as he was so wide awake. "If the *Constellation* were a Frenchman,

we should have had her long ago," was the exclamation of another British officer.

Captain Stewart, having remained until the works were completed at Craney island, removed his frigate farther up, to a place beyond the reach of the enemy, where, though blockaded, she remained in security till the end of the war. Stewart was soon after transferred to the command of the *Constitution*, and Captain Tarbell succeeded to the charge of the *Constellation*.

Thus failing of success in their more legitimate business on the waters, the naval officers, aided by "some two or three thousand foreign renegades, called *Chasseurs Britanniques*, enlisted in Spain from among the prisoners and vagabonds taken or found there,"* began a series of marauding expeditions on land, which were as repulsive to humanity as they were contrary to the usages of civilized warfare. Admiral George Cockburn—a bold, unscrupulous sailor, with as ruthless a disposition for violence and cruelty as an old buccaneer, and of marked contrast with the courteous and kindly Sir John Borlase Warren, to whom he was second in command—made himself prominent in the conception and execution of these heartless incursions upon the defenceless inhabitants of the American coasts and river-banks.

The first attempt, which was against Craney island, partook more of the character of genuine warfare than some of the subsequent enterprises. Here armed men met armed men. This island, which, as we have seen, had been fortified under

* Ingersoll.

the guns of the *Constellation*, was an oblong stretch of low land, of half a mile in length, lying about five miles nearer the sea than Norfolk, and serving to guard the approach to that town. Major Faulkner held it with a garrison of six hundred Virginia militia, a few regulars, and a miscellaneous handful of sailors and marines. The defensive works consisted of unfinished breastworks, mounted with three heavy cannon, in addition to which there were four light fieldpieces.

June 22. Their preparations being completed, a large force of British soldiers, sailors, and marines, landed from the fleet, now consisting of twenty sail, to attack the fortifications on one side of Craney island, while a numerous flotilla of barges made an attempt in front. Everything had been planned on a formidable scale. The invaders had one boat expressly built for the purpose, which was no less than fifty feet long, and held nearly one hundred men, apart from the oarsmen, who were so numerous, that the craft had the look and received the name of the *Centipede*. In spite of their terrible array, however, the enemy were driven back, with great havoc of life, and the loss of many of their boats, among which was the formidable and many-oared *Centipede*.

Irritated by their repulse at Craney island, the British landed three days afterward at Hampton, an old but
June 25. small settlement of fishermen, situated on the northern bank of James river, in Virginia, near its mouth, and on the west side of Hampton creek, about a mile from its fall into Hampton roads.

Early in the morning, thirty or forty barges, loaded down with armed men, pushed in toward the mouth of Hampton creek, and began a fire of grapeshot and rockets. The Virginia militia gathered on the shore, to oppose the landing of the enemy; but, after a vigorous resistance, they were obliged to yield to the superior numbers of the British, who came thronging to the land.

The enemy, under the leadership of that modern buccaneer, Admiral Cockburn, and General Beckwith of the army, marched at once for the little fishing-village of Hampton, and began a barbarous sack and pillage. Women who could not escape were hunted down by perpetrators of every indignity on their persons. No help was given to the wounded; the dead were left unburied. The females were not only violated by these wretches, but they encouraged the slaves to violate their own mistresses. The sick were murdered in bed, as well as the maimed, the old, and the decrepid. The silver plate and treasured heir-looms were carried off. Even the communion-service of the Episcopal church was not spared by these modern Vandals.*

The British officers, when remonstrated with for these outrages, excused them on the plea (which was, however, disproved) that they had been provoked thereto by the Americans firing on a flag of truce; but at the same time—as if unwilling, as Englishmen, to accept the responsibility of this barbarous warfare—they took care to lay the blame upon their foreign mercenaries, the *Chasseurs Britanniques*. The

* Ingersoll.

squadron in the Delaware rivalled the atrocities of Admiral Cockburn in the Chesapeake.

The eccentric Ingersoll thus sums up the inglorious deeds of the British navy on the southern coasts at that period: "Lewistown, a small fishing-place on Delaware bay; Frenchtown, a hamlet of three houses in the state of Delaware; Havre de Grace, a village of some fifty or sixty houses, Fredericktown and Georgetown, small villages in Maryland; Hampton, an insignificant outpost of Norfolk, in Virginia; Portsmouth, in North Carolina, and Norfolk, the only town of any importance in all this range of wretched mischief, together with divers barns, stables, mills, foundries, bridges, cottages, and other isolated and extremely humble objects of unworthy molestation, were surprised by night, ravaged, burned, plundered, and desolated, by British officers of high rank, whose renown preceded them as seamen of great exploits, and gentlemen incapable of such paltry malfesance." These outrages excited great indignation, not only in the southern states, but throughout the whole country, and even among the enemy's warmest advocates in New England.

Some of the British ships, after their outrages in Chesapeake bay, sailed down the coasts of the Carolinas, striking terror into the hearts of the gentle and defenceless: The wife of William Gaston, a member of Congress from North Carolina, was so agonized with fright, that she

died in convulsions. The planters, despoiled of their tobacco, their stock, and their slaves, shut themselves up in their houses, and tremblingly awaited the burning of the roofs over their heads, the ravishment of their wives and daughters, and a cruel death, at the hands of their merciless invaders. The very life of society was paralyzed. Men forsook their daily toil, and shouldered the musket in defence of their native land. The farmers dropped the plough in the furrow, the lawyers ceased to wrangle in the courts, and the very clergymen forsook their pulpits. No one felt secure in his home, or in the pursuit of his usual routine of labor. Virginia, especially, was in an agony of fright. William Wirt, the great lawyer, wrote to his wife from Richmond, then supposed to be threatened with the fate of Hampton, "What, think you, must have been the agonies of the women here, on the report that the same enemy was in their town?" To a friend he wrote: "You would know what I have been doing this summer? Why, reading newspapers, mustering the militia, hearing bells and alarm-guns, and training a company of flying artillery, with which I have already, in imagination, beaten and captured four or five British detachments. *Leges silent inter arma.* My wife is in uncommon health, but downhearted because of the flying artillery, which she considers a boyish freak, unworthy of the father of six unprovided children."*

* Quoted by Hildreth.

CHAPTER XIX.

Session of Congress.—The President's Message.—Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives.—An American Robespierre.—Clay on the Floor.—A Torrent of Eloquence.—Remonstrance against British Outrage.—Washington in Alarm.—The Enemy on the Potomac.—Defences of the Capital.—Restored Courage.—Water Winnebagoes.—Domestic Enemies.—Massachusetts Legislature.—Remonstrance against the War.—No Compliments for a Hero.—Moral Treason.—Popular Indignation.—Honors to the Memory of Captain Lawrence.—The Enemy on the Frontier.—Progress of Captain Perry.—Efforts of the British.—Expedition against Fort Meigs.—Disappointed Expectation.—Advance to Fort Stephenson.—Its Incomplete Defences.—The Young Croghan.—Arrival of the Enemy.—The Howling Savages.—“For God's Sake, surrender!”—“None to Massacre.”—A Cannonade.—Activity and Ingenuity of Croghan.—A Solitary Six-Pounder.—The Assault.—A Deadly Sweep.—Confusion and Flight of the Enemy.—Retreat of General Proctor.—Tenderness of the Brave Croghan.—Rewards of the Young Hero.—Effect of the Successful Defence of Fort Stephenson.—Plenty of Recruits.—Progress of General Harrison; of Commodore Chauncey.—Energy of Captain Perry.—Eager for a Fight.—Threatened Attack.—Chauncey's Fleet sails to meet the Enemy.—Manœuvres.—A Gale.—Loss of the Hamilton and the Scourge.—An Engagement avoided.—Prudence of Sir James Yeo.

1813. THE extra session of Congress had begun while the enemy were at the height of their devastation. The message of President Madison enforced his recommendation for the vigorous employment of all the resources of war, by alluding in strong words to the inhuman system of plunder and conflagration practised by the British, though equally forbidden by respect for national character and by the established rules of civilized warfare.

Henry Clay, then an ardent supporter of the democratic administration, was re-elected speaker of the house of representatives. Scorning former precedents and established formalities, the youthful and impulsive orator, having called Nathaniel Macon,* of North Carolina, the transcend-

ent democrat (a very Robespierre in his hatred of aristocracy), to take his place, left the chair, and moved that as much of the president's message as related to the spirit and manner in which the war had been waged, should be referred to a select committee. Clay found full scope for his florid eloquence in the expression of his indignation at the merciless warfare of the enemy. Reviving the recollection of the massacre at the river Raisin, in the preceding January, where his fellow-citizens of Kentucky, and among them his own brother-in-law, had fallen a sacrifice, he painted all the terrors of the scene with the intensity of personal feeling. From this he passed to the later outrages of the British—to the burning

* “Mr. Macon, a soldier of the American Revolution, the native of a state where English Tories were most vindictive and mischievous, and born as he must have been an innate republican, detested English monarchy, despised English aristocracy, and never could have been reconciled to the turbulence of English democracy. He was a man

of middle stature, between fifty and sixty years of age, when I first knew him, with a round, shining, playful countenance, bald and gray, always dressed in the same plain but not inelegant manner, and so peculiar in his ideas and conversation, that one of the Jersey members told him that, if he should happen to be drowned, he should look for Macon's body up the stream, instead of floating with the current.”—INGERSOLL.

of villages and farmhouses—to the violence committed upon feeble old men and helpless women. The youthful orator's eloquence carried with it the sympathy of the members, and the resolution was passed, in spite of the irregularity of the speaker having left the chair so soon as the house was organized, and made a motion to appoint a committee, the members of which would devolve upon him to select.* The committee was duly appointed, and its report submitted, which embodied proof of and an emphatic remonstrance against the outrages of the enemy.

In the meantime, news arrived in the capital that fourteen British armed ships had entered the Potomac. Washington was in a state of excited alarm. Congress, with closed doors, debated a resolution to inquire into the condition of the defences of the city. A force of three thousand men, chiefly militia, was hastily mustered and despatched to Fort Washington, below Mount Vernon, in order to protect the approach by the river. The frigate Adams, and a flotilla of gun-boats, were armed and manned, and works thrown up for the defence of the navy-yard. The appointment of a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, having closed the business of the secret session, the legislators anxiously awaited the further advance of the cruel enemy.

The British continued to come on, until at length they were suddenly checked by some shoals in the Potomac. The people thereupon recovered their spirits, and the newspapers exultingly declared that

* Ingersoll.

Washington was not yet harmed, and indulged in scornful ridicule of the British invaders, whom, in allusion to their barbarities, they termed “water Winnebagoes.”*

The national administration, however, had not only to provide against its foreign but its domestic enemies. The war, as it continued, though it aroused more and more the spirit of the nation, had not served to extinguish party feeling. The Massachusetts legislature, stimulated by an artful message from Governor Strong, passed a remonstrance against the continuance of the war, as improper and impolitic after the repeal of the British orders in council. This was no sooner forwarded to Congress, than the legislature followed it with an act still more emphatically expressive of opposition to the war. The senate of Massachusetts refused to pass resolutions complimentary to Captain Lawrence for his capture (while in command of the *Hornet*) of the *Peacock*, declaring that, “in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner showing that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits which are not immediately connected with the defence of our seacoast and soil.”

This resolution, which Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, not inaptly termed “moral treason,” excited great popular indignation; but, in spite of the efforts of the eloquent Otis and some of his less unbending federalist coadjutors, it was so closely

* Hildreth.

guarded by the more rigid of the party, that it remained intact upon the records throughout the war.*

The popular feeling, which even in Massachusetts was shocked by the unpatriotic conduct of the legislature, was in some degree consoled by the honors paid to the memory of the noble Lawrence, who had, but a few days before the passage of the resolution which so pitifully denied him the recognition of his gallantry, sealed his devotion to his country by his heroic death. A privateer (one of the daring Crowninshields, of Massachusetts), with a flag of truce, sailed to Halifax, and brought back the remains of Lawrence, which were reburied at Salem, with a dignified manifestation of public reverence, Judge Story delivering the funeral oration on the occasion.†

In the meantime, while partisans were vainly wrangling, the enemy had recommenced the war on the northern frontier. Alarmed by the progress of Captain Perry at Erie, in building and equipping armed vessels, which promised soon to be ready to co-operate with the American landforces, and fearful lest the control of the lake might thus be wrested from them, the British commanders strove to anticipate the threatened danger. It was at first proposed to make a combined and immediate attack by land and water upon the American depot at Presque isle, or Erie; but the force not being deemed sufficiently large as yet, it was resolved to postpone it until the arrival of reinforcements.

* Hildreth.

In the meanwhile, General Proctor determined to make an attack upon Fort Meigs; by carrying which, he hoped to thwart the coming campaign for which General Harrison was now recruiting in Ohio and Kentucky. With this view, the British commander collected a force of four thousand men, the larger portion of which was composed of Indians, under the famous Tecumseh, and the rest of regulars and Canadian militia. The enemy at length appeared before Fort Meigs. Proctor hoped that General Clay, who commanded the garrison, which was composed of militia, would not be able to check the impulses of his undisciplined soldiers, and that he would be obliged to lead them out to risk a field-fight. The British commander also believed that Harrison, who was at that time at Lower Sandusky, would be so seriously alarmed, that he would march to the aid of Fort Meigs, and thus in the meantime leave Fort Stephenson (at Sandusky), Cleveland, and Erie, unprotected.

Proctor, finding that his expectations of the recklessness of Clay and his garrison were disappointed, raised his camp, and made a new disposition of his forces. Some of his Indian allies he sent back to Malden; others he despatched to lie in wait and ambush for General Harrison; and with the rest, together with the regulars and Canadians, he marched to attack Fort Stephenson, situated on the west bank of Sandusky river, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie. Everything was apparently in favor of the enemy, and a complete triumph was sanguinely anticipated.

The incomplete works of Fort Stephenson were badly constructed, and mounted with only a single cannon, a six-pounder, ill placed. The meager garrison was composed of but a hundred and fifty young men, commanded by Captain Croghan, a mere stripling, only twenty-one years of age. So distrustful was General Harrison of its means of defence, that he had sent orders to the youthful commander to abandon the fort "should the enemy approach in force and with cannon, provided a retreat should then be practicable."

The enemy did indeed come, and with a force of some thirteen hundred in all, surrounding the works with a throng of howling Indians. The British commander had no sooner brought his gun-boats into position, and begun landing his artillery, than he sent, by the hands of the half-breed Elliott (whose mocking words at the massacre of the river Raisin were not forgotten*), a summons to surrender, with the usual threat of a merciless and indiscriminate slaughter of the garrison if the demand were not immediately complied with. Young Croghan finding retreat impossible, and determined not to yield while there was a man left to strike a blow, answered the threatening summons with the bold declaration that the garrison were resolved to defend the fort to the last extremity, and would hold it or bury themselves in its ruins. "For God's sake, surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance!" urged the emissary

* "Elliott was the British officer who said that the Indians were excellent surgeons."—INGERSOLL.

of the British commander. "Massacre!" replied the young ensign who represented Croghan on the occasion, "when you take the fort there will be none to massacre."*

General Proctor, having received his answer, rejoined with a heavy fire from his boats, and the artillery on land, which was kept up unceasingly throughout the night. Croghan, with his solitary six-pounder, occasionally fired a shot, shifting the cannon here and there, to delude the enemy with the idea that the fort was mounted with a full complement of guns.

The next morning, having in the meantime established a second battery of three six-pounders within **August 2.** two hundred and fifty yards of the pickets, Proctor concentrated his whole fire upon the northwestern angle of the fort, with the evident object of storming that part of the works. Croghan made ready to receive him. First heaping up bags of flour and sand, in order to strengthen the threatened point, he ordered his solitary six-pounder to be dragged into a blockhouse, and so placed as to sweep with its fire the assailants who should approach in that direction. The embrasure was then masked, and the piece doubly charged with slugs and grapeshot, in order that the enemy might draw near in confidence, and obtain not only an unexpected but a warm reception.

General Proctor, having first raised a tremendous smoke, under its cover led on his men to the assault. Two feints of an attack were made in different direc-

* Dawson.

tions, but the main force of the assailants advanced right for the northwestern angle. The garrison, watching their opportunity as the thick smoke here and there cleared away, fired upon the approaching column a volley of musketry, which suddenly checked its momentum forward, and threw the ranks into confusion; but Colonel Short, who headed the line, soon rallied his men, bringing them up resolutely to the brink of the ditch, into which he himself leaped, and called upon the troops to follow. In a moment the ditch was full of shouting, struggling soldiers. The masked port-hole was now thrown open, and the six-pounder poured its slugs and grapeshot, with a raking fire, directly among the assailants, filling the ditch with dead and wounded. A few only, protected by their fallen comrades, and bespattered with their blood and tattered remains, succeeded in escaping. The rest of the troops, aghast at the fate of the attacking column, at once turned their backs upon the fort, and fled in confusion to the woods.

The British officers vainly attempted to rally their men, who not only turned away from the assault, but ceased to fire from the batteries, which during the attack had kept up a constant cannonade. Proctor, during the night, collected the scattered fugitives, and, giving up all further attempts upon the fort, re-embarked his troops before morning, and took his departure for Malden, leaving a note recommending to the humanity of the Americans the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded left behind.

Young Croghan was as gentle as he was brave, and had already tenderly bestowed upon the wounded of the enemy the same kind care as upon his own men. When night closed, immediately after the assault, the wounded in the ditch were in a desperate condition. Complete relief could not be brought to them by either side with safety. Croghan, however, relieved them as far as he was able. He ordered water to be handed to them in buckets over the picketing, and a ditch to be dug beneath, through which those who were able and willing were encouraged to crawl into the fort, where their needs were attended to with a kind carefulness.

Of the enemy, Colonel Short, a lieutenant, and twenty-five private soldiers, were killed, and twenty-six wounded; while several others, who were severely injured, but escaped capture, finally died. Their whole loss has been estimated at a hundred and fifty killed and wounded. The garrison had but one man killed and seven slightly injured. Young Croghan's gallantry was rewarded by the president of the United States with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel; and the West, with its usual demonstrative enthusiasm, did not fail to give the young hero a succession of civic triumphs.

The success at Fort Stephenson gave increased ardor to the martial spirit of the country. General Harrison found the enthusiasm so great in Ohio and Kentucky—where, with the aid of the governors of these states, he was mustering the militia—that his ranks were soon filled to overflowing. He had now un-

Sept. 15. der his standard, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, the considerable force of seven thousand men, prepared to attempt another invasion of Canada.

Commodore Chauncey, in the meantime, had made no less encouraging progress with his naval force on Lake Ontario. With his fleet, which he had been constructing, arming, and equipping, so industriously, at Sackett's Harbor, he was soon in a condition to cope with the enemy, who had been equally energetic at the opposite Canadian port of Kingston. Young Captain Perry, too, had striven manfully against all those obstructions to his work naturally presented by the wild and unbroken country which then surrounded the settlement at Presque Isle, or city of Erie, as it is now called. His fleet was built and equipped in spite of every natural obstacle; and Perry only awaited men, to be able to go out against the enemy, who seemed eager for the conflict. The vexation of this spirited young officer is best expressed in his own words, written to his superior, Commodore Chauncey:—

“The enemy's fleet of six sail are now off the bar of this harbor. What a golden opportunity, if we had men! Their object is no doubt either to blockade or attack us, or to carry provisions and reinforcements to Malden. Should it be to attack us, we are ready to meet them. I am constantly looking to the eastward. Every mail and every traveller from that quarter is looked to as the harbinger of the glad tidings of our men being on their way. I am fully aware how much

your time must be occupied with the important concerns of the other lake. Give me men, sir, and I will acquire both for *you* and myself honor and glory on this lake, or perish in the attempt. Conceive my feelings: an enemy within striking-distance, my vessels ready, and not men enough to man them! Going out with those I now have is out of the question. You would not suffer it were you here. I again ask you to think of my situation—the enemy in sight; the vessels under my command more than sufficient, and ready to make sail; and yet obliged to bite my fingers with vexation for want of men! I know, my dear sir, full well, you will send me the crews for the vessels as soon as possible; yet a day appears an age. I hope that the wind, or some other cause, will delay the enemy's return to Malden until my men arrive, and *I will have them.*”

While Perry was impatiently awaiting sailors to man his vessels—in order to strike a blow upon the enemy's fleet on Lake Erie, before it should be reinforced by the new and heavy ship which they had lately launched, and were now rapidly equipping—Chauncey, the superior in command, having secured for himself and somewhat exclusively retained every resource, was enabled to offer battle to the British on the waters of Lake Ontario. The new vessel, the *General Pike*, which had been saved in the gallant defence of Sackett's Harbor by the spirited *Brown*, was launched in June, and toward the end of July was ready for a cruise. Sir James Yeo, who commanded the British fleet, threatened attack after attack

upon the American squadron, the alertness of which, however, was such as to defeat his purpose.

Chauncey now boldly moved out, and determined to act on the offensive. Arriving

July 27. off the mouth of the Niagara with his vessels, he received on board Colonel Scott with a small body of troops. Proceeding thence to the head of the lake, the soldiers and marines landed, with the intention of making an attack upon the British post at Burlington bay; but, finding the enemy too strong, they re-embarked, and the squadron ran down to York. Here eleven boats, the

August 1. barracks, and public storehouses, were burned; and a large quantity of stores, five pieces of artillery, and considerable ammunition, were brought off. On the return to Niagara, Chauncey reluctantly sent to the impatient Perry, at Erie, Lieutenant Elliott with a reinforcement of two acting lieutenants, eight midshipmen, a master-mate, a clerk, and eighty-nine men, making one hundred and two souls in all.*

While Chauncey still remained at anchor off the mouth of the Niagara, the enemy's squadron of two ships, two brigs, and two large schooners appeared in the distance. The commodore had thirteen sail in all, three only of which, however, had been regularly constructed for war, the rest being small, without quarters, and carrying only one or two guns on circles, or occasionally five or six others in broadside. Chauncey, eager for battle,

* Mackenzie.

weighed anchor and stood for the enemy. After manœuvring during the day, the latter finally hauled off; and the wind dying away, and the evening closing in, the Americans were recalled from further pursuit.

In the night the weather became boisterous, but Chauncey had all his vessels under full sail, and his men at quarters, doing their best to get the weather-gage of the enemy, in order to give him battle in the morning. Soon after midnight, a rushing sound was heard, and the whole fleet felt the shock of a fierce gale. The Hamilton and the Scourge, two small schooners, capsized, and all their officers and men were drowned with the exception of sixteen of the crew. As the latter vessel was going down, one of the sailors who was saved saw for a moment, by a flash of lightning, his commander endeavoring to force his body through the cabin-window. He was not seen afterward.

Next day, in spite of his loss, Chauncey continued to manœuvre, in order to bring the enemy to action. Two more schooners, whose over-zealous commanders had gone too far to the windward of the rest of the squadron, fell into the hands of the English; but the commodore failed in his purpose to bring on a general engagement, and it became obvious that Sir James Yeo intentionally avoided it in order to escape the risk of a defeat, which at that time would have been especially fatal to the Canadian provinces.

CHAPTER XX.

Oliver Hazard Perry.—His Life and Character.—Ancestry.—Birth-place.—His Father.—A Midshipman.—First Cruise.—Subsequent Service in the West Indies.—A Happy Accident.—Cruise in the Mediterranean.—Discipline and Experience.—Early Promise.—Return to the United States.—Diligent Study.—Off Tripoli.—Disappointment.—Promotion.—Return to Newport.—Studies.—A Sweetheart.—Young Lovers.—Personal Appearance of Perry.—His Minor Accomplishments.—Services.—In Command of the Revenge.—Spirited Interview with the Goree.—Wreck of the Revenge.—Good Conduct of Perry.—The War.—Promotion of Perry.—He solicits a Command on the Lakes.—A Complimentary Response.—He arrives at Sackett's Harbor.—Presque Isle.—Promptitude.—The Work and its Difficulties.—Description of the Country.—Services of Perry at Fort St. George.—Again at Work.—Defiance of the Enemy.—A Golden Opportunity.—Disappointment.—Hope.—Prepared to strike a Blow.

1813. OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, whose heroic deeds on Lake Erie we shall soon narrate, was born at South Kingston, on Narragansett bay, opposite the town of Newport, in Rhode Island, on the 21st of August, 1785. His English ancestor, a follower of Fox the Quaker, was an early settler in Massachusetts—where, however, finding severe Puritanism as bigotedly cruel as the rigid Cromwellian Presbyterianism which he had left his native land to escape, he once more migrated, and settled on Narragansett bay, where, under the less intolerant sway of the Rhode-Island colony, he at last found rest from persecution. Here he established a home, so permanent, that it remains to this day, in the possession of some of his descendants. Of the more remote ancestry of young Perry, it is declared that on the maternal side he was descended in a direct line from William Wallace, the great Scottish hero; and the paternal stock came from Wales.*

Oliver Hazard, the subject of this notice, was born on the ancestral spot just

* Life of Commodore Perry, by John M. Niles.

alluded to, at South Kingston; and here, from the hill which overtopped the old homestead, looking upon the picturesque waters of Narragansett bay, and breathing in the sea-air which blew from the broad Atlantic, he was early inspired with a longing for a sailor's life. Moreover, his father, Christopher Raymond Perry, was bred to the sea, and, after serving as a privateersman during the Revolutionary War, and subsequently as a merchant-captain, finally became an officer in the navy. Oliver, his son, in his fourteenth year, showed so decided a bias for the sea, that his father was induced to obtain for him the warrant of a midshipman, and take him on board the General Greene, a small frigate which had been constructed in Rhode Island, under the eye of the elder Perry, and now sailed on her first cruise under his command.

The General Greene joined the American naval force in the West Indies in the spring of 1799; but after being a few weeks on the Havana station—during which time she convoyed more than fifty mercantile vessels bound to various ports

of the United States*—the yellow fever broke out on board of her, and Captain Perry brought his ship back to Newport, in order that she might be disinfected by the purer air of a northern latitude. She returned in the following year, and was ordered to cruise around the island of St. Domingo, against the piratical craft of a mulatto rival of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the deliverer of his people from French dominion.† When the General Greene arrived in the neighborhood of Cape Tiburm, a number of Rigaud's corsairs were

* "On a cruise from New Orleans to Havana, with a brig under convoy, the General Greene fell in with a British seventy-four, on which occasion an incident occurred, that, though unimportant in itself, disclosed the bravery of the elder Perry, and the character of the American navy at that early period. The British ship fired a shot at the brig, to bring her to; but neither the brig nor the General Greene paying any attention to this, but keeping their course, a boat was despatched from the seventy-four, to board the brig; upon which the General Greene fired a shot at the boat, which brought her alongside, whereupon the seventy-four bore down and spoke the General Greene, demanding the reason why her boat was fired upon; to which Captain Perry replied that it was to prevent her boarding the brig, which was under his protection. To this the British captain observed that it was very surprising a British seventy-four gun ship could not examine a merchant-brig! 'If she were a first-rate ship,' responded Perry, 'she should not do it to the dishonor of my flag.' The commander of the seventy-four then, in very polite terms, asked Captain Perry if he would consent to the brig being examined. The American assented, observing, however, that it would be useless, as he was confident that no part of her cargo was liable to seizure."—NILES.

† TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, a negro of great talents, was born in 1743, in St. Domingo. His early years were spent in slavery on the estate of Count Noe. When the blacks threw off the yoke, the abilities and courage of Toussaint soon raised him to the highest rank among them. By his wise measures he succeeded in expelling the French, reducing the Spanish part of the island, and restoring peace and order in the colony; for which the central assembly of St. Domingo raised him to the dignity of governor and president for life. Anxious to recover so valuable a possession, Napoleon, in 1801, despatched General Leclerc with a large army to the island. A desperate contest ensued, in which Toussaint was overcome. He was sent a prisoner to France, and died in the fort of Joux, in 1803.

discovered at anchor, under the guns of three forts at the port of Jacmel. The town was invested on the land-side by a detachment of Toussaint's army. Captain Perry boldly steered into the harbor, and attacked the enemy. In less than thirty minutes he silenced the land-batteries, and was getting out the boats to take possession of Rigaud's vessels, when a large ship, apparently a French frigate, appeared in the offing.* It was not prudent to remain any longer, lest he might be caught between two fires; and Captain Perry accordingly got the General Greene under way, and went in pursuit of the new-comer, which, much to his disappointment, he discovered to be a captured French ship in the English service. The General Greene now returned and blockaded the port of Jacmel, by which the garrison of the town, numbering five thousand, were starved out, and forced to surrender to Toussaint.

Soon afterward, the General Greene returned to Newport. Young Perry had served as a midshipman under his father during these several cruises, and thus first obtained a knowledge of those duties of a naval officer which he subsequently so well fulfilled.

There being no further trouble with France, in 1801 the American government reduced the navy, leaving only nine out of the twenty-eight captains. The elder Perry was one of those who were deprived of their commissions. His son was, however, more fortunate, being retained among the one hundred and fifty

* This was during the time of the *quasi* war with France, in 1798-1800.

midshipmen left in the service. A happy accident for the country! as chance or caprice, not judgment, controlled the action of the government. In the meantime, young Perry enjoyed a furlough of more than a year on shore—a period which, with an ardent desire for advancement in his profession, he took care to improve by a diligent study of mathematics and the science of navigation.

In the spring of 1802, Perry was ordered to join the *Adams*, of which Campbell was commander and Hull the first-lieutenant. With such examples before him, our young midshipman could not, with his own lofty aspirations, fail to acquire not only skill in seamanship, but all the nobler elements of the dignified and heroic character of the naval officer. The *Adams* proceeded to the Mediterranean, where, after convoying some merchantmen to the port of Malaga, she was employed for more than eight months in blockading a Tripolitan cruiser lying at Gibraltar. Here the frequent cruising in the straits proved a capital discipline for the young sailor, who had an opportunity of acquiring the best lessons of seamanship under that ablest of navigators, Lieutenant Hull, subsequently the hero of the *Constitution*. That Perry profited by every advantage is clear, from the signal proof given of his progress by his being thought capable of acting as a lieutenant. Captain Campbell had early marked the manly bearing, the attention to duty, and the matured judgment of young Perry, and watched his career with affectionate interest. A chance of promotion offering, he transferred the midshipman, on

the very day he was seventeen years of age, from the steerage to the ward-room, a rare instance in the American navy of so early an advancement.

The *Adams*, sailing from Gibraltar, cruised along the African shore of the Mediterranean, and appeared with the rest of the squadron off Tripoli. Perry, however, had no opportunity of displaying that heroic character, of the possession of which his future career gave so signal a proof. Yet his time was not lost, for he daily gained in nautical experience, and had the advantage of liberalizing his mind by visiting those portions of the Old World which were more rarely seen at that period by Americans. In November, 1803, the *Adams* returned to the United States; and Perry remained on shore until the summer of 1804.

During this long furlough our young officer was not inactive, for he diligently applied himself to his studies. His progress though satisfactory did not, however, compensate him for his absence during Commodore Preble's gallant attacks upon Tripoli, where Perry would have wished to share the dangers and rival the heroism of his young comrades, the chivalrous Decatur and Somers of the navy. His ardor for service was again gratified by his appointment to the *Constellation* as lieutenant, under his old commander and friend, Captain Campbell. With eager hopes for an opportunity of distinction, he arrived off Tripoli, but alas! too late to share in the glories of the victory, for the last shot had been fired at the very moment the *Constellation* came to anchor off the harbor.

Perry, disappointed of sharing in the engagement, was consoled, however, by his promotion as first-lieutenant of the *Nautilus*, a fourteen-gun brig. He was now just twenty-one years old, and, although deemed young for the post, acquitted himself with his usual distinction. From the *Nautilus* he was transferred by Commodore Rogers to his own ship, the *Constitution*—a compliment of no mean significance to the superior qualities of Perry, when it is borne in mind how fastidious Rogers was in the choice of those to serve immediately under him. He remained on the *Constitution* for several months, when he joined the *Essex*, and soon after returned home in her, a skilful sailor, an accomplished officer, and a man popular with his comrades and the government.

Again at home, at Newport, whither his father had removed some years before, young Perry resumed his studies; and, though devoted to mathematics, he was not indifferent to the claims and charms of society. During the first month of the year 1807, he met Miss Elizabeth Champlin Mason, whom he afterward married. She had not yet completed her sixteenth year; was just entering life in the first bloom of loveliness, sparkling with feeling, intelligence, and talented, and gifted with a thousand rare qualities of truth, simplicity, fortitude, and warm-hearted affection, which have steadfastly attended her through many a scene of joy and some of sorrow.* Perry himself possessed every quality calculated to attract the interest and secure the affections of such a

* Mackenzie.

woman. With good looks and graceful manners to please at first sight, he had, moreover, those solid qualities of heart and head to insure permanent esteem. His personal attractions were great. His stature, though not of "the loftiest," was tall, and his figure well proportioned.* His forehead was broad and high, with all the supposed indications of intellect; his features regular, and expressive of a calm though not stern firmness; his full eyes dark in color, and animated; his mouth was handsome, and his lips, generally waving with a pleasing smile, and slightly parted, displayed a row of "large regular, and very white" teeth. His action, although somewhat measured, was exceedingly graceful. He was, however, energetic and quick in movement when excited. Unlike most sailors, he was an accomplished horseman, and so fond of a good animal, that he no sooner landed than he invested his surplus pay in the purchase of one. He was fond of the society of cultivated women, and always spoke of the sex with that chivalrous faith in their virtue, which is characteristic of the true gentleman and of the son who loves and reverences his mother and

* Cooper says: "In nothing does the writer agree less with Captain Mackenzie than in the opinion of the latter concerning Perry's stature. 'The person of Perry,' says that gentleman, 'was of the loftiest stature and most graceful mould.' If Captain Mackenzie viewed the whole of his subject through the same exaggerated medium as he has certainly viewed the person of Perry, it is not surprising that others should differ from him in opinion. The writer has stood side by side with Perry often, and feels certain he was himself taller than Perry. His own stature was then rather under five feet ten. A gentleman, who knew Perry well, assures the writer that he measured him once, for a wager, and that his height was as near as might be to five feet eight."

sisters, as Perry always did. Among his minor accomplishments was skill in playing the flute, and his voice was remarkable for its clearness and fullness of tone and melodiousness, though it was oftener heard on the deck of a man-of-war than in the drawing-room.

While at Newport, Perry was appointed to superintend the construction of seventeen gun-boats, an employment which would have been irksome to his ambitious and enterprising spirit had it not secured him the opportunity of being by the side of her whom he loved. On the completion of the gun-boats, the young lieutenant was despatched with them to New York, where he remained a short time in command of the flotilla. His success with the first induced the government to employ him in the construction of a second batch; and, accordingly, he was engaged from February, 1808, until April, 1809, in superintending the building of another flotilla of gun-boats, at Westerly, in Rhode Island, and the neighboring town of Norwich, in Connecticut.

The following year, Perry was appointed to the command of the schooner *Revenge*, of fourteen guns, one of the vessels composing the squadron of Commodore Rogers. The outrage on the Chesapeake, by the British ship *Leopard*, had created such indignation throughout the country, that every officer of spirit longed for an opportunity to share in an effort to resent the insult to the American flag. Perry felt like all his brave comrades, and hastened with eager alertness to assume his command in the little fleet of Rogers, which that able commander was organi-

zing and disciplining, to guard his country's flag from further insult, and for the war with Great Britain which seemed not only imminent but desirable to the youthful aspirants for naval fame. The indignation which Perry felt at the British aggressions, and the ardor with which he burned to vindicate the insulted honor of the service, are exhibited with youthful intensity of feeling and expression in this letter to his father:—

“You must, ere this, have heard of the outrage committed by the British on our national honor, and feel with us all the indignation that so barbarous and cowardly an act must naturally inspire. Thank God! all parties are now united in the determination to resent so flagrant an insult. There is but one sentiment pervading the bosom of every American from North to South. The British may laugh, but let them beware! for never has the public indignation been so completely aroused since the glorious Revolution that made us a nation of freemen. The utmost spirit prevails throughout the United States in preparing for an event which is thought inevitable, and our officers wait with impatience for the signal to be given to wipe away the stain which the misconduct of one has cast on our flag.”

After cruising about during the winter in company with the squadron, the *Revenge* was ordered in April, 1810, to proceed to Washington, for repairs. On putting to sea again, she sailed for Charleston, where she was stationed, in order to be on the lookout for French and English cruisers, which were hovering about the

southern coast. In the middle of July, while the *Revenge* was off Cumberland island, on the coast of Georgia, the deputy United States marshal boarded her with a warrant from the federal district-judge, for the seizure of a ship then lying in Spanish waters (on the Florida coast), off Amelia island, under English colors. The master of the vessel was an Englishman; and, though the owners were American, he fraudulently kept possession of her. Fortified with the permission of the Spanish authorities to enter their waters for the purpose, Lieutenant Perry immediately determined to seize the ship. She was lying under the cannon of the British gun-brig *Plumper* and the schooner *Jupiter*, with English colors flying, and her name changed from the *Diana* to the *Angel*. It was presumed that the English naval officers in command of the armed vessels would defend the stolen American ship. Perry accordingly prepared for a struggle; and, calling to his aid three gun-boats, he sailed for Amelia island, and carried off the *Diana* from under the British guns—not, however, being opposed by the resistance that he had expected. The gallantry of the achievement consisted in the bold promptness of the resolution manifested, although the result proved so harmless.

Before the *Revenge* had lost sight of the land, a large man-of-war was seen bearing down upon her. Perry at once cleared his little vessel for action, and in a few moments the stranger rounded to, and sent an officer on board the *Revenge*, to state that she was his British majesty's ship *Goree*, Captain Byng, and to request

the commander of the schooner to come on board and explain the character of his vessel. Perry answered with a very emphatic "No!" and, as he had no hope of beating the British man-of-war, which was double the size of his little schooner, at a fair cannonade, he determined, in case the Englishman fired a shot, to close in and board him, for a hand-to-hand fight. The crew, which consisted of about ninety good men, were armed with cutlasses, pistols, and battle-axes; and Perry prepared to lead the way over the bulwarks, as soon as the two vessels should touch. Desperate as seemed the attempt against so fearful an opponent, yet so inspiring was the cool self-possession and master-spirit of the commander, that each officer and man was ready to follow him, with a confident anticipation of success. The captain of the *Goree* proved a reasonable person, and, instead of growing fiercely belligerent on receiving Perry's answer, sent back his boat, with a courteous request that an officer might be sent from the *Revenge*, to exchange the formalities which had already been tendered by himself. Perry accordingly sent his boat to do, in reference to the *Revenge*, what had previously been done by the British captain in regard to his vessel—to make a formal statement of her name and character, and by whom commanded.*

On the return of the *Revenge* to New York, she was again attached to the squadron of Commodore Rogers, and was employed as a cruiser. At Perry's earnest solicitation, he was soon assigned to the charge of that range of coast between

* Mackenzie.

Montauk Point and the south shoal of Nantucket, with Newport as his rendezvous. Rogers soon showed his high appreciation of the abilities of Perry by appointing him to survey the ports of New London and Newport, Gardiner's bay, and the intermediate navigation. Though the season was unpropitious, Perry entered upon his new duties with prompt energy. He began his operations with the survey of Newport. This was ordered to be completed in a week, when Perry was directed to proceed to New London. Though he had not yet finished the work, he determined to sail and report himself to the commodore, from whom he expected to obtain an extended term.

"A contrary wind," says his biographer, "attended by a thick fog, prevented him for several days from sailing. At length, on the 8th of January, 1811, the weather cleared off, and he sailed with a light northeast wind, from Newport, at midnight, in order to have daylight to pass through the Race, as the dangerous strait between Fisher's island and Watch hill is called. Mr. Peter Daggett, a well-known coasting and Sound pilot, was on board the *Revenge*, in the character of acting sailing-master and pilot. After the schooner had been under way about an hour, it became once more foggy. Perry asked Daggett if he could take the schooner to New London in such weather. He replied, without hesitation, that he could. Perry ordered an anchor to be kept ready for letting go, and told the pilot, if he had any doubt, to come to anchor at once. At six in the morning, the *Revenge* passed Point Judith, in fourteen fathoms. The

distance from thence to Watch hill, the next headland, was estimated by pilots and laid down on the chart as thirty miles, on a nearly west course. As the vessel was only going three knots, and the ordinary strength of the flood-tide, which was then setting, was estimated at two knots, it was computed that at least six hours of such sailing would be necessary to bring the schooner up with Watch-hill reef, which makes out from the headland of that name. She was, however, on account of the fog, steered a point off shore, or to the south of the usual course. At nine o'clock, Perry, being below, heard the leadsmen (there being one in each chain) give ten fathoms as the cast, the previous casts having been from eleven to fourteen fathoms. He immediately went on deck, and ordered the helm to starboard; he found that it was already to starboard, having been put so by the order of the pilot. The schooner came rapidly round until she headed south-by-west; but as she still shoaled her water to five, three, and at last two and a half fathoms, which showed she was embayed by the reef, Perry ordered the anchor to be let go. It was instantly let go, and at the same moment her stern struck. The anchor checked her bows round, so as to enable her to head out clear of the reef, the signal-spindle on which was now visible; and, a light breeze springing up at the same moment, Perry ordered the sails to be trimmed, and, as the schooner shot ahead, gave the order to cut the cable. She ranged a short distance ahead, when the wind failing, and the swell and flood-tide coming in strong at the same

moment, canted her round, bows on to the reef."*

There was now little hope of saving the vessel, but every means possible was used. A kedge and hawser were carried out and hove well taut, guns were thrown overboard, the water-casks stove, and the masts cut away—but all in vain. She labored more and more, and, thumping heavily upon the reef, she began to leak badly, and finally bilged in two places. The wreck was soon abandoned, and every man removed in safety to the shore, Perry being the last to leave. The usual court of inquiry having investigated the occurrence, made a report, which not only exonerated the commander from all blame for the loss, but highly lauded his conduct on the occasion.

On subsequently visiting Washington, Perry received from the secretary of the navy leave of absence from service for twelve months. He now hastened back to Newport, to consummate by marriage the long engagement of four years with Miss Mason, who became his wife on the 5th of May, 1811.

As soon as the war with Great Britain broke out, Perry, having now attained the rank of a master-commandant, was appointed to the chief command of the flotilla of gun-boats stationed at Newport for the defence of that harbor and the contiguous coasts. When news arrived of the brilliant victories of Hull, Bainbridge, and Lawrence, Captain Perry, emulous of their heroic exploits and services in behalf of their country, eagerly solicited a command which might place him

where he ardently longed to be, foremost in the fight.

The opportunity he sought, soon presented itself. Perry's application for a post on the lakes brought from Commodore Chauncey, the commander-in-chief on those waters, the gratifying answer—"You are the very person that I want for a particular service, in which you may gain reputation for yourself and honor for your country." This especial service was, to create and command a naval force on Lake Erie; and Perry was gratified to find himself appointed by the secretary of the navy to this important duty, "which," a friend in Washington wrote to him, "I think will suit you exactly; you may expect some warm fighting, and of course a portion of honor." So much of both, however, as was destined to be shared by the heroic Perry, few even of his friends, confident as they were in his skill and courage, could have imagined!

On the auspicious 22d of February, Perry set forward on his severe winter's journey, to report himself for duty
1813.
to Commodore Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor, having hurried in advance of himself a hundred and fifty men, one detachment of whom was actually despatched on the very day (the 17th of February) he received his orders from the secretary of the navy. Having been detained at Albany and Sackett's Harbor by the commodore, Perry did not reach Presque Isle (or Erie) until several days afterward, when, with
Feb. 27.
characteristic promptitude, he immediately began his work. He, however, found

* Mackenzie.

every possible obstacle to harass him and obstruct his efforts. Although the keels of two twenty-gun brigs were laid, two gun-boats planked, and a third ready for planking, their construction was at a full stop for want of workmen and materials. No guns had yet been brought up to the lake, nor orders even given for the purpose. No defences of any kind had been made for the protection of the vessels, notwithstanding the British on the Canadian shore threatened an attack. There was not a single musket or cartridge in possession of the officer who had been in charge, or in fact in the whole village!

On the very night of his arrival, Perry took care to guard against danger by enrolling some of the inhabitants, and setting them to watch the public property. An officer was also despatched to bring on a party of forty seamen from the navy-yard at Buffalo, together with two twelve-pounders and a supply of the necessary ammunition. So anxious, moreover, was Perry to proceed with the construction of the vessels, that, before going to bed, he wrote to the navy-agent at Pittsburg to hurry on the fifty ship-carpenters who had been lagging for *four weeks* on their route from Philadelphia, although twenty-five had, under the guidance of the indefatigable Noah Brown, the master-shipwright, made the same journey in a fortnight. These latter Perry found already at work, but stimulated them to further efforts by his active supervision.

The difficulties at that time to be contended with in the undertaking of constructing a squadron on Lake Erie, can hardly be conceived at this period. The

region was then almost in a state of primitive rudeness. The country which bordered the lakes was darkened with the forest, and its solitude only disturbed here and there by a sparse settlement of a few adventurous pioneers, and by the waters of these great inland seas, sailed upon by the canoe of the Indian or the light bark of the fur-trader. Artisans, seamen, tools, guns, sail-cloth, iron, ammunition, and everything but the timber necessary for the building and equipment of ships, had to be brought from a distance of many hundred miles.

In spite of every obstacle, however, the ever-active Perry succeeded in launching and equipping the three gun-boats and the two brigs before the close of May. The oak, the chestnut, or the pine wood, of which the vessels were built, came from the adjacent forests, and not seldom was hewn and formed a part of a gun-boat or brig on the very day it had fallen before the axe. While Perry was in the midst of his labors of superintending the fitting out of his vessels, he received intelligence of the expedition against Fort George, and volunteered his services. We have seen how those services contributed to the success of the enterprise. On his return, though ill from fatigue and exposure, he again buckled to his work, and was soon ready with every resource within his own control to meet the foe, who now defiantly showed himself with six sail off the harbor of Erie. "What a golden opportunity, if we had men!" was the despairing exclamation of the hero. The men came at last, and Perry prepared to strike a blow for the mastery of the lake.

CHAPTER XXI.

Naval Depot at Erie.—Description of the Harbor.—The Bar.—Advantage and Disadvantage.—Menaces of the Enemy.—Sailing of Captain Perry's Fleet.—Prayer.—Difficulties at the Bar.—Disappointment.—Hard Work.—Success.—Beating to Quarters.—Hauling off of the British.—General Harrison's Force.—Harrison and Perry.—Co-operation.—In search of the Enemy.—Return.—Good News.—Reinforcements.—The Enemy strengthened.—Mutual Recrimination.—Perry offers to resign.—No Change.—Sailing of Perry's Fleet.—Anchorage.—Interview with Harrison.—Put-in-Bay.—Kentucky Militiamen.—Landsmen aboard.—Illness of Perry.—A Provocation to Battle.—Off Malden.—Sandusky.—The Return to Put-in-Bay.—Advance of the British Fleet.—First Sight of the Enemy.—Signal for Action.—Words of Lord Nelson.—Perry sails to meet the Enemy.—A Baffling Wind.—“We must fight To-Day.”—The Line of Battle.—The British Force.—Captain Barclay.—The American Force.—Change of Order.—Cleared for Action.—“Don't give up the Ship!”—Hearty Cheers.—“Go below, Mays.”—Noonday Grog.—Every man at Quarters.—Encouraging Words.—Reminiscences of Home.—The Most Important Day of a Life.—A Shot from the Enemy.—Beginning of the Action.

1813. ERIE had been well chosen for the naval depot. The shores of the lake, being generally sandy or rock-bound, are full of danger to navigation; and good harbors, though more abundant on the American side, are scarce. Erie had at that time the best harbor of all, consisting of a spacious bay, with a narrow entrance from the lake, formed by a peninsula extending in a northeasterly direction, and presenting an outline which has been likened to a crab's claw. From this peninsula came the French name of *Presque Isle*, by which Erie was formerly known. Across the entrance of the harbor there stretched a bar of sand, for a mile in length, upon which ordinarily the water varied in depth from six to ten feet. This shoal, however, being composed of light sand, frequently shifted with gales of wind, so that at times the depth was no more than four feet.

The bar had proved a great security to the vessels in course of construction, as the enemy's armed cruisers were pre-

vented from entering the harbor. Now it became a serious obstruction to the Americans themselves when ready to sail. The two brigs drew nine feet of water and of course, to get them over the bar, it became necessary to raise them at least four. To accomplish this would require the removal of the guns, which would deprive them of their means of defence against the enemy, who with their defiant squadron seemed determined to dispute the hazardous passage.

In order to protect his vessels, Captain Perry erected on the beach, opposite the shoalest part of the bar, a water-battery, mounted with three long twelve-pounders. To raise the brigs after they had been lightened of their armament, an ingenious contrivance was applied, consisting of two large camels or scows, which exactly fitted the shape of the vessels. These camels were to be sunk by filling them with water, and then raised by pumping it out, when, as they mounted to the surface, they would bring with

them the brigs to which they were attached.

The enemy, with colors flying, continued in a menacing attitude off the harbor till Sunday, when they suddenly disappeared.* Perry now weighed anchor with eight of his squadron, and beat down toward the bar, in order to be in readiness for crossing. The young commander, always scrupulously mindful of his religious duties, had taken care, in consideration of the day, to invite a clergyman from the shore to perform the appropriate rites. Thus, with solemn prayer for the success of their undertaking, they began their arduous and dangerous labors.

Five of the small vessels, having been sent across the bar, anchored outside and cleared for action; and a sixth, together with the brig Niagara, being kept within, with their guns pointed toward the lake, the first attempt was made to raise and carry over the Lawrence (as Perry had named his own brig, in honor of the memory of the commander of the Chesapeake). Great was the disappointment to find that the waters of the lake were much below their usual level, reducing the depth on the bar from six to four feet. Not discouraged, however, the work was undertaken, as the water continued smooth, and

* "It is said that Captain Barclay had accepted an invitation to dine on the Canada shore, and that he passed over with this intention, probably deceived by his spies as to the state of preparation of the Americans. . . . The dinner is said to have been given to Barclay on the 1st or 2d of August, 1813, by the inhabitants of a small place called Dover. In replying to a toast, Barclay stated it was his intention to return to Erie next day, when he should find the Yankee brigs hard and fast on the bar, where it would be an easy matter to destroy them."—COOPER.

there was no appearance of the enemy. The guns being removed, the camels applied, and the water pumped out, the Lawrence rose five feet, and readily passed over the deepest part of the bar; but when she reached the shallowest, no effort of heaving and kedging could force her over. But Perry was resolutely bent on success; so, ordering the camels to be filled once more, and new lashings to be made fast, he tried again; when, having lessened the draught of the Lawrence by a few inches, and having kept all hands at work throughout the night, he succeeded by main strength in forcing the brig in safety over the bar. The work, however, was not accomplished till eight o'clock the next morning, when **August 4.** the Lawrence got fairly afloat, had her guns on board again, and was ready for the foe, who once more made his appearance in the offing on the day after, and while the Niagara was still on the bar.

As Perry watched the approach of the British vessels, coming fast before a good breeze, he stirred his men to renewed efforts. Wearied as they were by their jading labors by night and by day, they responded with a hearty will to the inspiring appeals of their youthful commander, and succeeded in getting the second brig fairly afloat in deep water before the arrival of the enemy. To annoy his antagonist, and check his advance while Perry was completing his preparations, the latter sent out two of the fastest of his small schooners to fire at the British vessels with their long guns.

In the meantime, the people on the

Lawrence were beat to quarters, and the decks cleared for action, while every despatch was used to put the Niagara in the same fighting-trim. The enemy, however, were not disposed to give battle; and, after a brief exchange of shots with the two American schooners, they bore up with their squadron, and stood across the lake, toward Long Point.

General Harrison, with his northwestern army, was anxiously waiting for the co-operation of Perry's squadron in his contemplated invasion of Canada, and frequently and urgently wrote to him on the subject. "I am of opinion," declares Perry, in one of his answers, "that in two days the naval superiority will be decided on this lake. Should we be successful, I shall sail for the head of the lake immediately, to co-operate with you, and hope that our joint efforts will be productive of honor and advantage to our country. The squadron is not much more than half manned; but, as I see no prospect of receiving reinforcements, I have determined to commence my operations." In a postscript to the same letter, Perry bursts out with—"Thank God, the other sloop-of-war is over! I shall be after the enemy, who is now making off, in a few hours. I shall be with you shortly."

On the following day the squadron sailed, standing for Long Point, **August 6.** in search of the enemy; but finding that he had taken refuge in the harbor of Malden, and the wind proving unfavorable for proceeding to the head of the lake, Perry returned and anchored his vessels off Erie. He immediately be-

gan taking on board additional stores and provisions for General Harrison's army, and intended to have put to sea again on the evening of the 8th of August. In the meantime, however, he received intelligence that Lieutenant Elliott was on his way to join him with a reinforcement of officers and men to the number of a hundred and two in all. "He was electrified by the news," and declared "that he had not been so happy since his arrival." Although he had simultaneously been informed that the enemy's fleet was soon to be reinforced by the completion of their large vessel, the *Detroit*, he was nothing daunted by their accession of strength, since he was now able for the first time to man his own squadron with some good sailors; for those who had been brought on by Elliott from Lake Ontario proved to be all "prime men."

Perry had been much worried by the difficulty in obtaining crews; and his impatient spirit, fretting against the reluctance of Commodore Chauncey to furnish men, had led to some mutual recrimination. The young captain was, in fact, so nettled by one of the letters that he had received from his superior, that he requested to be allowed to resign his command. Fortunately, however, he was induced to remain; and no one was more urgent in persuading him to stay than Chauncey himself, who thus declared to him in a conciliatory letter: "The public service would suffer from a change, and your removal might in some degree defeat the objects of the campaign." But Perry had shown by his previous conduct—when he offered to yield up the

command to his superior, with all its prospect of honor, while he himself expressed his willingness to remain in a subordinate position—that his motives were far higher than any desire for self-glorification. Ardent and ambitious as he was, he was, above all, patriotic. His youthful spirit longed for glory, but he was willing even to sacrifice that for the good of his country.

With the still small force (in spite of the late reinforcement) of less than four hundred men all told, Perry again sailed,

Aug. 12. to make his way up the lake, and co-operate with General Harrison, whose headquarters were now at Seneca, on the Sandusky river. After an undisturbed sail up the lake, without seeing anything of the British fleet but a small

Aug. 17. cruiser, every vessel came to anchor. An interview with General Harrison soon followed, who came on board the brig Lawrence, accompanied by Generals Cass and McArthur, Colonel Gaines, the whole staff, the Indian chiefs, "Crane," "Blackhoof," "Captain Tommy," and twenty-three of their fellow-braves of the Shawnee, Wyandot, and Delaware tribes, who had been brought that they might be duly impressed with awe at the sight of the "big canoes."

Harrison declared that he was not yet prepared to advance into Canada, and it was therefore determined by Perry that he would in the meantime seek out the enemy's fleet and give it battle. "Put-in-bay," a snug harbor in the Bass islands, at the suggestion of the general, was chosen as the rendezvous of the squadron, and its shore that for assembling the ar-

my previous to the contemplated invasion of the enemy's territory.

To Put-in-bay, accordingly, Perry removed his vessels, where he received a reinforcement of about a hundred Kentucky militiamen, who volunteered to act as marines. These brave fellows, in their leathern hunting-jackets and leggings, had never stood upon a deck before, and all was as strange to them as they were to all on board ship.

Perry soon sailed out again for Malden, and took a close view of the British fleet at anchor. Fearful, however, in consequence of the weather, of being embayed, and thus losing some of his dullest sailers, he resolved to defer his challenge to the enemy—a resolution in which he was confirmed by his own severe illness, having been struck prostrate by an attack of bilious fever, which was then prevalent among his people.

After lying a week in his berth, Perry, hardly convalescent, again made his appearance on deck; and on that very day, finding the wind favorable, he got his squadron under way, and stood for Malden. Here he ran very close in, and, hoisting his colors, strove to provoke the enemy to battle. Failing in his object, he sailed again for Sandusky, where, in a second interview with General Harrison, he suggested the small island called the Middle Sister, fifteen miles from Malden, as a suitable rendezvous previous to an attack upon the latter place.

While at Sandusky, intelligence was received that it was the intention of the British commander to sail out with his squadron, and endeavor, by giving battle

to Perry, to force his way to Long Point, and thus reopen the communication with that depot. The American vessels now returned to the harbor of Put-in-bay, to prepare for the coming struggle.

Sept. 10. At sunrise, the enemy's ships were first seen in the far distance from the masthead of the Lawrence. Perry was on the alert. He had made every preparation for the expected conflict, and now, summoning his commanding officers by signal to the deck of the Lawrence, he gave them in a few words their last instructions; and, unfolding a blue flag, upon which was inscribed in white letters, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" told them that this was to be the signal for action. He, moreover, declared to his officers, as they were about to leave, that it was his intention to bring the enemy to close quarters from the first, and that he could not advise them better than in the words of Lord Nelson—"If you lay your enemy close alongside, you can not be out of your place."

As soon as the approach of the enemy was reported, Perry ordered the signal to "get under way;" and in a few minutes every vessel was under sail, beating out against a light head wind from the southwest, and with the boats ahead towing. The object was, to beat to the windward of the islands which now interposed between the two approaching squadrons, and, thus gaining the weather-gage; to bear down with that important advantage upon the foe. The wind, however, was light and baffling; and Perry's patience was so severely tried by the incessant tacking, that when it was nearly

ten o'clock, and but little progress had been made, he told his sailing-master, Mr. Taylor, to wear ship and run to the leeward of the islands. "Then we'll have to engage the enemy from the leeward!" was the exclamation. "I do n't care—to windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day!" replied Perry. The signal was accordingly made to wear ship; but while the manœuvre was performing, the wind suddenly shifted to the southeast, and bore the squadron clear of the islands, and enabled it to keep the weather-gage.

The day was clear, the waters of the lake perfectly still, and the wind light and warm from the southeast. It was one of the most brilliant of the North-American autumn days. At ten o'clock the British vessels were hove to in close order, waiting for the Americans (then about six miles away); and with the sun shining on their newly-painted sides and their red ensigns, they made a gallant show. The enemy numbered six sail,* with sixty-three guns in all, and manned

* Cooper gives the following as the force of the British squadron:

DETROIT, Captain Barclay, nineteen guns: two long twenty-fours, one long eighteen on pivot, six long twelves, eight long nines, one twenty-four pound carronade, one eighteen pound ditto.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE, Captain Finnis, seventeen guns: one long nine on pivot, one long twelve on pivot, two long nines, fourteen twenty-four pound carronades.

LADY PREVOST, Lieutenant Buchan, thirteen guns: one long nine on pivot, two long sixes, ten twelve-pound carronades.

HUNTER, Lieutenant Bignall, ten guns: four long sixes, two long fours, two long twos, two twelve-pound carronades.

LITTLE BELLE, three guns: one long twelve on pivot, two long sixes.

CHIPPEWAY, Mr. Campbell, one long nine on pivot.

Whole number of guns, sixty-three.

by five hundred and two men, including officers, sailors, and soldiers.* Their commander-in-chief, who hoisted his flag on the newest and largest vessel, the *Detroit*, was Captain Robert H. Barclay, a veteran officer who had been wounded at Trafalgar, in 1805, while fighting under Lord Nelson, and had lost an arm in a later action with the French. His skill and bravery were equally acknowledged by all who knew him. His second in command, Captain Finnis, of the *Queen Charlotte*, was another officer of experience and recognised courage. The enemy now formed in a compact line ahead. The *Chippewa* was in the van, and next to her came Barclay's own vessel (the *Detroit*), followed by the *Hunter*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Lady Prevost*, and *Little Belt*, in the order named.

The American squadron came floating gently down the smooth waters of the lake before a light breeze. The order for the attack had been previously arranged by Perry. When he discovered, however, that the enemy's squadron had formed differently from what he had expected, he changed his order, and passed with the *Lawrence* ahead of the *Niagara*, which originally was to lead the line, so that he might himself meet the *Detroit*, the vanward and largest ship. It was a chivalrous resolution, characteristic of Perry, thus to keep the most formidable antagonist for himself, as he had originally intended.

The American squadron was composed

* Mackenzie gives the number as five hundred and two, although James (evidently erroneously) estimates it at only three hundred and forty-five.

of nine vessels — three more than those possessed by the British — but mounting only fifty four guns in all.* Two only (the brigs *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, each of five hundred tons) could be regarded as men-of-war. The others were small, slightly built, and without bulwarks; one a brig, one a sloop, and the rest schooners. The whole number of officers and men was four hundred and ninety.† A goodly portion were undoubtedly able seamen, but they were miscellaneous in origin and color, and many of them were incapable of duty on account of sickness. On the day of the action there were no less than seventy-eight who were ill with the bilious fever, of an attack of which their commander was still feeling the effects. The Kentucky volunteers were stout and valiant yeomen, but awkward on board ship, and intolerant of discipline. There was not an officer in the whole squadron who had the naval experience of Barclay and Finnis. Perry himself was but twenty-seven years of age, and had never been even a witness of an action between two squadrons. Captain

* Cooper enumerates the American vessels as follows:

LAWRENCE, Captain Perry, twenty guns: two long twelves, eighteen thirty-two pound carronades.

NIAGARA, Captain Elliott, twenty guns: two long twelves, eighteen thirty-two pound carronades.

CALEDONIA, Lieutenant Turner, three guns: two long twenty-fours, one thirty-two pound carronade.

ARIEL, Lieutenant Packett, four guns: four twelves.

SOMERS, Mr. Almy, two guns: one long twenty-four, one thirty-two pound carronade.

PORCUPINE, Mr. Senett, one gun: one long thirty-two.

SCORPION, Mr. Chaplin, two guns: one long twenty-four one thirty-two pound carronade.

TIGRESS, Lieutenant Conklin, one gun: one long thirty-two.

TRIPPE, Lieutenant Holdup, one gun: one long thirty-two.

† Mackenzie.

Elliott, who commanded the Niagara, was an experienced subordinate officer; but all the others were young men, who, although full of ardor and of great promise, had never shared in a battle. The sailing-masters had been taken from the merchant-service, and were mostly from Perry's native state of Rhode Island; but they were well-trying, skilful, and faithful followers of their young commander, by whom they had been chosen for the naval service.

Having changed his order of battle, and leading the van himself in the Lawrence, to meet the Detroit, Perry stationed the Scorpion ahead, and the Ariel on his weather-bow. The Caledonia came next, to try her strength with the Hunter; then the Niagara, to oppose the Queen Charlotte; while the Somers, the Porcupine, the Tigress, and the Trippe, followed in the rear, to engage with the remaining two of the British line, the Lady Prevost and the Little Belt.

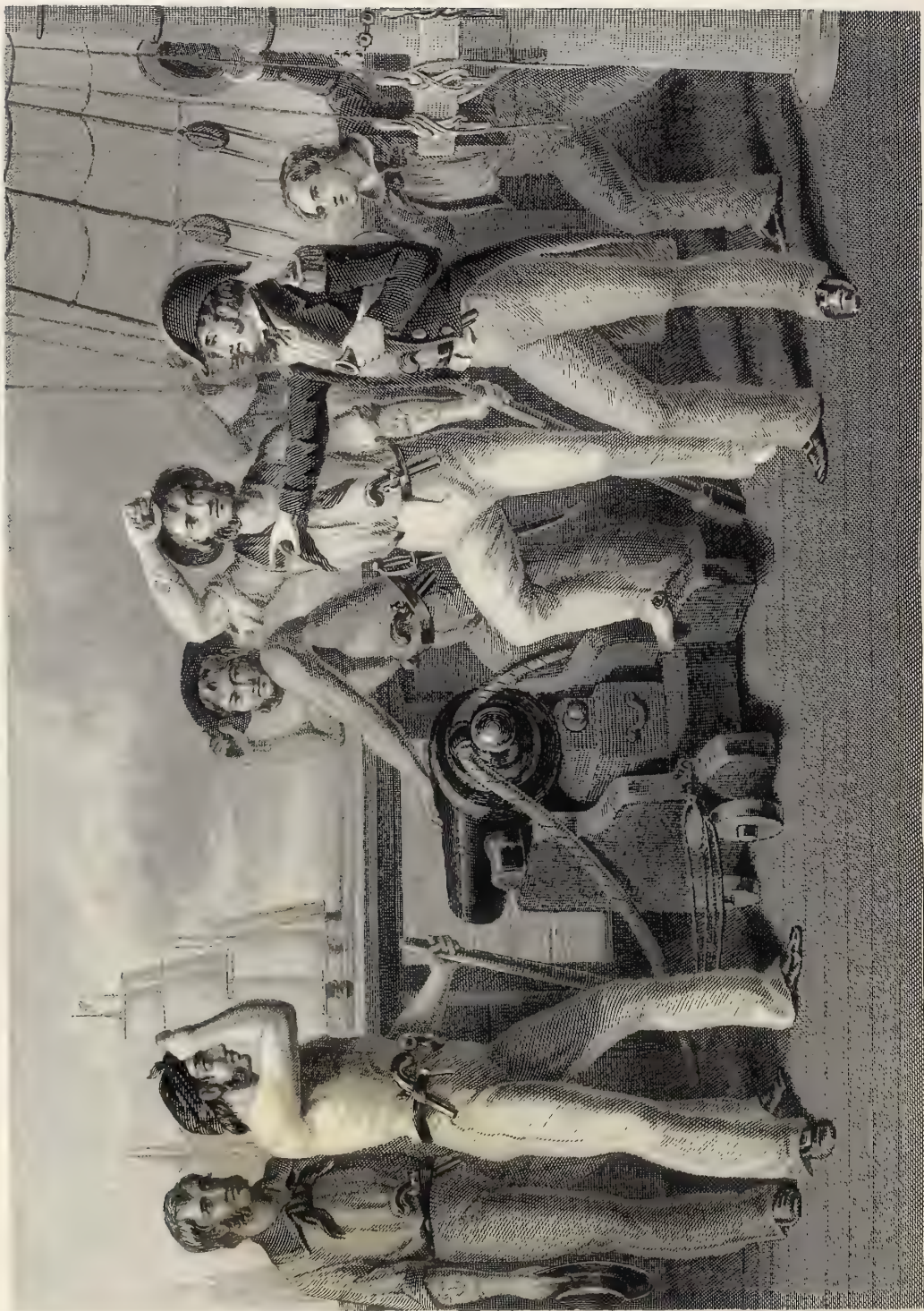
At ten o'clock, Perry cleared Sept. 10. his brig for action. The shot were crammed into the racks and into circular grommets of rope; pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, were brought to quarters, preventer-braces rove, matches lit, and the decks wet and sanded, to prevent explosion and the slipperiness from the expected blood and slaughter.* As the Lawrence bore up for the enemy, with every man at his post, resolutely prepared for the struggle, their young commander, upon whose encouraging and almost joyous face all eyes were fixed, mounted a gun-slide, and, unfolding the

blue signal, spoke out with his clear and melodious voice these few words: "My brave lads! this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"—"Ay, ay, sir!" was the hearty response which burst with simultaneous shout from every man and boy in the vessel, and the flag was instantly hoisted to the main royal-masthead of the Lawrence. As those memorable words, "*Don't give up the ship!*" caught the view, three hearty cheers rose from the whole line, in responsive enthusiasm to the appeal. Even the sick felt a thrill of the pervading excitement, and, with fancied renewal of strength, offered their feeble services in the coming struggle. "Go below, Mays," said the sailing-master, Taylor, to a poor fellow who had crawled up on deck to offer his last mite of life; "you are too weak to be here."—"I can do something, sir."—"What can you do?"—"I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns."*

As they were coming nearer and nearer the British fleet, and by twelve o'clock would certainly be in the midst of action, the noonday grog was served in advance, and the bread-bags freely emptied. In a moment after, however, every man was again at quarters. Perry now went round the deck, from gun to gun, stopping at each, carefully examining its condition, and passing a cheerful word with the "captain." Recognising some of the old tars who had served on board the Con-

* "He sat down by the pump, and sent the strong man to the guns; and when the fight was ended, there he was found, with a ball through his heart. He was from Newport; his name Wilson Mays."—*Oration by GEORGE H. CALVERT.*

* Mackenzie.



stitution, he said, "Well, boys! are you ready?"—"All ready, your honor!" was the prompt reply, as they touched their tarpaulins, or the handkerchiefs in which some of them had wrapped their heads, that they might be as unencumbered as possible for the fight. "But I need not say anything to you," rejoined their commander—"you know how to beat these fellows!"—and he passed on. His face now beamed with a smile of friendly interest as he recognised some of his fellow-townsmen, exclaiming, "Ah, here are the Newport boys! *They* will do their duty, I warrant!"

Everything being ready, the squadron moved slowly on, before the light breeze, toward the British line. The excitement of preparation was over, and, though each heart beat quick with anxious expectation, the voices of all were stilled, for little had man to say to man when each was so absorbed by his own reflections as he approached that dread gulf between life and death. Here and there, however, passed a low whisper between friends, conveying those mutual requests of kind offices which are ordinarily claimed from friendship on the near approach of death. "Say to my mother I thought of her at the last moment," whispered one. "Give this to my beloved," murmured another, "and tell her it was breathed upon by my dying kiss."

Perry made his friend Hambleton, the purser (but who now had charge of the

after-guns, and whose station was near the commander on the quarter-deck), his confidant, telling him how to act in regard to his private affairs in the event of his dying. Having first attached pieces of lead to all his public papers (that they might sink when thrown overboard, in case of defeat, and thus escape the enemy), he destroyed his private ones. He evidently was loth to part with his wife's letters; but finally, after giving them a hasty reading, he tore them to ribbons, and, as he threw them over the ship's side, he said that, let what would happen, the enemy should not read *those*. "This is the most important day of my life," exclaimed Perry, as he closed his confidential interview with Hambleton.

For an hour and a half the silence continued. As the wind was light and favorable, there was scarcely a movement necessary on deck; for the vessels in advance moved regularly forward, under easy sail, and the others, with all their canvas set, followed quickly in the rear. But now the stillness was suddenly broken by the sound of the bugle on board the Detroit, and echoed by loud cheers throughout the British squadron. Immediately after, at a quarter of twelve o'clock, when the Lawrence had **Sept. 10.** approached within about a mile and a half, her chosen antagonist (the Detroit) fired a gun; the shot, however, did not strike the American vessel. Thus began the action.

CHAPTER XXII.

Battle of Lake Erie, continued.—The Lawrence in the Van.—A Telling Shot from the Detroit.—A Baffling Breeze.—Impatience of Captain Perry.—Concentration of the Enemy's Fire.—Closing up.—Broadside to Broadside.—All against the Lawrence.—Position of the Vessels.—The Doomed Lawrence.—Dreadful Havoc.—Call after Call.—Again and again to the Fight.—A Tragic Farce.—No more Officers.—Calmness of Perry.—An Encouraging Glance.—The Last Gun.—The Lawrence a Wreck.—A Hopeful Commander.—The Niagara away.—“I'll fetch him up.”—A Bold Expedient.—Perry shifts his Flag to the Niagara.—Danger and Courage of Perry.—The Lawrence strikes.—Interview between Perry and Elliott.—The Niagara to the Rescue.—A Deadly Fire.—The Enemy strikes.—Victory.—Position and Condition of the Two Fleets.—Pursuit.—Escape of Fugitives.—Taking Possession of the Detroit.—A Bloody Spectacle.—Wounds of Captain Barclay.—Gallantry.—Comparative Losses.—Skulking Indians.—A Famous Despatch.—The Combined Fleets at Anchor.—Perry boards the Lawrence.—A Sad Scene.—Silent Salutation.—Surrender of the British Officers.—Magnanimity of Perry.—A Glance of Affection.—Efficacy of a Wife's Prayers.—Burial of the Dead.—Visit of Perry to the Wounded British Commander.—Results of the Victory.—Honors to the Brave.

1813. IMMEDIATELY on the first shot of the enemy, Captain Perry ordered the signal to be made from the masthead of the Lawrence for each vessel to engage her appointed antagonist. All were in their places—the Lawrence leading the van, attended by the Scorpion, and the Ariel on her weather-bow; the Caledonia and Niagara came next, in their proper stations, distant from each other about half a cable's length, as had been prescribed; but the other vessels, which followed in due order, being slow sailers, were lagging in the rear. Perry, with all canvas set, was eager to close with his antagonist the Detroit, which now followed the first unsuccessful shot with another, from a long gun, which passed through and through both bulwarks of the Lawrence. A close action was especially desirable for the American brig, as she was mounted with carronades which could not respond with effect at a distance to the long guns of the enemy. But the wind was light; and Perry, as he moved slowly along, impatiently counted each minute. The British, in the meantime, concentrating their fire upon the Lawrence, had already (although ten minutes only had passed since the action began) done her much mischief. She had not yet returned a shot; but now, however, at five minutes of noon, she fired her long twelve-pounder; and at Sept. 10. the same moment the bugle was sounded, as a signal for the other vessels to begin action. The schooners ahead, the Scorpion and Ariel, now opened their fires, as well as the Caledonia and Niagara, astern; and their example was soon followed by the others, though at such a distance as to be of little effect.

Finding the Lawrence suffering more and more from the long guns of the enemy, Perry made all sail, in order to get his carronades within striking distance, and once more passed the word by trumpet for the vessels in the rear to close up and take their stations at a half-cable's length of each other, as had been previ-

ously arranged. The order was caught up by Captain Elliott, of the Niagara, which was next astern of the Lawrence, and transmitted along the line.

In the meantime, the Lawrence floated slowly before the light breeze toward the enemy. When Perry believed that he was close enough for his carronades to tell, he luffed up and fired a starboard-broadside. Discovering, however, that he was yet at too great a distance, he bore away again, and steered directly for the Detroit, firing broadside after broadside, and continuing to draw closer and closer, until he had reached within three hundred and fifty yards of his antagonist, when he hauled up on a course parallel with him. As Perry bore down so persistently, Captain Barclay thought his object was to board. His only purpose, however, was to bring his carronades to bear within a distance from which their fire might be effective; and they were now served with great spirit and activity.

It seemed to be the determination on the part of the enemy to destroy the Lawrence at all hazards, and to this end every gun was aimed. The entire British squadron now concentrated its fire upon the doomed flag-ship, which was left almost alone to bear the whole weight of the struggle. The little schooners Ariel and Scorpion, on Perry's weather-bow, did their utmost to sustain him; but, with their small force, their greatest efforts were of little avail. The Niagara was too far away to be of any aid.* The Cal-

* "The Niagara did not, however, make sail with the Lawrence, and accompany her down into close action, but continued at long shots, using only her long twelve-pounder."—MACKENZIE.

edonia was engaged in a hot but unequal struggle with the enemy's larger vessel, the Hunter; and the rest of the American fleet were at such a distance, that they were only able to keep up an uncertain fire with their long guns at the nearest British vessels.

The Queen Charlotte, finding her expected antagonist, the Niagara, at too remote a distance to engage, bore up close to the stern of the Detroit, and joined her in her fire upon the Lawrence. This doomed vessel suffered terribly, but continued to struggle against overpowering odds for more than two hours. Amid all the havoc, the guns were fired with the same rapidity and regularity as on a day of exercise. But now the cannon were dismounted, one after another; the bulwarks beaten down so that the enemy's shot passed through and through without resistance; the sails and rigging were hanging in confused shreds, or dragging entangled nets of rope over the sides; the yards and spars were splintered and broken, their fragments scattered in every direction; and the whole vessel was such a wreck, that it was impossible to manage her.

Terrible had been the destruction of life. Of the one hundred strong men who but two hours before had gone into the fight, twenty-two were killed and sixty-one wounded. Even the bleeding, the shattered, and the maimed, fought on. Death alone stopped her ears to the call to duty of the brave Perry. Again and again the wounded came upon deck.

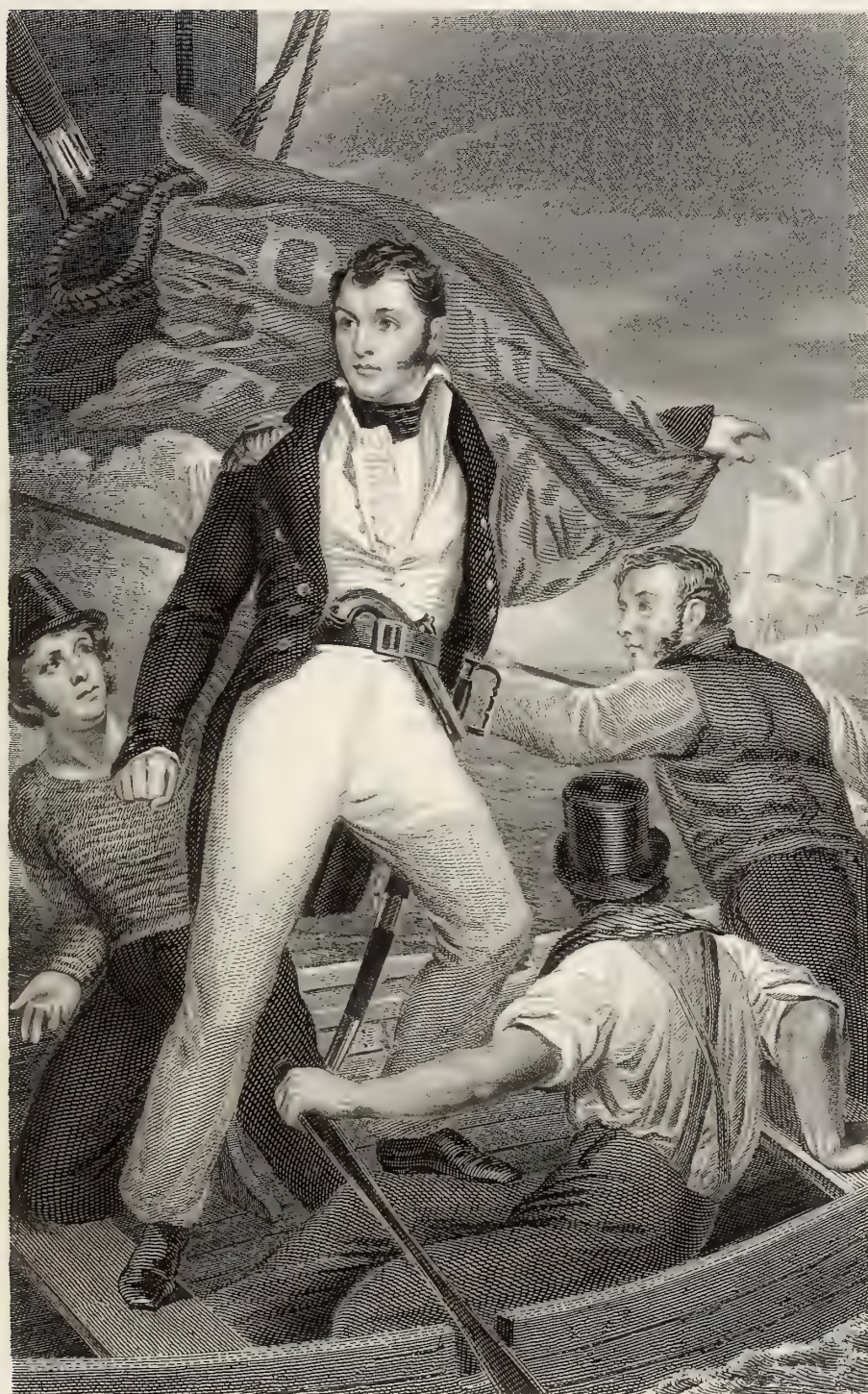
"When the battle had raged an hour and a half," says Doctor Usher Parsons,

the busy surgeon of the Lawrence on that day of carnage, "I heard a call for me at the small skylight, and, stepping toward it, I saw it was the commodore, whose countenance was as calm and placid as if on ordinary duty. 'Doctor,' said he, 'send me one of your men,' meaning one of the six that were to assist me, which was done instantly. In five minutes the call was repeated and obeyed; and at the seventh call, I told him he had them all. He asked if any could pull a rope, when two or three of the wounded crawled upon deck to lend a feeble hand in pulling at the last guns."

Midshipman Lamb went down below with a shattered arm. A splint and tourniquet were hastily applied by the surgeon; and, as the maimed young officer was about to move away to resume his duties, a cannon-ball came crashing through the ship's side, and, striking him, dashed him dead against the bulkhead. One of the sailors (a Narragansett Indian) had just left the hands of the surgeon, who had taken off a shattered leg, when he, too, was killed by a cannon-ball. The first-lieutenant, Yarnall, came below with his scalp torn, and the blood streaming down his face. As he insisted upon returning immediately to the deck, some lint and a colored handkerchief were hastily bound upon the hurt. A second time wounded, he again went below, a still more portentous-looking object than on his former visit. Some of the hammocks having been struck in the nettings, and the feathery cat-tails with which the mattresses were stuffed thus escaping and floating in the air, had lighted upon Yar-

nall's wounded head and face, and sticking to the blood, gave him the appearance which Doctor Parsons likens to that "of a large owl," and which extorted laughter even from the wounded. Yarnall, being again hurriedly attended by the surgeon, mounted the deck when the fight was at the hottest. Repairing to Perry, he reported that all the officers in the first division under his command were either killed or disabled. His commander was so overcome by the drollery of his looks, that he could not refrain from a good-humored smile as he listened to and granted his application. Soon after, Yarnall again presented himself to his commander with the same request, for more officers. "You must endeavor to make out by yourself; I have no more to give you," was the reply. Such had been the havoc in the meantime! The second-lieutenant also, Dulany Forrest, was thrown prostrate upon the deck by a grapeshot, which struck him in the breast. Perry, who stood near, lifted him up, and, seeing that he was not wounded—for he had been thrown down by a spent ball—encouraged him with the assurance that he was not hurt. As he recovered from the shock, Forrest pulled out the shot which had lodged within his waistcoat, and replied as he put it in his pocket, "No, sir, I'm not hurt—but this is *my* shot!"

Throughout the whole of this terrible slaughter, Perry was calm and even cheerful. His officers and crew, every man of whom behaved himself like a hero during these hours of trial and sacrifice, looked to their young commander not only for



E FOR THE NIAGARA



encouragement during life, but for consolation in their dying moments. As a ball, a stand of grape or of canister, struck down the brave fellows, and made a fearful gap in a gun's crew, those few who were left would for a moment turn their eyes upon Perry for an inspiring glance, and then cheerfully spring to the places of their fallen comrades. Those who lay weltering in blood on the slippery deck would, in the very agony of death, turn their faces toward their commander, imploring one look of grateful recognition from his eye to reward them for the sacrifice which they had so freely made for their country.

The single gun left was yet loaded and fired, loaded and fired again. There were, however, not even enough men to manage this cannon; and Perry himself, together with Hambleton the purser and Brase the chaplain, served and did not abandon it until it also was finally dismounted and of no use.

At last, about half-past two o'clock, when the Lawrence was totally disabled, and only eighteen persons out of the entire crew (besides Perry himself and his younger brother Alexander, but twelve years old, a midshipman) were left, capable of duty, the young commander still did not despair of victory. As he stood upon the bloody deck, surrounded by the helpless dead and wounded, and his ship drifting away an unmanageable wreck, he looked around deliberately, to catch a glimpse, through the shifting smoke, of the condition of the rest of the squadron. Forrest, his second-lieutenant, was at his side, and, observing the Niagara in the

distance, exclaimed: "Look! that brig will not help us; see how he keeps off! He will not come to close action."—"I'll fetch him up!" replied Perry, who, when he saw the good condition of the Niagara, had promptly decided to shift his flag, which he resolutely declared should not be hauled down from over his head on that day.*

Giving Mr. Yarnall the command of the disabled Lawrence, and putting the memorable blue signal—with its heroic words, "Don't give up the ship!"—under his arm, Perry sprang into his boat, accompanied by his brother, the boy-midshipman, and pushed off. The boat's crew pulled away cheerily; and the intrepid commander, fully intent upon his purpose, and eager to accomplish it, did not even sit down, but stood erect in the stern of the boat, as if impatient of a moment's rest until he should bring the Niagara into action. The enemy at once caught sight of the boat, and, conscious of its object, directed a fire upon it from their cannon and musketry. Their shots were so far well aimed as to splinter the oars, to throw the spray upon the crew, and even to penetrate the gunwales of the boat here and there. Perry, still standing erect in the stern, was in great danger. His brave men besought him to sit down; and at length, one of them, finding that their fearless commander did not heed their appeal, actually pulled him into the seat.

The men continued to tug earnestly at the oars, but the boat did not reach the Niagara for nearly a quarter of an

* Mackenzie.

hour. As their commander crossed the gangway of the brig in safety, the survivors on the Lawrence, who with painful anxiety had watched his perilous transit, sent up a faint (for the voices were few) but joyful cheer. The shattered brig still had her colors flying, and the British continued to fire upon her. Lieutenant Yarnall, with not a gun left, hardly a crew to man one, and with a vessel which was a drifting wreck, resolved at last to strike his flag, in order to save the handful of survivors on deck, and the many wounded below; the latter of whom, from the light draught of the Lawrence, were lying above water, and thus exposed to the fire of the enemy. The colors were accordingly hauled down. Every British vessel now resounded with loud and exulting cheers from its crowded bulwarks. With this triumphant burst the enemy proclaimed themselves, with inauspicious haste, the victors of the day. This exulting shout of the foe struck upon the hearts of the wounded and dying on the Lawrence with a tone more terrible than the last toll of death. "Sink the ship! let us all sink together!" were the only words heard by the surgeon, as these poor fellows turned away from his merciful offices, and, pushing aside balm and bandage, resolutely refused the proffered hopes of life.

As soon as Perry reached the deck of the Niagara, he was met at the gangway by Captain Elliott, who asked, "How is the day going?"—"Badly!" replied Perry, who, having stated the condition in which he left the Lawrence, asked what the gun-boats were doing so far astern.

Elliott instantly offered to go and bring them up; and, with the consent of Perry, he at once jumped into the boat and went off on that duty.*

Perry, now in command of the Niagara, squared his yards, put his helm up, set his topgallant-sails, hoisted the signal for close action, and without a moment's delay, bore away for the British line. The signal was greeted with hearty cheers from the whole squadron; and the wind freshening, each vessel rapidly closed up with the adversary. With the increased breeze, the Niagara, though fully half a mile away when Perry took the command, was in seven or eight minutes right upon the British fleet. As she came boldly on, reserving her own fire, the enemy's vessels poured their shot upon her in a raking position. The Detroit made an effort to wear, in order to present her starboard-broadside, several of her larboard-guns having been disabled. At this moment, the Queen Charlotte was close under her lee; and, as she did not follow the manœuvre on board the Detroit with sufficient quickness, the two vessels got foul of each other.

While thus they lay entangled together, with the bowsprit and head-bows of the Queen Charlotte caught in the mizzen-rigging of the Detroit, Perry passed with the Niagara slowly under the bows of the latter, and deliberately, within half pistol-shot distance, poured into both vessels "a deadly and awfully destructive fire of grape and canister. The larboard-guns, which were likewise manned, were directed with equally murderous effect

* Mackenzie.

into the stern of the *Lady Prevost*, which had passed to the head of the line, and of the *Little Belt*. The marines, at the same time, cleared their decks of every one to be seen above the rails. The piercing shrieks of the mortally wounded on every side showed how terrific had been the carnage.

“Passing under the lee of the two British ships, which had now got clear, but were but slightly separated, Captain Perry, brought by the wind on the starboard-tack, with his head to the northward and eastward, and backing the *Niagara*’s main-top-sail to deaden her headway, continued to pour his starboard-broadside into the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Hunter*, which lay astern of her. Some of his shots passed through the *Queen Charlotte*’s ports into the *Detroit*. At this juncture, the small vessels also came into close action to windward, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister; their shot and that of the *Niagara*, wherever it missed its mark, passing the enemy, and taking effect reciprocally on our own vessels.”

The British now no longer fired a gun; and an officer appeared on the taffrail of the *Queen Charlotte*, to signify that she had struck. The *Detroit*, the *Hunter*, and the *Lady Prevost*, immediately followed her example. All their colors were hauled down in seven minutes after the *Niagara* had broken the British line and begun her destructive fire. The action

Sept. 10. commenced at a quarter before twelve, and ended precisely at three o’clock. When the smoke blew away, the victors and the vanquished

were seen closely intermixed. The triumphant *Niagara*—with the signal for close action still flying—clung hard by the *Detroit*, the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Hunter*. The enemy’s small cruisers, the *Chippewa* and *Little Belt*, with all canvas set, were striving to escape toward *Malden*; but the *Caledonia* (which had followed the *Niagara* so closely that her jib-boom touched the other’s stern), and the *Scorpion* and *Trippe*, no less alert, had now assumed such a position to the leeward, that they were able to pursue the fugitives, and to force them to a surrender. The *Lawrence* lay to windward, where she had drifted, a helpless wreck; but the American flag was once more flying over her bloody deck.

As soon as the enemy struck, Perry sent an officer to take possession of the *Detroit*, who, on reaching her deck, beheld a spectacle of carnage and ruin hardly less tragic than had been witnessed on board the suffering *Lawrence*. Most of the guns were dismantled; and the deck, heaped here and there with the dying and the dead, was everywhere slippery with gore, and strewn with mangled limbs and shreds of human beings. The second-lieutenant was in command, with a few surviving officers and men. Inglis, the first-lieutenant, had been killed in the heat of the action. Commodore Barclay had been borne below, severely wounded by a grapeshot in the thigh. Recovering momentarily from the shock, he gallantly insisted upon being again taken on deck. Struck soon afterward by a second grapeshot, which shattered his shoulder-blade into pieces, he was once more car-

ried prostrate and insensible to his cabin. When, toward the close of the engagement, the officer in command found that the day was lost, he sent word to the wounded Barclay; but before he would consent that his flag should be struck, the heroic commodore ordered himself to be lifted a second time to the deck, that he might with his own eyes see whether there was any hope for further resistance.

The Detroit was greatly injured. The once-stout brig now looked pitifully, with toppling masts and splintered yards; with stays gone, and torn braces dangling; her topmasts, sails, and rigging, falling over the side; with her bulwarks shattered to pieces, and her sides stuck full of the thirty-two pound shot which she had received from the Lawrence—proving the exactness of the aim, but the inefficacy of the distant fire. The Queen Charlotte had also suffered greatly, losing her commander, Captain Finnis, early in the action, together with her first-lieutenant, while her hull, spars, and rigging, were cut to pieces. The Lady Prevost had her commander and first-lieutenant wounded; and, badly injured in hull, spars, and rudder, was no longer manageable. The commanding officers of the Hunter and the Chippewa were likewise disabled by severe injuries, leaving the commander of the Little Belt the only officer fit for duty at the close of the action.

Every commander and every officer second in command, in the British fleet, was reported by Captain Barclay, in his official statement, to have been incapacitated from service. The whole number

of killed and wounded, as set down by him, amounted to forty-one killed, three of whom were officers, and ninety-four wounded, of whom nine were also officers. In this report, however, there was probably no account taken of the loss of those who had not been officially rated among the crew. The bodies of several Indians which, as was supposed, had been thrown overboard from the English vessels during the action, were found washed ashore on the borders of the lake. Two Indian chiefs were actually discovered crouching, in utter fright, in the hold of the Detroit. They had been stationed in the top, to act as riflemen; but when the action became warm, so terrified were they by the horrors which they beheld, that they fled to the hiding-place where they were discovered.*

In the American squadron, the Lawrence had been much the greatest sufferer. With twenty-two killed and sixty-one wounded, out of a hundred and three doing duty, she presented such a slaughter as has hardly been equalled in any naval fight. The Niagara was reported to have lost only two killed and twenty-three wounded.† On board the Caledonia, three were wounded; on the Somers, two; on board the Ariel, one was killed and three were wounded; on the Scorpion, two were killed; and on the Trippe,

* Analectic Magazine.

† This was Perry's own report; and Mackenzie, his biographer, adds: "All but two of the wounded having been struck after Captain Perry took command of her, as stated by the surgeon who attended them." Cooper declares, on the authority of the Niagara's surgeon, that "this report was inaccurate, the slightly wounded having been omitted. He [the surgeon] also says that there were five men killed."

two were wounded—thus making in the whole squadron twenty-seven killed and ninety-six wounded. Neither the *Tigress* nor the *Porcupine* suffered in the least, as they were unable, with all the gallant efforts of their commanders, to come to close quarters. The American officers killed were Lieutenant John Brooks of the *Lawrence*, a youth of great personal beauty, Midshipman Lamb of the same vessel, and Midshipman Clark of the *Scorpion*. Lieutenants Yarnall and Forrest, Sailing-Master Taylor, Purser Hambleton, Midshipmen Swartwout and Claxton, and Mr. Stone, were among the wounded on board the *Lawrence*; and Lieutenant Edwards and Midshipman Cummings on the *Niagara*.

When the fight was over, the wounded cared for, the prisoners secured, the tottering masts strengthened, the shot-holes plugged, and all the vessels, the conquering and the conquered, under sail on the same course, and commanded by the one victorious hero, Perry retired to his cabin. Here he wrote that famous despatch to General Harrison, which, for terse comprehensiveness, has ever been compared to the *Veni, vidi, vici*, of Cæsar:—

“DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

“Yours, with very great respect and esteem,
“O. H. PERRY.”

To the secretary of the navy he wrote with equal good taste, as follows:—

“U. S. BRIG NIAGARA, OFF THE WESTERNMOST SISTER. }
HEAD OF LAKE ERIE, Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M. }

“SIR: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a

signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.

“I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“O. H. PERRY.”

After despatching these letters, Perry brought the entire combined fleet to anchor, that he might make better arrangements for the comfort of the wounded, the security of the prisoners, and the discipline of the whole force. He now first visited the *Ariel*, and set Sailing-Master Brownell to take command of the *Somers*, to which vessel he ordered seventy prisoners to be removed. Forty of these were ironed, or confined below; the remainder were arrayed within the circle of the long gun, in a sitting posture, while the crew continued under arms during the night, forming bulwarks across the deck, and ready to fire at the least indication of a disposition to rise.*

The victorious Perry, with a saddened heart, at last went to the *Lawrence*. “The deck,” says the surgeon, who relates the incident, “was slippery with blood and brains, and strewed with the bodies of twenty officers and men, some of whom had sat at table with us at our last meal, and the ship resounded everywhere with the groans of the wounded. Those of us

* This arrangement of the prisoners, thus minutely described by Mackenzie, reminds us of the tragic occurrence on his own vessel, also called the *Somers*, in 1841, when the rising of the suspected mutineers to liberate their arrested leader, young Spencer, of New York, was similarly guarded against, until the execution of the culprit.

who were spared and able to walk, approached him as he came over the ship's side, but the salutation was a silent one on both sides; not a word could find utterance.*

Reminded of his triumph by the arrival of three officers on board, who were despatched by Commodore Barclay to deliver his sword—and at the same time stepping in the gore of the slaughtered victims—the American commander exulted not over the proofs of glory, but sorrowed at the bloody records of its cost. With a solemn air and a low voice he refused the proffered hilts of the British officers' swords, and requested them to retain their side-arms. After this ceremonial of triumph, Perry slowly walked among the dead and the dying; and, with a glance of affection at his little brother, only twelve years old, sleeping safely in his hammock, with thankful recognition of the mercy of God he gave utterance, to these words: "I believe that my wife's prayers have saved me."

One solemn duty remained—the burial of the dead. The Episcopal burial-service having been read, the bodies of the seamen were committed to the deep.

Sept. 11. At nine o'clock on the following morning, the combined squadron weighed anchor, and in two hours arrived at Put-in-bay. On the morning of the 12th the dead officers were interred. The flags on every vessel were at half-mast, minute-guns were fired, the dead-march was beaten by the drums, and the boats moved off, their oars keeping time with a measured stroke, as they bore to

the shore their melancholy burden. On reaching the land, a procession was formed, with the dead of the two squadrons borne alternately according to rank, and followed in the same order by their living comrades, Perry himself walking last. The graves had been dug near the margin of the lake; and here the solemn words of the burial-service were read, amid the deep quietude of the wilderness, on that calm and beautiful autumn day. The gentle rippings of the smooth waters of the lake on the shore, beating in harmony with the sobbing hearts of the saddened spectators, scarcely broke the profound silence which even Nature seemed to keep, in reverence to the heroic dead.

Of Perry's courtesy and generous kindness to Captain Barclay and his countrymen, there could be no stronger testimony than that of the brave leader of the enemy himself, who declared that "the conduct of Perry toward the captive officers and men was sufficient of itself to immortalize him." Perry paid a visit to the wounded Barclay, and with his courteous solicitude and warm-hearted kindness so won the affections of his fallen enemy, that the two became from that time constant friends. Money was advanced on his own responsibility by the American commander to the British officers; and he pledged himself to obtain for Barclay his liberty on parole, which was finally secured.

The results of the battle, which wrested from the British the command of Lake Erie, led to the restoration of the territory of Michigan, and the release of our

* Doctor Usher Parsons.

northern frontier from the cruelties of the savage, were of such magnitude, that the victory was everywhere hailed as the great event of the war; while the con-

duct of Perry had been so able, so brave, and so magnanimous, that he was at once enrolled among those heroes whom the country loves to honor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Harrison's Enterprise.—Aid of Perry.—Transportation of the Troops.—Off Malden.—Landing.—Military Spirit.—No Enemy.—Consternation of General Proctor.—Flight.—Possession of Malden.—Disgust of Tecumseh.—An Heroic Appeal.—The Americans take possession of Sandwich.—Harrison secures a Territory.—Possession of Detroit.—Movement of the American Army.—A White-Haired Hero.—The Volunteer Cass.—Perry a Volunteer Aid-de-Camp.—A Bold Rider.—A Bright Exemplar.—The Enemy, and their Position.—Comparative Strength.—Order of Battle.—The Battle of the Thames.—A Cavalry-Charge.—Struggle with the Indians.—Colonel Johnson in the Hottest of the Fight.—The Death-Halloo.—Fall of Tecumseh.—Flight of the Savages.—Comparative Losses.—Precipitation of the British Commander.—Resignation of Harrison.—The Great Event of the Battle of the Thames.—Life and Character of Tecumseh.—His Heroism.—Great Influence.—His Visit to the Seminoles.—Personal Appearance and Characteristics.—A Skilful Diplomatist.—His Contempt for Civilization.—The Wrongs of his People.—“Hungry Devourers of the Country.”—The Prophet.—His Fate.

1813. GENERAL HARRISON had collected, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, more than seven thousand men, whom, with the co-operation of Perry and his fleet, he was about transporting to Canada, for the invasion of that province. The victory being won on the lake, there was no longer an enemy's vessel to dispute the navigation of its waters; and Perry could now freely offer his services in aid of Harrison's projected enterprise. The small vessels were immediately despatched to transport the army to Bass island; and Perry himself soon after followed in the Ariel, and conveyed the general and his staff to Put-in-bay, which had been selected as the rendezvous for the squadron.

The entire land-force was now transported to the Middle Sister, an island twelve miles from Malden,

which was to be the first point of invasion. Next morning the whole army embarked in the small boats and the vessels of the squadron, which, getting under way, sailed for their destination. In a few hours the vessels were at anchor in line of battle off the Canadian shore, to the eastward of Malden. The troops landed in excellent order, under cover of the broadsides of the fleet, and with spirited expressions of eagerness for the expected conflict, each man recalling the strong but humane appeal of his commander: “The general entreats his brave troops to remember that they are sons of sires whose fame is immortal; that they are to fight for the rights of their insulted country, while their opponents combat for the unjust pretensions of a master. Kentuckians, remember the river Raisin! but remember it only while

Sept. 27.

Sept. 26.

the victory is suspended. The revenge of a soldier can not be gratified upon a fallen enemy!"

There was, however, no enemy to meet. General Proctor, in consternation at the victory of Perry, had abandoned Malden, and fled in the direction of Sandwich, along the left bank of the river Detroit. The squadron now moved to the harbor and anchored, while the troops marched in and took possession of the deserted and half-ruined town, where the enemy had destroyed the fort, barracks, navy-yard, and public stores.

Proctor's flight may have been justified by the want of supplies. His Indian allies, however, more daring or less prudent, grumbled loudly; and their leader, Tecumseh, took occasion to express to the British general, in his own peculiar Indian rhetoric, his disgust at the retreat. "Listen, father!" said he. "Our fleet has gone out. We know they have fought; we have heard the great guns, but know nothing of what has happened to our father with one arm.* Our fleet has gone one way, and we are very much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat animal that carries its tail upon its back;

* Barclay, who, as already mentioned, had lost an arm at Trafalgar.

but, when affrighted, it drops it between its legs, and runs off! We wish to stay here and fight the enemy, should he appear. If he conquers us, we will then retreat with our father." Thus spoke the heroic Shawnee chief; but the prudent Englishman gave no heed to the Indian's oratory.

General Proctor continued his retreat. Harrison followed in pursuit, and at the close of the month took possession of the deserted town of Sand- **Sept. 29.** wick. Both armies now paused awhile. The British and their Indian allies, in the meantime, posted themselves on the right bank of the river Thames (which flows into the southeastern extremity of Lake St. Clair), some sixty miles from Sandwich and eighty from Detroit, where they seemed determined to hold their ground.

Harrison occupied himself in securing the territory which the enemy had abandoned. Embarking with General M'Arthur's brigade, he sailed with Perry to take possession of Detroit. A thousand hostile Indians still lurked in the neighboring woods; but they fled at the approach of the armed vessels, and only came back when, with the flexibility of service peculiar to the race, they had resolved to abandon their old friends, and to "take hold of the same tomahawk and strike all who were the enemies of the United States, whether British or Indians." Harrison, having by proclamation formally taken possession of the territory of Michigan, in the presence of him who had won it by his great victory, returned with Perry to Sandwich, where Colonel Richard M. Johnson (who became vice-

president of the United States in 1836), with his mounted riflemen of Kentucky, had also arrived by the way of Detroit, and thus gave the army the requisite cavalry to continue the pursuit of the enemy.

General Harrison was now prepared to move, and, sending forward Colonel Johnson with his mounted Kentuckians in advance, followed with the infantry. With the army was one of the heroes of King's mountain (in the campaign of 1780), the white-haired Shelby of Kentucky, whose sixty-two years of life had not lessened his ardor, and who now, at the head of the western yeomen, was as eager for the fight as the youngest. With him, as an aid-de-camp, was John J. Crittenden, the future statesman. General Cass, though his brigade was stationed at Sandwich, was also a volunteer on the occasion, and accompanied Harrison as his aid-de-camp. Perry, too, unwilling to be left behind, offered his services, and became another of the volunteer aids-de-camp. Always an excellent horseman, he rode boldly everywhere, and his presence was the admiration as it was the encouragement of every man in the army. His gallant bearing, his youthful looks, and his late great victory, drew toward him the eyes of all; and the consciousness that he was with them inspired the soldiers with the desire to do their duty before so bright an exemplar.

Oct. 5. The enemy were at last overtaken, and found posted on a narrow strip of land, overshadowed by lofty trees, with the river Thames flowing on the left and a marsh or swamp on the right. The British regulars, some

eight hundred in number, formed the centre and left; while the Indians, at least fifteen hundred, under the brave Tecumseh, were stationed to the right, on the borders of the swamp.

Harrison's force was no more than two thousand five hundred strong; but he did not hesitate to give battle, confident in the spirit which animated all his troops, and more particularly the Kentuckians, who burned to avenge their fellow-citizens who had been so ruthlessly sacrificed at the river Raisin; though they were not unmindful of the humane sentiment of their general, that "the revenge of a soldier can not be gratified on a fallen enemy." Harrison, modifying his first order of battle, determined upon the novel expedient with his mounted Kentucky riflemen of breaking the British line, which had been weakened by opening its files in order to cover the whole space between the river and the swamp.

Conformably to his plan, the general directed Colonel Johnson to draw up his regiment in close column, and to charge the enemy at full speed, at the moment of their first fire. The American regulars were so posted as to seize the artillery; and the few friendly Indians were directed, in conformity with their usual style of warfare, to skirt along the bank of the river, and be ready to lend their aid in the *melée*; while Harrison, accompanied by his volunteer aids-de-camp Cass and Perry, placed himself at the head of the front line of infantry, to direct the movements of the cavalry, and to sustain its charge, seconded by the veteran Shelby with the rest of the troops.

Thus drawn up, the army marched to the attack. In a few moments the British line began a fire, when Colonel Johnson ordered his mounted regiment to the charge. The horses in front recoiled before the musketry, but their riders, skilful horsemen, brought them back; and soon the whole force, by an impetuous and simultaneous rush, broke through the line, and threw it into confusion. In one moment the contest here was over. Such was the disorder, and so terrible seemed to be the prospect—with the dauntless Kentucky riflemen plunging here and there, and firing right and left with deadly aim—that the British gave up all hope of successful struggle, and at once surrendered.

Upon the left, however, where the heroic Tecumseh was at the head of the Indians, the conflict was more severe. Colonel Johnson, who had made over to his brother James (the lieutenant-colonel) the command of the battalion which had so gallantly charged the British line, and reserved the other battalion for himself, to oppose to the Indians in the swamp, now came in for the hottest of the fight. The thronging savages began the contest with a galling fire, which was, however, returned with great effect. The Kentuckians rode directly in among their antagonists; but, finding themselves sorely embarrassed by the swamp, they dismounted from their horses, and were soon engaged in a close and desperate conflict. Their brave colonel was in the thickest of the *melée*. He was wounded in three different places, and yet pressed on.

Now rose a terrible cry from the Indi-

ans—their “death-halloo.” Their great chieftain had fallen! The heroic Tecumseh was no more—slain, as is believed, by a pistol-shot from Colonel Johnson, but a moment before he himself was struck to the ground and borne insensible from the field. The savages, having lost their chieftain, fled in confusion from the scene, and the battle of the Thames was won.

The loss of the Americans was only seven killed and twenty-two wounded; that of the British was twelve killed and twenty-two wounded, besides nearly forty Indians who were found dead on the field. Among them was Tecumseh, who, with his face scarred by that scourge of the red men, the small-pox, and with his ill-set broken leg, was readily recognized by Harrison and others, who knew him well, having often listened to his eloquent harangues in council, and encountered his gallantry in many a well-fought battle.

Six hundred and one British regulars, with twenty-five officers, was the large number of prisoners, who, as we have seen, surrendered immediately after the impetuous onset of Johnson’s Kentucky riflemen. The latter, as their humane commander had entreated, remembering the river Raisin only while the victory was suspended, exhibited a noble mercy toward their captives.

The British general, guarded by a small escort of dragoons and mounted Indians, fled so swiftly, that he could not be overtaken, although pursued for many miles. In his precipitation he abandoned his carriage, his baggage and papers, and even his sword, which fell into the hands of the Americans. On reaching Burlington



heights, at the western extremity of Lake Ontario, the fugitive Proctor was publicly rebuked by the governor of Canada for his conduct, deprived of his command, and hurried by the scorn of the people into privacy.

General Harrison had intended to despatch a body of troops for the reduction of Mackinaw, which still remained in possession of the enemy; but on consultation with Perry, who objected to risking his squadron unless the expedition could set out immediately, which was impossible, it was abandoned. The veteran Shelby and his brave Kentuckians, who were now disbanded, returned to their homes, there to meet the rewards of their gallantry in the honorary welcome of their fellow-citizens. General Cass, with his brigade, was left to guard the territory of Michigan. General Harrison, with the remainder of the troops, embarked with Perry on his vessels, and, sailing down the lake, landed at Erie. Thence he proceeded to Buffalo, and then to Newark (Niagara), where he assumed the command, together with that of Fort George, in Upper Canada, near Lake Ontario. Being subsequently ordered to Sackett's Harbor, Harrison proceeded thither with the troops under his immediate command. Irritated by the factious opposition of General Armstrong, then secretary of war, Harrison **April 25.** in the spring of 1814 resigned, and retired to Ohio.*

* General Harrison remained in comparative obscurity until withdrawn from his Ohio retreat by the popular will, which, with excited enthusiasm, elevated him to the presidency in 1840. Amid the harassing duties of his office, the aged general gave way, and died at the very threshold of his high position.

The death of TECUMSEH (or, more properly, TE-CUM-THE*) was the great event of the battle of the Thames. With the fall of that Indian chief, who was the Ajax of their cause, the aborigines of the north-western territories ceased their hopeless struggle against the progress of a resolute civilization. Tecumseh's influence among the Creeks and the Seminoles of the South, however, survived his death. His memorable mission to those tribes, in the spring of 1813, was now manifesting its effects. The eloquent Shawnee warrior, it will be remembered, after **Jan. 22.** the battle on the river Raisin, journeyed hundreds of miles through the wilderness, to stir up the Indians of Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Mississippi, against the white invaders of their villages and hunting-grounds. Tecumseh, however, encouraged by the British for their own purposes, had a nobler object than merely to give mercenary aid to his allies. His aim was that of the patriot. Conscious of the wrongs and sufferings of his race, and fearful of their impending doom of extinction, he resolved to do his utmost to avert it, or die in the attempt.

As the red chieftain sailed over the great lakes, traversed the broad forests, and launched his canoe on the glorious rivers of the Northwest, his mighty soul was filled with gloomy reflections as he beheld the intruding white man everywhere—here building fleets to secure his unjust possession, there clearing the wilderness for new settlements of the hated pale-faces, and anon disturbing the silence

* Dawson.

which once brooded over the waters, with the noisy intercourse of trade. Thus journeying, his memory full of the traditions of his once-dominant people, and his proud heart wounded by the proofs that he saw on every hand of the encroachments of another and an all-grasping race, his imagination kindled more and more with the grand conception of wresting the dominion of lake, river, and forest, from the white invader, so that the Indians might again roam over the wide wildernesses, in the magnificent solitudes of Nature, undisturbed by an intrusive and cruel civilization.

Though necessarily brought into frequent relation with this advancing civilization, Tecumseh retained all the characteristics of the North-American Indian. With a stalwart person, and iron-like muscles and nerves, he possessed great bodily activity, and powers of endurance which made him a mighty warrior as well as a skilful huntsman; and the excitement of both the battle and the hunting ground was his delight. His frequent intercourse with the whites, however, had taught him that the subtle craft of the statesman was no less essential than the strong arm of the warrior. Naturally shrewd, he soon became versed in diplomacy, and formed treaties, which he negotiated with all the skill of a practised politician. His alliance with the British, on the breaking out of the war, was based on the shrewd calculation that their triumph would be less fatal to his object of restoring Indian dominion than that of the omnipresent Americans. His mission to the South was doubtless encouraged by his British

allies, and he was politician enough not to reject their support; while his own purpose, of uniting all the Indian tribes in one great effort to re-establish native domination over the vast continent, was uppermost in his mind.

Of a commanding presence and of an eloquent tongue, notwithstanding those to whom he now addressed himself were strangers to him, Tecumseh did not fail to find eager listeners to his counsels. He soon imparted to the younger and more ardent of the southern Indian warriors his own enthusiasm in the common cause against the whites, and the warlike spirit which animated him to battle for it. "Why not," said the eloquent Shawnee, with a true barbarian contempt for the boasts of civilization, "vanquish the Americans, and free ourselves from their yoke, their schools, their spinning-wheels, ploughs, and clothing — emblems of our subjugation and disgrace — fetters on our limbs and our freedom? Why doubt our power to vanquish them? We have done it in the North: at Detroit and the river Raisin we conquered with ease and with glorious slaughter. Driven out of Michigan, their only remnant of a defeated army is hiding in Fort Meigs, besieged by our English allies, who assure us of its fall. My braves are ready, whenever the great guns reduce that last hiding-place of the pale-faces with the long knives — my braves are ready, as they were at the Raisin, to renew the joys of revenge. Our great father, over the great water,* will never bend our backs to his burdens, nor disturb us. Our villages will not be laid

* King George III.

waste, and our hunting-grounds shall again be as free to the arrow as the air to the flight of the eagle. His people are our brothers, and give us the strong water, blankets, tobacco, and arms, and ask nothing in return. They do not try to make us forget the Great Spirit, the God of our fathers, and force us to skulk from his sight into their big wigwams of worship. They do not wish to make us live in the houses of the pale-faces, that we may hew their wood or draw their water. They will neither change our customs nor drive us from our homes. It is the Americans we have to fight with, not the English. It is the Americans who are our eternal foes, and who want to drive us from our villages and our hunting-grounds. The English are now at war with them; and, with our help, they will drive from our lands and our big rivers the hungry devourers of the country of our fathers."

Tecumseh was attended, on his southern mission, by the great "Prophet," or "Medicine-man," who, while the former was by his eloquence inflaming the warm blood of the young Creek and Seminole braves to the heat of war, was, by his

mysterious incantations, craftily working upon their superstition, and directing it to his brother's purposes.

Having accomplished the object of their mission to the Creek confederacy, Tecumseh and his Prophet-brother retraced their long route through the wilderness, and by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, over the mountains and across the swamps—a pathless journey of hundreds of miles—back to their homes on the borders of the great northern lakes. In his vain attempt to stay the progress of the whites and the onward march of civilization, Tecumseh, as we have seen, heroically met his doom on the battle-field. The Prophet, however, in losing the aid of his brother's strong arm, seemed to have lost all his former skill and cunning. Failing in his efforts to make the red warriors believe that their chief bore a charmed life and could not be killed, his influence over them was now at an end, and he withered away, a miserable object of laughing scorn, and a pitiful beggar upon the bounty of the British government. The effects of the brothers' work among the southern Indians we shall now narrate.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Spaniards in Florida.—Their Claims.—The Alliance of Spain with Great Britain.—Instigation of the Indians to Acts of Hostility.—General Wilkinson in Command at the Southwest.—Fall of Spanish Posts.—Compulsory Authority.—The Spanish Governor of Pensacola.—Inciting the Savages to War.—Alarm of the American Settlers.—Their Dangers.—The Creeks and Seminoles.—Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Cherokees.—The Indian Country.—Civilized and Non-Civilized Indians.—The Council at Hiewassa.—Manifesto of Peaceable Indians.—The Delights of the Creek Country.—Aulochewan and its Beauties.—Civilization of the Creeks.—Presence of Tecumseh.—His Influence.—A Vision of the Past.—Indian Butchery.—Fort Mims.—Recklessness.—Death of Major Bearsley.—Fire and Slaughter.—Horrors.—Massacre.—Flight of the Settlers.—Suffering and Despair.—Men of Energy.—The Southern and Western States to the Rescue.—Meeting at Nashville.—Action.—Andrew Jackson.—His Life and Character.—Early Experiences.—An Indefatigable Pounder of the Pulpit.—Studies.—The Revolution.—Change of Career.—A Young Soldier.—Escape.—Capture.—Resolute Spirit of Young Jackson.—Law-Studies.—Emigrates to Tennessee.—Fighting his Way to Success.—Attorney-General.—Major-General.—Retirement.—Call of Duty.—Jackson in Command.—On a March.—Disobedience of Orders.—“Awful and Dangerous” Responsibility.—The March back to Nashville.—Another Summons.

1813. THE scene of interest, in these troublous times of the war, now shifted fifteen hundred miles from the North to the South—from the Niagara and the great lakes to the Mississippi and the gulf of Mexico. Spain still held possession of Florida, and disputed with the United States the claim to a small portion of Louisiana, which immense territory, originally embracing the present states of Arkansas, Missouri, and the vast wilderness region to the northwest, had been purchased from France, through the necessities of Napoleon, in 1803. The Spaniards then held the ancient fort of Condé, built near Mobile in the reign of Louis XIV., and claimed this part of Louisiana, which was afterward incorporated with Alabama.

Spain, now in league with Great Britain, was naturally suspected of being engaged in acts of secret hostility against the United States. The southern Indians were believed to have been instigated by

the Spanish authorities, and supplied with arms and ammunition from Pensacola, a port on the Mexican gulf.* General Wilkinson, accordingly, who held the chief command in the Southwest, was directed to dislodge the Spaniards from Mobile and its neighborhood.† The American commander, sailing from New Orleans with a flotilla of gun-boats, containing a force of six hundred men, effected his purpose without resistance. The surrender of other small posts soon followed that of the garrison at Mobile, and the United States established by force the authority they claimed by right to that part of Louisiana extending to the river and bay of Perdido.

While Wilkinson was taking possession

* The town is situated on the northwest side of Pensacola bay, near the western extremity of Florida. The bay is a beautiful sheet of water, extending upward of twenty miles in length from northeast to southwest.

† The ancient town of Mauville (pronounced *Moveel*, and since corrupted into *Mobile*) was visited by De Soto in 1540. It is situated on the western bank of the river of the same name, near its entrance into Mobile bay.

of the easily-conquered Spanish posts, rumors reached him that the Spanish governor of Pensacola was busy in instigating and arming the Creeks and Seminoles to attack the American settlements on the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers. Wilkinson became aware of the coming danger, and was taking measures to avert it by military preparation, when he was suddenly summoned to take command of the northern army.

The American settlers throughout the southwestern territories became greatly alarmed, and, fearing a general rising of the Indians, began to erect blockhouses and fortify them as places of retreat and security from the horrors of a savage war. They had need to be on their guard, for they were surrounded on all sides by a powerful race of people, whose fierce instincts, though temporarily checked by the restraints of the advancing civilization, wanted but the incitement of artful appeals to rouse them to uncontrollable fury.

The Indians at this period were numerous in the southern and southwestern territory. The Muscogeas or Creeks, who claimed to be the original possessors of the country, and embraced many kindred tribes within their confederacy, numbered over twenty-five thousand, and inhabited the beautiful region stretching from the southern borders of Tennessee to Florida, and comprising a large part of Georgia and Alabama. The Seminoles (who were an offshoot from the Creeks, and whose very name signifies *runaways*, or *vagabonds*) had intermixed with other more southern tribes and absconded ne-

gro slaves, and now roamed over southern Georgia and northern Florida, and extended their wild dominion over the swamps and morasses which bordered on the gulf of Mexico. Some thirty thousand Choctaws dotted with their villages the banks of the Yazoo and Pearl rivers, in Mississippi; while to the north of all, on the border of Tennessee, dwelt the Cherokees. With kindred tongues, and with a common cause, it was not difficult to arouse the whole race to make a united effort against the white settlers, whose presence was a perpetual fact and reminder of wrong done to the Indian.

There were many of the Indians, however, who resisted to the last every appeal to their cupidity or love of revenge. A large portion, having tasted of civilization, became either so enervated by its luxuries or confirmed in its virtues, that they cared no longer for the restoration of the barbaric dominion of their race. The Cherokees gathered in council at Hiwassee, in Tennessee; and To-cha-lee and Chuliva, two of their greatest chiefs, proclaimed the result in a manifesto which was emphatically peaceable.* "In former wars," said this pacific document, "we shed our blood in the cause of your enemies. You compelled them by arms to leave us; and they made no stipulation for our security. After years of distress, we found ourselves in the power of a generous nation. You forgot the past, established our boundaries, provided for our improvement, and took us under your

* "Published an address," says Ingersoll, and no doubt advertised in a newspaper; a noticeable proof of the advance of the Cherokees toward civilization.

protection. We have prospered and increased, with the knowledge and practice of agriculture and other useful arts. Our cattle fill the forests, while wild animals disappear. Our daughters clothe us from spinning-wheels and looms. Our youth have acquired knowledge of letters and figures. All we want is tranquillity.”*

Of the Creeks, too, there was not an inconsiderable number who, having tasted of the soft allurements of the new civilization, were disposed to retain them. Inhabiting a region unsurpassed in beauty, richness of soil, and healthfulness of climate, the aged and prudent, who had enjoyed the benefits of culture, in increasing wealth and the secure delights of its possession, and been tamed by the change in their habits, were opposed to war. Their country (called *Aulochewan*) stretched in a wide expanse of rich natural pastures, diversified with broad parks of open woodland, navigable rivers, and lakes abounding in fish. The land was fertile. The orange-tree grew spontaneously, and the melon ripened without culture. The sugar-cane, the cotton-plant, and the maize, offered a luxurious product to the unskilled hands of even the careless savage. The Creeks, by the example of the American settlers, had already been taught the use and the enjoyment of all the attributes of a civilized life. They had their towns and villages, their churches, schools, and handicrafts, their tools and implements of husbandry. Their rich pastures were covered with herds of fat cattle; and with the abundance, the pride, and the advantage of

* Ingersoll.

possession, came the desire on the part of the old and the wise for continued repose and peace.

The savage instincts of the young, the ardent, and the rapacious, however, were only slumbering, and were readily aroused to passionate development by the artful machinations of the British agents, and the eloquent appeals of the enthusiastic Tecumseh, aided by the mysterious rites of his brother the Prophet. The Indian, too, was not insensible to a feeling of patriotism; and, if more eager to revenge upon the whites the wrongs that he had suffered, he was still, with a natural instinct, brightening his gloomy imagination with the hope of restoring his rights to the land of his origin and his cherished traditions. A vision of the past presented itself to his dreamy thoughts. The wild freedom of a continent, the solitary forests, the broad lakes, the great rivers, the excitements of the chase, the glorious ravage of the battle, the blood of the sacrifice, the mysterious rites of his ancestral superstition, and the old customs of his race, once more, with their mingled grandeur, wildness, solitariness, and violence, crowded upon his confused mind, and wrought it to an irrational but patriotic rage. The result was soon manifest in repeated outrages upon the white settlers.

Early in the summer of 1813, the scattered inhabitants of Ohio and Georgia were appalled by the frequent butchery of families by the Indians. Soon after, there was a general rising of the hostile portion of the Creeks, who no longer prowled in secret to glut their revenge

upon a few helpless women and children, but brandished openly and everywhere their blood-painted war-clubs.* The first onset of these Indian warriors was upon those of their own tribe of Creeks who were still friendly to the United States. The latter they drove back to the protection of the white settlements, and then with increasing numbers and renewed confidence they began the war with the Americans. The first object of their fury was Fort Mims.

This was a fortified blockhouse, on the east side of the Alabama river, about ten miles above its junction with the Tombigbee, and forty miles northeast of Mobile. It was one of a score or more of those insecure forts hastily built in Alabama as retreats for the inhabitants and defences against the aggressions of the Indians. Fort Mims was held by a garrison of Mississippi volunteers under Major Bearsley, and was filled with men, women, and children, who, with their moveable property, had sought within its log-walls a protection from the savages. A negro, who had escaped from the Indians, was the first to bring the intelligence of their approach. Next day, a half-breed and some white men came into the fort, with the report that they had discovered the Indian trail.

Though the garrison took some precautions against a surprise, they seemingly gave little heed to the information which had been received. Another negro, who had been sent out to look after

the cattle, came back with the news that he had seen twenty Indians; but so distrustful were they in the fort of his story, that they whipped the poor fellow for bringing false intelligence! A third negro, who had gone out on a similar errand, and beheld the same alarming spectacle, fearful of the unjust stripes of his doubting masters, did not return, but betook himself to the fort at Pierce's mills, about a mile distant, where he hoped to find less incredulous listeners. The very dogs, by their peculiar growling when on the scent of an Indian, gave warning of the approach of the savage. Such, however, was the reckless and criminal disregard of all reports and warnings, that the garrison remained in undoubting confidence of security; though a few, more suspicious, left the fort in order to escape the threatened danger.

The Indians came, some six hundred in number, led on by their chief, Weatherford; and, as if aware of the reckless carelessness of those in the fort, they came openly in the broad daylight, at eleven o'clock in the morning. They advanced through a field to within ten yards of the fort before they were discovered by the heedless inmates. Even the gate was open, through which the Indians, with a loud and terrific war-whoop, rushed before it could be closed on the tardy alarm given by the sentry. The garrison, aroused at last, struggled desperately with the savages, and, by a murderous hand-to-hand fight, succeeded in keeping them at bay for several hours. The Indians had already lost sixty of their number; but they kept thronging

* The war-club was made of wood, about a foot and a half in length, tipped with a piece of sharp iron. When painted red, it is an indication of a declaration of war.

in through the portholes and over the pickets in such crowds and with such desperate fury, that the Americans, who had allowed themselves to be taken by surprise, and were consequently unorganized and unprepared for effective resistance, were overpowered. The commander, Major Bearsley, was one of the first to fall, being shot through the body. While he lay prostrate, he encouraged his men to continued resistance, and advised them to take care of the ammunition and retire within the inner building.

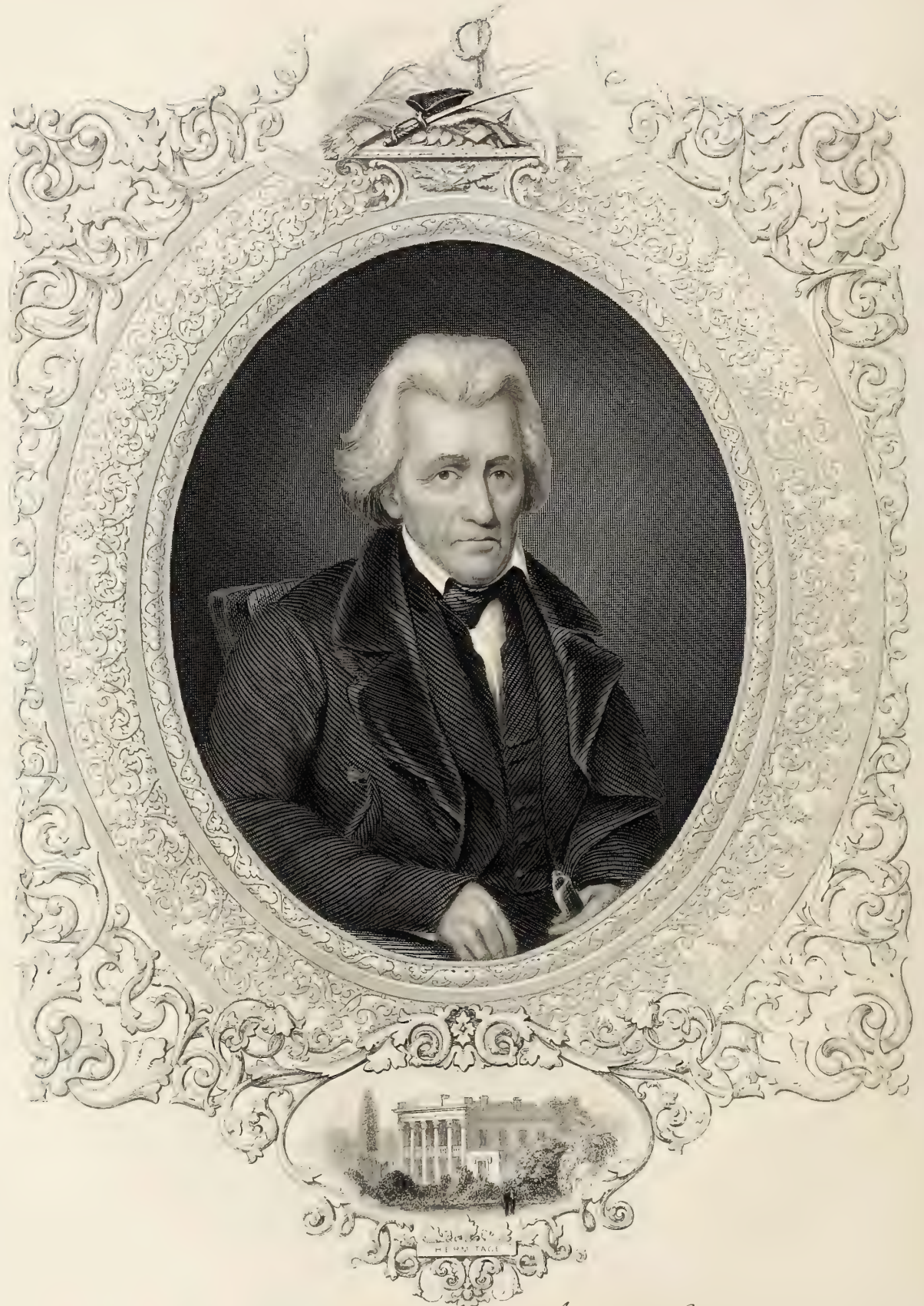
The Indians had now obtained possession of the outer fort, to which they at once set fire. The alarm of the women and children, as they beheld the flames, and the naked savages* so close at hand, exulting with fierce shouts and wild antics at their work of destruction, became uncontrollable. Many of the men, encumbered by their clinging wives and little ones, and discouraged by their lamentations, lost not only the power but the heart for further struggle, and strove to escape, but were shot down as they fled. The savages, thronging upon the ruins of the outer fort, now began to pour upon the inner building showers of burning arrows, which soon wrapped the whole in flames. Some women and children had sought a last refuge in the upper story of the structure, and were there burnt with it; while the red fiends, in savage delight, dancing round and shouting wildly, mocked at their agony. "After women were slaughtered," states the emphatic Ingersoll, "their bodies were sub-

* "They were all stark," says Ingersoll, "except a flap or small clout."

jected to every indecent indignity which the most infernal refinement of cruelty could conceive: pregnant women were cut open; unborn infants tomahawked; some women scalped several times, many savages contending for the gratification of mutilating and murdering one helpless individual." In this appalling massacre, some three hundred or more men, women, and children, thus cruelly perished at the hands of the merciless Indian.

The fatal catastrophe struck terror to the hearts of all the defenceless settlers in the Southwest. When the sad intelligence reached the post at Fort Stoddart, some sixteen miles distant, where the women and children, with the aged men, had fled in fright from their homes, the crowd of trembling fugitives, taught by the disaster at Fort Mims to distrust the insecure protection of a miserable blockhouse, determined to make their escape to Mobile. At midnight they began their sad flight. Dreading momentarily that the fate of their countrymen and kindred at Fort Mims might be their own, they hurried away in the dreary darkness, and in such a bewilderment of alarm, that they set out on their melancholy journey without sufficient food or clothing. The route to Mobile was strewed with the frightened fugitives. The river was covered with boats, and the forest-wilds became populous with the thronging exiles. The whole country was in a state of quaking anxiety; and the naturally despondent, giving up in hopeless despair, believed that the beautiful land which they had chosen for their homes was again destined to become a solitary waste, whither





Andrew Jackson

none should be free to go but the wild beast and the untamed savage.

There were, nevertheless, in those new states, men of energy and courage equal to the emergency. Under their promptings, Georgia and Tennessee, as well as South and North Carolina, acted with decision. Men and money were liberally appropriated by the various state governments, to inflict punishment upon the Indians, and restore the country to peace and security. At Nashville, in Tennessee,

Sept. 18. a public meeting of citizens was held, at which the necessity of marching an army into the heart of the Creek nation was strenuously advocated. The measure was recommended to the legislature, which, at the beginning of its session, a few days after, enacted a law authorizing the governor to call into the field thirty-five hundred of the militia, to be marched against the Indians, and voted that three hundred thousand dollars be appropriated for their support in case the federal government should not adopt the Tennessee troops into the United States service.

These provisions for war became more and more evidently necessary as the danger daily grew more pressing. The settlers were thronging in crowds from the southern borders of Tennessee to the interior, and each hour brought with it the alarming rumor that the Creeks were approaching closer and closer to the frontiers of the state. While the militia was mustering, and preparations were in active progress for the Indian campaign, there was an anxiety which pervaded every heart. Their chosen leader, who was

believed to be the only man in the state for the occasion, was disabled. General Jackson was at the time lying ill with a broken arm, the result of an affray with Thomas Hart Benton at a hotel in Nashville.* Prostrate, however, as he was, he did not himself doubt that he should be again in his saddle, and readily responded to the universal call of his fellow-citizens to take the command. Jackson was then but a prominent citizen of a state. He soon became one of the heroes of a country; and, as such, he demands of the historian a record of his life.

ANDREW JACKSON was born on the 15th of March, 1767, at the Wexhaw settlement, on the northern border of South Carolina, whither his parents, both natives of the north of Ireland (though of Scottish extraction), had emigrated, and his father had bought a tract of land. His mother became a widow soon after the birth of Andrew, and while her two other sons, Hugh and Robert (of Irish birth), were still young. Mrs. Jackson was a pious woman of the Presbyterian sect, and of strict, formal virtues; and, devoting herself with affectionate solicitude to the charge of her children, she brought them up with a rigid regard to moral and religious duty. Belonging to the humbler and oppressed class of her native Ireland, she had brought with her to America a strong aversion to tyranny; and often detailed to her boys the wrongs suffered by her countrymen, and the patriotic efforts to free themselves from the oppression of the dominant English aris-

* The ball then received from his antagonist's pistol was never extracted.

tocracy. As her children listened to their mother's story of the sufferings of her countrymen, their young hearts throbbed in sympathy; and, as America, the land of their father's adoption, was just rising in its infant strength, in defiance of the same oppressors who had so long crushed the island of their forefathers, the youths burned with revolutionary ardor.

As the property left by their father was small, there was not enough, according to their mother's rigid sense of economy, to justify the expenditure necessary for the liberal education of the three boys. The two elder lads were therefore obliged to content themselves with the simple elements taught at a common school of the southern country. The mother, however, doting upon her youngest son, and with pious aspiration hoping to elevate him to the pulpit, took care to find the means of giving Andrew an education which might fit him for the ministry. It is not difficult to fancy him, whom we know in the future as the most emphatic of democrats, the sturdiest of soldiers, and the most positive of executive magistrates, lifting his head in the tabernacle, as a stern expounder of Calvinistic doctrine, a vigorous warrior of the cross, and an indefatigable pounder of the pulpit. Andrew was, in accordance with his mother's fond and pious hopes for his future, sent to the academy at the Wexhaw meetinghouse, where one Mr. Humphries wielded the birch the six secular days out of the seven.

Young Jackson commenced his studies under the most liberal auspices, having begun with the rudiments of classical

learning. He was, however, barely able to conjugate *τυπτω*, *I fight*, when he was called to shoulder his musket and take his first lesson in practical warfare. The Revolutionary strife had stirred South Carolina to arms, and the din of battle had disturbed even the quiet of Wexhaw. The eldest brother had already left for the war, and given up his life at Stono for the cause of the patriots. Andrew, now only fourteen, threw aside his books—made no more attempts at *τυπτω*, *I fight*, under the encouraging eye of Pedagogue Humphries—and left his home and his mother, who, in her zeal for the patriot cause, was not loth to forego her hopes of seeing him in a pulpit, but sped him on with an earnest bidding to the war, though, we may well conceive, with a mother's full heart of sorrow at parting with her youngest. Such were, however, daily sacrifices in those glorious days of the Revolution, when even the closest ties of relationship were with heroic fortitude torn asunder, to bind up the united efforts of the country in defence of its freedom.

Andrew joined the camp in company with his surviving brother Robert. Both had, in frequent drill and muster on the village-green, where their mother had encouraged their presence, learned, boys as they were, all the manœuvres of the soldier, and were ready to take their places at once in the ranks. Retiring with the American troops before Earl Cornwallis, into North Carolina, they remained there until his lordship had crossed the Yadkin, when they returned with a small detachment of their fellow-citizens to Wexhaw

Lord Rawdon, however, was in possession of Camden, some forty-five miles distant from the home of the Jacksons; and hearing of the return of the settlers to Wexhaw, he sent a body of troops, with some tories, to capture them. The people, aware of the approach of the enemy, mustered to the number of forty about the meetinghouse, and anxiously awaited the reinforcement of an American company of militia which they had been led to expect. Beholding the advance of a number of people in the familiar dress of their countrymen, they very naturally thought them their friends, and prepared to give them welcome. They, however, were quickly undeceived; for those who came were a body of tories, followed by the British troops. The forty American settlers strove to escape, but eleven were taken prisoners. Among those who had got away were Andrew Jackson and his brother, who galloped off to the woods, hotly pursued by the British dragoons; but the boys, familiar with the ground, were enabled to conceal themselves in a hidden turn of the bank of the neighboring creek, where they passed the night in safety.

The next morning, seeking to satisfy their hunger, the youths made their way to a house in the vicinity, but took care to leave their horses in the wood, with a sentinel so posted as to give them timely warning of the approach of the enemy. The tory friends of the British, however, who were well acquainted with the neighborhood, had, in traversing the forest, come upon the horses and baggage, and, having seized them, cautiously made their

way to the house where the young soldiers were breaking their long fast. The tories were at the door before their approach was discovered; and, escape being impossible, the young Jacksons were made prisoners, and borne off in triumph to the quarters of the British commander. They were now placed under guard, when an incident occurred in which young Andrew Jackson showed the resolute spirit which was ever characteristic of him. He was ordered, in a very imperious tone, by a British officer (Major Coffin, a loyalist, from the North), to clean his boots, which had been muddied in crossing the creek. He answered the degrading demand with a proud and absolute refusal, declaring that he looked for such honorable treatment as a prisoner-of-war had a right to expect. Angered by the resolute disobedience of the American boy, the British officer aimed a blow at his head with his drawn sword, which, had he not warded it off by his left hand, on which he received a severe wound, would probably have killed him. The mark of the blow remained to his dying day, as the record of his own stubborn courage and of the unmanly violence of his enemy. Andrew's brother, Robert, being now ordered by the officer to perform the same menial service, proved equally refractory, and received a severe sword-cut upon his head.

Both boys were now thrust into prison, where they were kept separate, and treated with marked severity and indignity. Shut up in small, ill-ventilated rooms, and half starved, they became greatly emaciated. Here they remained until the evac-

uation of Camden by Lord Rawdon, when, through the entreaties of their mother, who had arrived in the American camp, they were restored to liberty in exchange for several British captives. Procuring horses, the mother and sons set out on their homeward journey. On the way, the two boys were attacked with small-pox; and, being exposed to a drenching rain, the eruption disappeared from the surface, thus diffusing the disease through the system. Robert, still suffering from the effects of his cruel confinement and the wound on his head, which his mother found undressed and festering, was now seized with inflammation of the brain, of which he soon died. Andrew, blind and delirious for many days, finally recovered and reached his home. His mother, worn out by anxiety and her ceaseless efforts in providing clothes and necessaries for the destitute sufferers in the country's cause, did not long survive the death of her son, but went mourning to her grave, leaving Andrew, the last of his race, alone in the world.

The survivor took possession of his small estate, with the view of living the life of a farmer; but, deprived of the care and economy of his prudent mother, and spending his substance with too free a hand, he soon found his means inadequate to support a life of comparative leisure. He now resumed his studies, under a Mr. McCulloch, with whom he revived his acquaintance with the classical authors, and made some progress in a course of desultory reading. With the usual impatience of American youth, he emancipated himself from further aca-

demic discipline, and at the age of eighteen began to study law with Spence McCoy, Esquire, of Salisbury, in North Carolina. After two years of legal apprenticeship, he was licensed in 1786 to practice at the bar, and remained until 1788 where he had commenced his professional studies.

Tiring of waiting for clients, and feeling in common with other youths a desire for change and adventure, young Jackson determined to migrate to the western part of the state of Tennessee, then opening a promising field to the new settler. He accordingly accompanied Judge McNairy thither, who had been appointed to hold the first supreme court that ever sat in that state. Unable to arrive in time for the session of the court, the two travellers lingered on the route, and, after a long and tedious journey through the uninhabited wilds of Tennessee, finally reached Nashville in the autumn. Finding that there was a fair prospect here for a young lawyer, Jackson resolved to remain and practise his profession.

Nashville had at that time but one attorney, of whom it had no reason to be proud. This worthless limb of the law had sold himself to that large class of all communities (and of Nashville a greatly preponderating one), the debtors, while the creditors were left without benefit of attorney. It seems that the place was filled with a throng of reckless adventurers from all parts of the southern country, who had contrived greatly to implicate themselves in debt to the tradesmen of Nashville, and, having secured the ser-

vices of the solitary lawyer of the town, were able to defy their creditors.

When, therefore, Andrew Jackson appeared in Nashville, and it became known that he was ready to practise law and defend the right, he was joyfully hailed as a welcome comer by the sufferers, and as scornfully met by the wrong-doers and their special attorney. Jackson was immediately beset by a crowd of clients; and, on the very next day after his arrival, he issued no less than seventy writs. The debtors, aghast at this prospective settlement of accounts, bethought themselves of the novel mode of "striking a balance" with the creditors by getting rid of their lawyer. They accordingly strove, by resorting to broils and personal offences, to provoke young Jackson to a fight. Finding, however, that the new lawyer was of too stern stuff to be either moulded or beaten into compliance with wrong, they gave up all hope of further resistance, and left him to issue his writs in peace, to which it is hoped they responded by the prompt payment of their debts.

Andrew Jackson, now acknowledged the first lawyer in western Tennessee, was soon after appointed attorney-general of the district. Growing in favor with his fellow-citizens by his upright conduct, and his active energy in promoting the public good, he was chosen in 1796 one of the members of a convention for establishing a state constitution. The ability and the thoroughly republican sentiments displayed by him in the course of this duty, gave him so prominent a position in the public eye, that he

was elected during the same year a member of Congress for the state of Tennessee. In twelve months more, his popularity elevated him to the United States senate. He was now but little more than thirty years of age, having barely reached the eligible period of life when elected. His stay was short at Washington during his first session, having been obliged to return to Tennessee in consequence of some urgent private business. The next year he resigned his seat in the senate, but not before he had recorded a thoroughly republican vote in favor of a repeal of the alien and stamp acts.

Jackson, still among the most prominent public men of his adopted state, was chosen major-general of the military division of Tennessee, and received also the important civil dignity of one of the judges of the supreme court of the state. This latter office he accepted with reluctance, and after a short service resigned, in consequence of a modest distrustfulness of his capacity to fill the judicial seat. Never very fond of public life, and wearied with the strife of partisanship, Jackson now determined to retire into the country; and accordingly went to live upon a farm about ten miles from Nashville, since become famous as "*The Hermitage*," where political and other pilgrims, day after day, and year after year, continue to throng, to do homage to the memory of the great man who once lived there in simple dignity, and now lies entombed in imposing marble.

On his farm, Jackson, now married (to Mrs. Donelson, an estimable woman, who had been divorced from her husband in

Virginia), passed several years of quiet enjoyment. Cultivating his fields, regulating his large household of bondpeople, harvesting his produce, and sending his corn and tobacco to market, he thus lived the simple and contented life of a southern planter. His repose, however, was disturbed by the alarms of war; and when, preparatory to the struggle with Great Britain in 1812, the president was authorized to accept the services of fifty thousand volunteers, Jackson was among the first to respond to the call of duty. He immediately summoned the citizens of Tennessee to arms, and some twenty-five hundred flocked to his standard.

The services of the Tennessee volunteers having been accepted by the federal government, Jackson, the major-general of the state, though no longer a young man (being now forty-five years of age), placed himself at their head, and, as was ordered, marched them for the defence of the southwestern territory of Mississippi. It was the 10th of December—the ground was covered with snow, and the cold intense—when the citizens of Tennessee, leaving their distant homes and firesides, came mustering into Nashville. They, however, fell into the ranks with alacrity; and, animated by the spirited appeals and example of their commander, they began their weary march, at the opening of 1813, with a
Jan. 7. briskness of step, regularity of order, and a martial ardor, which argued well for their conduct in the expected campaign.

Exposed to the drifting snow and the severe cold of the season in the upland

region of Tennessee, and descending the Ohio and Mississippi through the clogging ice, the troops suffered greatly, and many were prostrated by sickness. On reaching Natchez, Jackson encamped and awaited orders from Washington. In the meantime, the occasion was improved by training and disciplining the men for active service, and with such effect, that they became models of skill in martial manœuvre.

While thus preparing for the campaign, Jackson received from the secretary of war an order to discharge his troops, and to deliver over the public property in his possession to General Wilkinson, then in command of the department of the Southwest. Many of the men were still prostrate with disease, and almost all unable to pay the expenses of return to their distant homes, should they be discharged (in accordance with the order of the secretary of war) at Natchez. The sick implored their general not to abandon them; and all reminded him of his promise, when they left Tennessee, that he would protect them, and like a father watch over their interests.

Jackson was a man whose kind and clannish sympathies seldom failed to respond to an appeal from his friends and fellow-citizens. He was, moreover, one whose direct and resolute temper did not hesitate to act boldly in accordance with the natural instincts of his heart. Conscious of the immediate claims of his sick and destitute soldiers, who had faithfully followed, willingly obeyed, and confidently trusted him, he was determined, at all risks, to be true to them.

Without hesitation, General Jackson accordingly disregarded the order of the federal authority, and resolved to march his troops back to Tennessee, where they had been embodied, and there discharge them; and not at a distance from their homes, where, without pay and destitute of care, they might be a prey to disease and want. The opinion of the other officers apparently accorded with the commander's prompt resolution; but, having subsequently met in secret council, they recommended him to change his purpose, and discharge the troops at once. The resolute Jackson was indignant, and, rebuking them for their conduct, told them firmly that his mind was made up. "My troops," he declared, "*shall* march back to Tennessee!" and, without more ado, he ordered the vacillating officers to make immediate preparations for the march.

In the meantime, Jackson wrote to the secretary of war a despatch, announcing his determination, and, with characteristic directness, censured the orders which he had given. Wilkinson, aghast at the temerity of the Tennessee general, who had thus dared to disobey the federal authority, wrote him a letter full of solemn bluster, in which he warned him of the consequences of the "awful and dangerous" responsibility he had assumed; but Jackson quietly answered that he was "prepared to abide the result, whatever it might be." Wilkinson, finding his sonorous remonstrances unheeded, began to try high-handed measures. He sent his officers to obtain recruits among the Tennessee troops. Jackson settled that matter at once, by an order to arrest and

confine the first officer who dared to enter his encampment for such a purpose. All open interference having been thus swept aside, Jackson's opponents began to resort to secret means of obstruction. The quartermaster, who had been ordered to provide the necessary wagons for the conveyance of the sick and the baggage to Tennessee, made a show of obedience, while his real intentions were far otherwise. He cunningly kept up his semblances of duty until the last moment, and sent in eleven wagons on the very day before the camp was to be broken up. The next morning, however, he entered the encampment, and, under some pretence or other, ordered the wagons away again. Jackson, seeing through the artifices of the wily quartermaster, and persuaded that he, in league with his commander, Wilkinson, were striving for their own purposes to prevent the return of the troops to Tennessee, seized the wagons, and loading them with the sick and the baggage, conducted his men back to their homes.

The march was a weary one, but each man was cheered on the route, along the broken roads, and through the overflowing swamps, by the example of courage, endurance, and self-denial, presented by their general. He gave up his horses for the use of the sick, and, trudging on foot, bore all the hardships of the common soldier, and thus not only silenced every complaint, but encouraged all to a cheerful endurance of their trials. Jackson, as we have seen, was soon again summoned to take the field, by the call of his fellow-citizens to lead them against the Creeks.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ardor of General Jackson.—A Ready Rally.—Disappointment.—A Spirited Appeal.—Rigid Discipline.—Arrival of Jackson.—His Energy.—Rapid Marches.—The Indian Chief, Path-killer.—News of the Creeks.—Resolute Words.—For the Coosa River.—The Troops wretchedly supplied.—No Despondency.—Arrival at the Coosa Islands.—Expeditions.—General Coffee's Attack on Tallushatchee.—Extermination.—Bloody Success at Littafuchee.—Construction of Fort Strother.—Talladega in Danger.—Promptitude of Jackson.—A Night-March.—Startling News.—General White.—No Defence in the Rear.—Defeat of the "Red-Sticks."—Pursuit of the Fugitives.—Loss.—Return of Jackson to Fort Strother.—Famishing Troops.—Offal.—A Comfortable Repast.—Feasting on Acorns.—Discontent.—Mutiny.—Abandoning the Camp.—A Retreating March.—Gloomy Forebodings.—The Brave Volunteers.—Their March.—A Joyful Sight.—Refreshment.—More Mutiny.—Jackson's Conduct.—A Bold Manœuvre.—Its Success.—White's Campaign.—The Hillabees.—Return to Fort Strother.—Complaints.—"Mutiny and Sedition shall be put down!"—"Let us return."—Triumph of Jackson.—Departure of General Hale and his Brigade.

1813. JACKSON, in his ardor to lead his troops again, anticipating his recovery from the illness which for several months had kept him at home, announced in his appeal to the volunteers of Tennessee—"The health of your general is restored: he will command in person." The soldiers rallied readily at the call of their former commander; but on mustering at Oct. 4. the rendezvous, at Fayetteville, they were disappointed to find him absent. The general was unable, on account of his continued illness, to present himself on the day appointed, but sent his aid-de-camp with an address—which proved that the author, however weak in body, had not bated a jot in spirit. "We are," he wrote, "about to furnish these savages a lesson of admonition: we are about to teach them that our long forbearance has not proceeded from an insensibility to wrongs, or an inability to redress them. . . . Our borders must no longer be disturbed by the war-whoop of these savages, or the cries of their suffering victims. The torch that

has been lighted up must be made to blaze in the heart of their own country. It is time that they should be made to feel the weight of a power which, because it was merciful, they believed to be impotent." To this appeal was attached an order for the police of the camp, as rigid in its requirements as the military law of Cromwell's Ironsides.

In three days after that appointed for the rendezvous, the camp was encouraged by the arrival of the command- Oct. 7. er, who, though with his broken arm still unhealed and his strength not yet recovered, had come to fulfil his promise to his fellow-citizens, and lead them against their savage enemies. Jackson lost not a moment in delay, but pushed right on, eager "to avenge the cruelties inflicted by the inhuman Creeks." His course lay through untrodden deserts and swamps, over mountains and great rivers; but no obstacle, whether of Nature or art, diverted him from his purpose.

He soon arrived at Huntsville, in the northern part of Alabama, making the

distance of thirty-two miles in eleven hours. Thence he proceeded to Ditto's landing, where he found General Coffee, with his detachment, who had been sent on in advance. The latter was now despatched, with six hundred picked men, to attack Blackwarrior-town, which was situated some six hundred miles to the south. General Cocke, the veteran commander of a division of the East-Tennessee militia, who had been expected at Ditto's landing with supplies, failed to make his appearance.

While Jackson was thus left to his own resources in the very depths of the wilderness at Thompson's creek, he **Oct. 22.** was met by two Indian runners who had been despatched by the friendly Cherokee chief Path-killer, to inform him that the Creeks, gathered from nine of the hostile towns, were assembling in great force near the Ten islands of the Coosa river. "Tell your chief," said Jackson to the runners, who had expressed the alarm felt by Path-killer for his own safety and that of his people, "that the hostile Creeks will not attack him until they have had a brush with me; and that, I think," he added, "will put them out of the notion of fighting for some time."

To his troops the resolute general said: "You have, fellow-soldiers, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that embosoms the bones of their forefathers without furnishing you an opportunity of signaling your valor. Wise men do not expect, brave men will not desire it. It was not to travel unmo-

lestled through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations: it was to avenge the cruelties committed upon our defenceless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies. You shall not be disappointed. If the enemy flee before us, we will overtake and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen."

Jackson now marched directly for the Coosa river. At the same time, he wrote to General White, who, in command of the East-Tennessee division, had arrived at Lookout mountain (then silent in its solemn grandeur in the midst of the wilderness, or echoing only the fierce whoop of the savage—now in the suburbs of a flourishing city, and resounding with the noisy whirl of the rail-car, in its busy and daily intercourse of civilization), urging him to hasten on with supplies; and form a junction with his troops, at the earliest moment. The veteran General Cocke, too, was equally urged to despatch.

Jackson found himself much harassed for want of supplies. "Indeed, sir," he wrote to the governor of Tennessee, "we have been very wretchedly supplied—scarcely two rations in succession have been regularly drawn; yet we are not despondent." Despondent! Listen to the resolute man: "Whilst we can procure," he adds, "an ear of corn apiece, or a substitute for it, we shall continue our exertions to accomplish the object for which we were sent." And thus, by obtaining here and there, from the scant granaries of the Indians, corn to keep his

men from starving, Jackson succeeded in reaching the islands of the Coosa. The contractors for the supply of necessaries had failed to keep their engagements; and General White, who had been expected with his troops and provisions, had not yet arrived. But Jackson, while he ransacked the country round to find food for his famishing men, did not fail to carry out the purpose of his campaign, and at once sent out expeditions to hunt the enemy in their hidden haunts.

Learning that a considerable number of Creeks had posted themselves at Talushatchee (on the south side of the Coosa river, and near the present village of Jacksonville, in Benton county, Alabama), about thirteen miles distant from his encampment, Jackson despatched General Coffee—who had successfully returned from his expedition to Blackwarrior-town—with nine hundred mounted men, to attack them. Led by an Indian guide, Coffee forded the Coosa, and, when within a mile and a half of the Creek village, formed his detachment into two divisions, and marched them so as to surround the enemy. The “company of spies” were now sent in advance, in order to provoke the Creeks to come out. No sooner had they exhibited themselves, and fired a few shots, than the savages rushed from their dwellings, with yells and war-whoops, to attack them. The spies then gradually retreated, followed by the infuriated Indians, until they reached the main body of the whites, who immediately opened a general fire. The enemy were forced to give way, and fled back to the cover of their wigwams, whither they were pur-

sued by the Americans, ruthlessly bent on exterminating them.

A fearful struggle ensued. “The Indians,” wrote the general himself, “made all the resistance that an overpowered soldier could do; they fought as long as one existed, but their destruction was very soon completed. Our men rushed up to the doors of their houses, and in a few minutes killed the last warrior. The Indians met death, with all its horrors, without shrinking; not one asked to be spared, but fought as long as they could stand or sit. In consequence of their flying to their houses, and mixing with their families, our men, in killing the males, without intention, killed and wounded a few of the squaws and children, which was regretted by every officer and soldier of the detachment, but which could not be avoided.”

Nov. 3.

Again, Colonel Dyer came back from an expedition against Littafuchee, with the report that he had burned the village, and destroyed all the inhabitants, with the exception of twenty-nine old men, women and children, whom he had brought to the camp as trophies of his bloody success. Such was the beginning of these ruthless raids against the Creeks, and so they were destined to continue, under the leadership of the implacable Jackson, till the sound of the war-whoop should be stilled for ever.

While the troops were engaged in constructing Fort Strother, with its block-houses and strong pickets, at the Ten islands, for a depot for provisions and ammunition, an Indian runner came in with intelligence of other and more pressing

work at hand. The fort at Talladega (a short distance east of the Coosa river, in the present county of Talladega, and nearly thirty miles south of the Ten islands), in possession of some friendly Indians, was in immediate danger. The "Red-sticks," one of the Creek tribes, had that
Nov. 7. very morning, declared the runner, encamped before it in great numbers, and would certainly accomplish its destruction unless the general sent speedy aid. Jackson promptly met the call; and at once, without waiting for the morning's light, he marched on the very night of the arrival of the messenger, with twelve hundred infantry and eight hundred cavalry and mounted riflemen, to the rescue of Talladega. Behind him he left the sick, the wounded, and the baggage, with a small force for protection, until the arrival of General White, who was on his way, and was ordered to hasten to the encampment at Fort Strother.

It was midnight as Jackson led out his troops on their march through the wilderness. The river Coosa, six hundred yards wide, flowed deep and dark, directly across their route, within a mile of the encampment. Here, on that cold and murky November night, the horsemen—each with a foot-soldier mounted behind him—plunging in with their unwilling steeds, floundered through the dark waters to the opposite side. As the horses had to be brought back again and again, to carry over all the infantry, many hours were passed in crossing the Coosa. The men, though fatigued with the labor, and deprived of sleep throughout the long night, pushed on promptly and cheer-

fully at the order of their spirited commander; and with such energy had they triumphed over every difficulty of their route through the unbroken wilderness, that, before the close of the next
Nov. 8. day, they were within six miles of Talladega, nearly ten leagues distant from the encampment whence they had set out. Here Jackson halted his troops, and sent forward his Indian guides to reconnoitre the position of the enemy.

An hour before midnight, the reconnoiterers came back, with no intelligence beyond the fact that the hostile Indians were posted in great force about a quarter of a mile from the fort. At midnight came in a runner from Turkey-town, with some news much more startling to the commander. General White, while on his way to Fort Strother, in accordance with Jackson's instructions, had received counter-orders from General Cocke, who had directed him to change his route and proceed to the mouth of the Chatauga, a course which he had consequently taken.

Relying upon White's march to Fort Strother, for the safety of the sick there, and the protection of his rear, Jackson had pushed on confidently, to meet the enemy at Talladega. He now heard with consternation of the interference with his plans, and became fearful lest the savages should, by taking a circuitous route, escape him, and fall upon the defenceless camp which he had left behind. In this emergency, Jackson acted with his usual prompt and resolute daring. He determined to attack the Indians at once; and as with him "the order for a charge was the signal of victory," he did not doubt

but that, by crushing the savages at a blow, he would prevent the consequences which might otherwise result to the unprotected Fort Strother.

Orders were immediately given to the adjutant-general, on that very night, to form the line; and by four o'clock in the morning the army was again in full march. **Nov. 9.** A company of artillerists with muskets, two companies of riflemen; and a company of spies, under the command of Colonel Carroll, led the advance, about four hundred yards in front, with orders, after beginning the attack, to fall back on the main body, so as to entice the Indians to follow. The infantry marched in three columns, followed by the cavalry in the same order, with their flanks guarded on either side.

Colonel Dyer, with two hundred of the mounted troops, was ordered to hold back in the rear as a corps of reserve; while the rest of the cavalry were to push forward to the right and left, and, by uniting the fronts of their columns, to surround the savages within a circle, and keep closing in upon them, that not a soul might escape. The infantry were directed to precede the cavalry, and move up by heads of companies; General Hale's brigade to take the right, and that of General Roberts the left.

When Colonel Carroll had brought his advance-troops within eighty yards of the savages, who were concealed in a thick growth of underwood which grew on the banks of a small rivulet, he received a heavy fire, which he returned with a full volley from his whole line. The Indians were driven from out their ambush; but

Carroll, in accordance with his instructions, fell back toward the main body, with the savages, as had been expected, following after, and yelling their hideous war-whoop. Their first onset was against the left, occupied by Roberts's brigade, some companies of which, appalled by the appearance and fierce cries of the enemy, gave way at the first fire. Jackson, who was on the alert, seeing his line broken by the yielding troops, immediately ordered Colonel Bradley (who, by some remissness on his part, was still in the rear) to move forward at once with his regiment, and fill the chasm. Bradley, availing himself of his privilege as the commander of a volunteer corps, obstinately refused, declaring that he would cling to the ground which he then held until the enemy should come and attack him.

At this moment, Colonel Dyer bravely came to the rescue, and, dismounting his riflemen, brought them forward with a quick pace to meet the coming savages. The fugitive militia, observing how spiritedly and promptly their places were supplied, became ashamed of their former timidity, and, emulous of the courage of the dismounted cavalry, rallied and joined in resisting the advance of the Indians.

The action now became general, and in fifteen minutes the Indians, completely beaten, began to fly in all directions. Not a "Red-stick" of them all would have escaped had it not been for Colonel Bradley's halt in the rear, by which the extreme right, that he was to have occupied with his regiment, was left unguarded;

and from the fact that some of the cavalry, by extending their circuit too much, had left spaces for flight.

The fugitives were followed in hot pursuit for three miles to the mountains. Of the one thousand and eighty Indians in the fight, two hundred and ninety-nine were found dead on the field, and a still greater number fell on their flight to their fastnesses among the hills. Their own estimate of loss amounted to six hundred. Fifteen killed and eighty wounded was the whole loss of Jackson's army.

The triumphant general would have pushed on, and pursued his advantage until he had exterminated the whole of his savage enemies; but, anxious for the safety of the sick and wounded at Fort Strother, and expectant of supplies which the contractors had promised to forward to that post, he reluctantly retraced his march. On his arrival with his hungry troops, great was his disappointment to find that not a mouthful of food had arrived, and that nearly all he had left had been consumed. His private stores, purchased and brought on at his own expense, had been distributed among the sick, and the half-dozen biscuits left were now by Jackson himself given to a few of the most famished. A small number of meager cattle, found in the Indian settlement at Talladega, and driven by the soldiers into Fort Strother, were now the only means of subsistence. These were generously made over to the troops; and the general himself "repaired to the bullock-pen, and, of the offal there thrown away, provided for himself and staff what he was pleased to call, and seemed really

to think, a very comfortable repast."* Even this failed him in time, and the commander was forced to satisfy his importunate hunger with yet more primitive diet.

One morning, as Jackson was seated under a tree, apparently regaling himself with something to eat, a famishing soldier approached, and, surveying with a wistful eye his feasting general, declared that he was almost starved, and having no food, added, with an imploring look, that he did not know where he could get any. Jackson answered that it had always been a rule with him never to turn away a hungry man when he was able to relieve him, and adding, "I will most cheerfully divide with you what I have," put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a few acorns! "This is the best and only fare I have, but you are welcome to it," said the general, as he offered the poor fellow the fruit of the oak.†

With the privations to which they were exposed, it was natural that the soldiers should become discontented. Discontent was fostered by some of the officers, for their own purposes, into loud complaint, and at length into open mutiny. The militia, with their leaders, gathered in their tents, and, holding meetings to consider their grievances, resolved to abandon the camp. The volunteers left in a body; and the cavalry were allowed to follow, on the promise that they would return after they had recruited their own strength and that of their horses by a short stay in the settled parts of the country. The militia, less refractory, were

* Eaton's Life of General Jackson.

† Ib.

persuaded by the general to remain, on the condition that, if supplies did not arrive in the camp within two days, they should be marched homeward. The two days passed, and yet the supplies had not come. The militia now loudly demanded that the pledge of their commander should be fulfilled. Jackson had confidently hoped, as he had received word of their approach, that the supplies would arrive in time. Disappointed, and yet true to his promise, he now, with a sad heart, determined to keep it.

With gloomy forebodings the general prepared for the retreating march. "If only two men," exclaimed he, in an agony of feeling, "will stand by me, I will never abandon this post!" Captain Gordon, who caught the words, answered at once: "You have one, general—let us look if we can't find another." And immediately, with a zealous effort, he undertook to obtain volunteers to join him in his own resolute determination. One hundred and nine brave fellows were soon found ready to remain and guard Fort Strother.

The general, now cheered by the prospect that his post would not be abandoned, marched out the remaining troops toward Fort Deposit; taking care, however, to let them understand that, on meeting supplies, they were to be led back again. They had scarcely got a dozen miles on their way, when they were met by a herd of a hundred and fifty cattle, on the road to Fort Strother. Jackson was overjoyed at the sight; but the soldiers, who, with their faces once turned homeward, were loth to go back,

looked angrily at the approaching supplies.

The general now halted, and, having regaled his hungry troops with fresh beef, ordered them to prepare to march back to the fort. The order was received with loud murmurs. The whole line seemed ready to burst out into open revolt; and one company moved off in a direction toward home. As soon as he discovered this overt act of mutiny, the commander galloped off in pursuit, followed by a part of his staff. Overtaking the fugitives, he and some of his field-officers and aids-de-camp placed themselves across the road in front, and, drawing their pistols, threatened to fire if the company advanced a single step. The deserters, appalled by the firm aspect of their general and his staff, turned and hastened back in fright to the rest of the troops.

Jackson had hoped that this would end the revolt; but, as he was riding alone to inspect his line, he found that nearly a whole brigade had mutinied, and was about to march away. The general did not waste a moment in remonstrance; but, seizing a musket, and resting it on the neck of his horse—for his left arm was yet in a sling—he threw himself in front of the column, and threatened to shoot the first man who dared to advance. At this moment, one of his aids-de-camp, Reid, and General Coffee, rode up to the commander's side. For many minutes the mutineers remained in sullen silence, undecided whether to move forward or retire. In the meantime, two companies, which had remained faithful, were drawn up in front of the revolting column, but

behind Jackson and his companions, and ordered to follow the example of their general, and fire at the first movement forward. The revolters now quailed, and in a moment quietly turned round and agreed to go back to their posts.

In the meantime, General White, who had chosen to follow the directions of General Cocke, the commander of the east division of Tennessee, instead of the orders of General Jackson, continued to thwart the plans of the campaign. In his eagerness to distinguish himself, White had attacked and destroyed the town of the Hillabees, killed sixty of their people, and made two hundred and fifty-six prisoners; while a despatch was on its way to him from Jackson, with the order to spare them, as they had sued for peace on any terms that might be dictated. By this unfortunate *contretemps*, the Hillabees became the most inveterate of all the hostile tribes of the Creeks; and, believing themselves traitorously dealt with, they fought ever after with such desperation, that they would never ask for quarter. "Upon those," wrote Jackson in his despatch, which unhappily arrived too late, "who are disposed to become friendly, I neither wish nor intend to make war." Those who will still unsheath the scalping-knife, he added, "long shall they remember Fort Mims in bitterness and tears."

The commander, having urgently sent messenger after messenger to spur the contractors to their duty, and having in the most emphatic terms besought the governor of Tennessee to use every possible resource of the state for the supply

of the troops, now led his men in sullen obedience back to Fort Strother. The volunteers, no longer suffering for want of food, but demoralized by the habit of discontent into which they had fallen, found still another pretext for complaint. They insisted that their term of service would expire on the 10th of December; while their general contended that, as actual duty for three hundred and sixty-five days was implied by the law of Congress, they were obliged to remain to a later date. The troops became clamorous as the time drew near, and finally declared that, if they did not receive their discharge on the 10th, they would abandon their posts and return home. Jackson tried entreaties, and appeals to their pride of patriotism. "I can not, must not believe," he said, "that the 'Volunteers of Tennessee,' a name ever dear to fame, will disgrace themselves, and a country which they have honored, by abandoning her standard, as mutineers and deserters. . . . But," he resolutely added, "should I be disappointed, and compelled to resign this pleasing hope, one thing I will not resign—my duty. Mutiny and sedition, so long as I possess the power of quelling them, *shall be put down!*"

On the evening of the 9th of December, General Hale, with a portentous face, came into Jackson's tent and announced that the whole brigade was in a state of mutiny, and getting ready to move off forcibly. *Shall be put down*, decides the general, and immediately issues this order: "The commanding general, being informed that an actual mutiny exists in his camp, all officers and soldiers are com-

manded to put it down. The officers and soldiers of the first brigade will, without delay, parade on the west side of the fort, and await further orders." Jackson now springs upon his horse, and is in a moment on the spot. The mutineers are thronging in and about the fort, their knapsacks strapped, each man with his musket or rifle primed and grasped, and determined insubordination apparently in every voice and action. The general, however, grim and resolute, has his stern eye upon them. The few faithful are at their posts. The artillery-company, with two small fieldpieces, one in the rear and the other in front, is on the alert, with guns loaded and matches ready. The militia stand on the rising ground commanding the road, with orders to prevent any forcible departure of the volunteers.

The general himself was spurring along the mutineers, who had now hurried into line, stopping here and there to address them. Reminding them of the disgrace which they would bring upon themselves and their country if they persisted, he told them that they should not succeed but by passing over his body. "I have

done with entreaty—it has been used long enough," said he; "I will attempt it no more. You must now determine whether you will go, or peaceably remain: if you still persist in your determination to move forcibly off, the point between us shall soon be decided!"

The mutineers held their breath, spoke not a word, moved not a step. "Artillerists, prepare your matches!" grimly ordered the general.

"Let us return!" was the whisper that quickly ran, from man to man, along the line. "Let us return!" was the immediate resolve; and the officers coming forward to pledge themselves for the obedience of their men, the troops were dismissed, and, quickly returning to their quarters, slept that night in camp, and arose at next morning's *reveille* (the 10th of December) to their duties.

Jackson had triumphed over mutiny; but, as he could not persuade the discontented volunteers to a willing obedience, he determined to discharge them. General Hale accordingly marched off, with his whole brigade, a few days after the memorable lesson they had received from the resolute commander.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Influence of Example.—Dissolution of General Cocke's Force.—Jackson's Army melting away.—Call for more Militia.—A Reluctant Governor.—Strong Words.—A Bomb-Shell.—Fireside Patriots.—A Change for the Better.—More Mutiny.—The Democratic Keadley.—His Arrest.—Supplication.—Pardon.—Rigor.—Justice.—Campaign of General Floyd.—Autossee.—Protection of the Great Spirit.—The Cowetans.—Son of "Mad Dog."—Toohabatchians.—Fall of Autossee.—Campaign of General Claiborne.—Indians on the Cahawba routed.—Plans defeated.—March of General Jackson.—Indian Reinforcements.—Attacks.—Return to Fort Strother.—Attacked by the Indians.—Heroism of Young Armstrong.—"Do n't lose the Gun!"—Defeat of the Red-sticks.—Jackson reinforced.—Renewal of the Campaign.—Battle of Tohopeka, or the Great Horse-Shoe Bend.—A Tragic Scene.—Pathetic Incident.—The Losses.—Jackson at Fort Williams.—March to the Hickory-Ground.—Hoithewalee.—Submissive Indians.—Construction of Fort Jackson.—Change of Names.—"Old Hickory."—Weatherford, the Creek Chief, in Jackson's Tent.—Interview.—Spirited Words.—End of the Creek War.

1813. THE example shown by the deserting volunteers of General Jackson was soon followed by most of the other troops. Upon General Cocke's arrival at Fort Strother, his force
Dec. 12. of fifteen hundred men claimed their discharge; some in a few days, and others in as many weeks. They accordingly returned home. The mounted riflemen, too, who had been allowed to retire into the settled districts, under the pledge of returning as soon as the men and horses were duly refreshed, had, after reassembling at Huntsville, refused to march farther; and in spite of the remonstrances of their commander, General Coffee, they disbanded, and in riot and disorder went their way.

The West-Tennessee militia, also, now reduced by desertion to only about six hundred, began to weary of the campaign, and, in their impatience to be discharged, claimed that their time of service had expired. The East-Tennesseans, whose term had been for three months only, were undoubtedly entitled to their discharge; but

Jackson insisted that, as the men of the western division had been called out to subdue the Indians, they were bound to serve until that object should be accomplished.

The commander, finding his army thus melting away, urgently pressed the governor of Tennessee to make new drafts of militia, and invite additional enlistments of volunteers. The governor, overwhelmed by the opposition of the people, and not disposed to resist the popular inclinations, answered Jackson with the declaration that he did not feel himself authorized to grant any new levies, and volunteered the suggestion that it would be advisable to give up the further prosecution of the campaign, as a bootless undertaking.

This reply aroused all the spirit of the impassioned and unbending Jackson, and his rejoinder was characteristic. "Had your wish," wrote the outspoken man, "that I should discharge a part of my force, and retire with the residue into the settlements, assumed the form of a posi

tive order, it might have furnished me some apology for pursuing such a course; but by no means a full justification. As you would have no power to give such an order, I could not be inculpable in obeying, with my eyes open to the fatal consequences that would attend it. But a bare recommendation, founded, as I am satisfied it must be, on the artful suggestions of those fireside patriots who seek, in a failure of the expedition, an excuse for their own supineness. . . . If you would preserve your reputation, or that of the state over which you preside, you must take a straightforward, determined course, regardless of the applause or the censure of the populace, and of the forebodings of that dastardly and designing crew, who, at a time like this, may be expected to clamor continually in your ears. . . . Your country is in danger: apply its resources to its defence! Can any course be more plain? Do you, my friend, at such a moment as the present, sit with your arms folded, and your heart at ease, waiting a solution of your doubts and a definition of your powers? Do you wait for special instructions from the secretary at war, which it is impossible for you to receive in time for the danger that threatens? How did the venerable Shelby act under similar circumstances, or rather under circumstances by no means so critical? Did he wait for orders to do what every man of sense knew—what every patriot felt—to be right? He did not; and yet how highly and justly did the government extol his manly and energetic conduct! and how dear has his name become to every friend of his country!"

This letter, pointed by the resolute Jackson's own hand, fell like a bomb-shell among the "fireside patriots" of Nashville, and stirred them to some decent show of activity. The governor wrote nothing further to the 1814. commanding general about abandoning the campaign, but ordered a draft of militia, to give him the means of bringing it to a successful issue.

In the meantime, the militia at Fort Strother became more clamorous for their discharge; and finally, in mutinous resolution, they determined to abandon their duties, and go. One morning, Jan. 4. the officer of the day reports no sentinels at their posts, and their lieutenant (Keasley) off duty. The mutiny has begun. "Arrest the lieutenant," orders the general. "I am a freeman, and not subject to the orders of General Jackson, or anybody else," shouts our democratic Keasley, as if he were haranguing his "free and enlightened fellow-citizens" in the square at Nashville, and, clinging to his sword, declares that he will not give it up, but that it shall protect him all the way to Tennessee. "Won't be arrested, sir," is the answer returned to headquarters, and from headquarters comes this command to the adjutant-general: "You will forthwith order the guards to parade, with Captain Gordon's company of spies, and arrest Lieutenant Keasley; and, in case you are resisted in the execution of this order, you are commanded to oppose force to force, and arrest him at all hazards. Spare the effusion of blood, if possible; but mutiny must and shall be put down."

Captain Gordon, of the spies ("You have one, general," as the faithful man declared to his commander, in his agony of abandonment), proceeds swiftly to his work, and finds the lieutenant at the head of his company. "Forward! advance!" quickly stammers out Keasley, as he sees the guards coming up. "Halt, and deliver!" thunders forth Gordon. Keasley marches on, flourishing his sword. The guards are ordered to stop him; his sword is again demanded. He still clings to it, and refuses. "Make ready, and—" Each man of the guard cocks his musket. The lieutenant and his company do likewise; and "Fire!" is lingering upon the lips of all, when the general rides up and plants his horse in front of the mutineers. With his tall, thin figure seated firmly in the saddle, his gray eyes flashing fire, and his hard, weather-beaten face, ribbed with the waves of time, concentrated in stern expression of fixed resolve, Jackson grimly demands Keasley's sword. The lieutenant, desperate in insubordination, refuses. The general draws his pistol from his holster, and is raising it to the breast of the mutineer, when the adjutant-general interposes, and beseeches the lieutenant, for his life's sake, to yield up his sword. A friend of Keasley at this moment snatches it away from him and presents it. It is refused, and returned to the lieutenant, who now quietly delivers it, and is marched off under guard. Without sword and without company, his liberty restricted to a few feet of guard-room, and fenced in with bayonets, Keasley now harangues no more on the text—"Fellow-citizens, I am a freeman," but

obsequiously supplicates the general for pardon. He is set free by Jackson, than whom there are none more severe in justice and tender in mercy. Keasley was ever after devotedly grateful for the favor received, and it is said became a wiser and better man.

The general, while he upheld military discipline with rigorous severity, was not disposed to retain by force those troops which were entitled to their discharge, and were loth to follow him. While he justified his rights of command, he did not overlook the privileges which belonged to his citizen-soldiers. Determined not to yield to clamorous and forcible exactions of exorbitant claims, he at the same time did not withhold from his men their due; although, for the sake of their country, he may have earnestly besought them to forego it. His entreaties and appeals, however, were in vain; and the old troops, one company after another, finally deserted him, and left him in the wilderness with only nine hundred **Jan. 10.** men, chiefly fresh recruits. With these, nevertheless, the resolute Jackson determined to pursue the campaign.

While these memorable events were occurring among the Tennessee troops, the forces from the other states were not idle. General Floyd had marched from Georgia with a thousand militia and four hundred friendly Creeks, and penetrated to Autossee, on the south bank **Nov. 27.** of the Tallapoosa, about twenty miles from its union with the Coosa river. This was the largest and most imposing of the Creek towns, having four hundred houses. It was regularly built, and pre-

sented much of the appearance of a civilized community. The town had been constructed on a site consecrated by superstitious rites, and by the Indians was believed to be especially guarded by the Great Spirit, and therefore impregnable to the pale-faces; against an attack from whom there were, moreover, the various human precautions of fortifications, and a gathering of warriors from many tribes. Here was M'Intosh,* at the head of the Cowetans; and the dauntless son of Mad Dog, leading the fierce Toohabatchians.

General Floyd and his Georgians, however, attacked Autossee with vigor, defeated the great warriors, burned the sacred town, and left heaps of the inhabitants dead among the ruins. **Nov. 29.** A king and a king's brother were among the two hundred Indians slain. Seven killed and fifty-four wounded were the whole number lost by the assailants.

General Claiborne, with the Mississippian militia and some Choctaw volunteers, met with equal success. Marching from Fort Stoddard, he attacked a town above the mouth of the Cahawba river. **Dec. 22.** Weatherford, the renowned half-breed chief,† who had led on the Creeks

* William M'Intosh was a half-breed, and a prominent leader of such of his countrymen, the Cowetans, as afterward joined the Americans in the war. "He likewise," says Willson, "belonged to the small party who, in 1821, '23, and '25, were in favor of selling their lands to the Americans. In February, of the latter year, he concluded a treaty for the sale of lands, in opposition to the wishes of a large majority of his nation. For this act the laws of his people denounced death upon him; and in May his house was surrounded and burned, and he himself, with one of his adherents, in attempting to escape, was shot. His son, Chilly M'Intosh, was allowed to leave the house unharmed."

† His mother was a Seminole woman, but he was born and reared among the Creeks.

to the massacre of Fort Mims, was in command, determined to make a fierce resistance with his numerous braves; and the place was consecrated as holy ground by the usual Indian rites, to secure its impregnability, in the superstitious belief of the savages. The Indians, however, were soon routed, thirty of their number killed, and their sacred town burned to the ground.

Claiborne now marched on; and having, in the same summary manner, dealt with another Indian village, he returned to Fort Stoddard. According to the plan of the campaign, the various forces from East and West Tennessee, Florida, and Mississippi, were to clear the way before them, and meet in the heart of the Creek country. The design was never accomplished, but not without a bold attempt on the part of General Jackson to carry out his share of the enterprise.

Jackson, with his meager force of nine hundred raw recruits, eager to make a diversion in favor of Floyd (whose camp, midway between the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee, was threatened by the Red-sticks), marched from Fort Strother. On reaching Talladega, two hundred friendly Cherokees and Creeks joined the Tennesseans; but, as they were badly armed and dispirited, they added little to the effective strength of the force. **Jan. 21.**

On the route, Jackson was attacked by a large gathering of Indians. He succeeded, however, in driving back his assailants; but found it advisable, with his handful of troops, to seek security by returning to Fort Strother.

At Emucfau (on the west bank of the Tallapoosa, at the mouth of the Emucfau creek, and about thirty-five miles south-east from Talladega) Jackson was again

Jan. 22. attacked by the thronging savages, who put to flight the rear-guard, by which the army was temporarily thrown into confusion; but the troops soon rallied, and made such a vigorous charge upon their assailants, that they were put to total rout.

In turning the fortune of the day, Captain Armstrong and his artillery-company signalized themselves by their gallantry. This corps, composed of young men of the first families of Tennessee, who had volunteered their services at the beginning of the campaign, formed with their muskets before the single cannon they had, and dragged it to a hill, from which they could fire with greater advantage. Here these young men, not more than a hundred all counted, maintained a struggle against five times their number of savages, who strove to possess themselves of the gun. Armstrong fell wounded at the side of the cannon, but cried out—"Some of you must perish, but don't lose the gun!" By his side his brave men were falling fast, but the survivors clung to the piece and fired it. In the hurry and confusion of the moment, the ramrod and picker of the cannon could not be disengaged from the carriage, but the young soldiers drove home the cartridges with a musket and cleared the vent with a ramrod.*

General Jackson now made his way back to his old encampment without fur-

ther molestation, but with a loss, in the course of the expedition, of twenty-four killed and seventy-one wounded.

Meanwhile, the Red-sticks made their threatened attack upon General Floyd's encampment; but, after a furious struggle, they were driven **Jan. 27.** back by a charge of the mounted Georgians. The Red-sticks left thirty-seven dead on the field; but the blood which saturated the ground, and the many head-dresses and war-clubs scattered around, gave proof that their loss had been still greater. Floyd had of his militia eighteen killed and one hundred and thirty-two wounded, and of his Indian allies five killed and fifteen wounded.

After a long delay, Jackson was finally provided with a new force of four thousand militia; and after strenuous efforts, having succeeded in wringing from the governor of Tennessee and from the contractors a sufficiency of supplies, he was prepared to resume the campaign. He now marched to Fort Williams, on the Coosa river, which post he had lately established; and leaving there provisions, and a sufficient garrison under General Johnston, he set out for the Great Bend of the Tallapoosa river, commonly called Horse-shoe Bend (near the mouth of the Emucfau creek, about forty miles south-east from Talladega, and near the north-east corner of the present county of Tallapoosa).

Arriving at the village of Tohopeka, Jackson found that the enemy, **Mar. 26.** aware of his approach, had gathered to give him battle. The Indians had determined on making a resolute stand.

* Eaton.

More than a thousand of their most skilful braves had come from Oakfonsky, Hilibabee, Eufalee, and New Youcka, and, selecting their own ground, confidently defied their white foes. Skilfully choosing for their position the peninsula enclosed within the bend of the Tallapoosa (called the Great Horse-shoe), they were on all sides surrounded by the river, but where the narrow neck joined the main land. Across this neck, only three hundred and fifty yards in width, the Creeks had raised a strong breastwork, from five to eight feet high, constructed of logs and trunks of trees, leaving a double row of port-holes, through which they might fire with good aim, while they were secure behind. Along the banks of the river surrounding their peninsular position, were drawn up their canoes, that they might be ready to escape by water should their strong works on land be forced.

Jackson, "determined to exterminate them,"* now deliberately prepared to effect his purpose. General Coffee, with the mounted infantry and a body of friendly

Mar. 27. Indians, was despatched early in the morning, to gain the southern bank, and to encircle the bend of the river within which lay the peninsula held by the enemy. Here Coffee was instructed to make such demonstrations as to delude the Indians with the belief that the attack was to come from that quarter; and to be on the alert, in case they should strive to escape across the river, to destroy them as they came over. Jackson, with the main body of the army, took up his position on the neck in front of the

breastwork, planting his artillery on some rising ground within two hundred yards of the fortifications. The guns opened their fire, but, though well served, made no impression.

In the meantime, General Coffee had signalled from the opposite bank of the stream that his troops were in position. Jackson now gave the order to charge. The men hailed it with acclamation, and advanced firmly to the assault. The thirty-ninth regiment, led on by Colonel Williams and Major Montgomery, and the militia, under the command of Colonel Burch, pushed on together, in spite of a continuous fire from the foe, toward the rampart. Here a fierce struggle ensued for the port-holes—those on each side, separated only by the width of the wall, contending for their use; and thus, with muzzles and bayonets intermingled, the fight was so close, that the enemy's balls were found welded to the soldiers' muskets.

While the contest was thus going on, Major Montgomery leaped upon the top of the breastwork, and called on his men to follow. He had hardly spoken, when a rifle-ball struck him in the head, and he toppled over, dead. The troops, however, had spiritedly obeyed his call, and clambered to the top of the ramparts. The Indians were soon forced to give way; and, abandoning the breastwork, they hid themselves among the undergrowth and the trees which abounded on the peninsula. Thus concealed, they kept up a galling fire, but were soon hunted out of their coverts.

Finding that all hope of escape by the

* Ingersoll.

Tallapoosa was cut off by the troops on the opposite bank of the river, and yet unwilling to surrender, the surviving Indians leaped down the steep cliffs which bordered the stream, and, crouching in among the felled timber, strove to elude pursuit. Many still continued an obstinate resistance from the cover of heaps of brushwood at the western angle of the breastwork.

General Jackson, seeing that the enemy must be utterly destroyed if they persisted in their struggle, now ordered the interpreter, with a flag, to advance under the cover of some trees, and offer them terms of surrender. The man did as he was bidden, and, approaching within forty yards of the Indian ambush, spoke to the savages in their own language, telling them of the uselessness of further resistance, and promising, in case of surrender, such a reception and treatment as were due to prisoners-of-war. They listened patiently; and then, pausing a moment, as if to answer, they fired a volley, and the interpreter was severely wounded in the breast.

There was now no further attempt at parley, and Jackson ordered his men to dislodge the Creeks from their coverts. The artillery was first brought to bear, and a fire opened; but this proving of little effect, the troops were commanded to charge with bayonets, and the Indians were soon forced from their hiding-places. Lighted torches were then thrown down the cliffs on the river's bank, in order to set fire to the brush and underwood, and smoke out the savages from their last refuge.

Thus driven out, the Creeks still refused to surrender, though now exposed to view, and completely at the mercy of their assailants. They struggled on to the last, urged to desperate efforts by their prophets, who, fantastically decorated with the plumage of birds, were seen, by fierce gestures, loud howls, and horrid contortions of body, to excite their credulous followers to continue their resistance. It was, however, all in vain. The carnage went on; and not an Indian would have survived the slaughter, had not the sun gone down, and darkness closed upon the tragic scene. A few, under cover of the night, were thus enabled to make their escape.

The next morning, five hundred and fifty-seven Indians were found dead upon the ground of the fight. Three **Mar. 28.** of their prophets were among the slain. One of them (Mushoe) was killed by a cannon-ball, which struck him in the mouth at the moment he was inspiring his superstitious believers by his savage spells of necromancy. Some, who had taken to their canoes, were sunk in the river by the fire of General Coffee's troops; and so few finally escaped, that Jackson's dread promise of extermination was almost literally fulfilled.

Two hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, all women and children but two or three. Among them was an Indian child picked up on the battle-field, where his mother lay dead, from whose breast the little innocent was vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance. The grim general's heart softened at the sight of the helpless infant, and he strove to induce

some of the Indian women to suckle it. "Its mother is dead—let the child die too," was their only answer, as they refused their succor. Jackson now ordered the infant to be taken to his own tent, and there had him fed with some brown sugar, out of his modest supply of private stores. The boy thrived under the care of his childless warrior-nurse, who became so attached to his charge, that he took him with him to his home on his return to Tennessee. He remained in Jackson's family until he had learned a trade, when he was established by his protector as a saddler in the city of Nashville.

The whole loss of Jackson's troops, including that of the Indian allies, at the fight of the Great Horse-shoe, amounted to fifty-five killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. First sinking his dead in the river (that the Indians might be prevented from scalping them, and thus encouraging their savage allies with false boasts of victories), and then making arrangements for the comfortable conveyance of the wounded, Jackson marched his troops back to Fort Williams, where they arrived in a few days.

Learning, however, that the Creeks had again gathered in large numbers at Hoithewalee, near the Hickory-Ground, the intrepid general determined (though with a force greatly lessened by sickness, loss in battle, and many discharges) to seek them out. As the North-Carolina troops, under General Graham, a veteran of the Revolution, and those of Georgia, commanded by Colonel Nielson, were near the south bank of the Tallapoosa, Jackson proposed to form a junction with them.

The army accordingly marched directly for the Hickory-Ground; but the progress of the troops was **April 7.** greatly delayed by the effect of the heavy rains, which had overflowed the rivers, and deluged the country. While halting by the stream which ran near the town of Hoithewalee, and which was so swollen that the army could not readily cross it, the Creeks took advantage of the circumstance to launch their canoes, and escape to the opposite shore. Jackson, **April 13.** however, succeeded in getting upon their track, and taking captive some twenty-five of the stragglers in the rear. The town of Hoithewalee was now taken possession of by his troops, and partially burned.

The savages were evidently greatly dismayed; and while many were flying to their hiding-places to save their lives, their principal chiefs, hopeless of further resistance, were coming in from day to day to make their peace with the general. Fourteen of the Creek braves had already arrived in camp, and, submitting themselves readily to the terms demanded, declared that their aged king, Foushatchee, was on his way with his followers, to offer his submission.

Jackson now continued to penetrate the interior of the Creek country, until he reached the old Indian Fort Toulossee, near the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers, where he encamped his force, and began to erect a fortified post, which, in honor of the general, was called Fort Jackson; while he himself, of tough, vigorous temper, by universal consent received in exchange the apt name of the

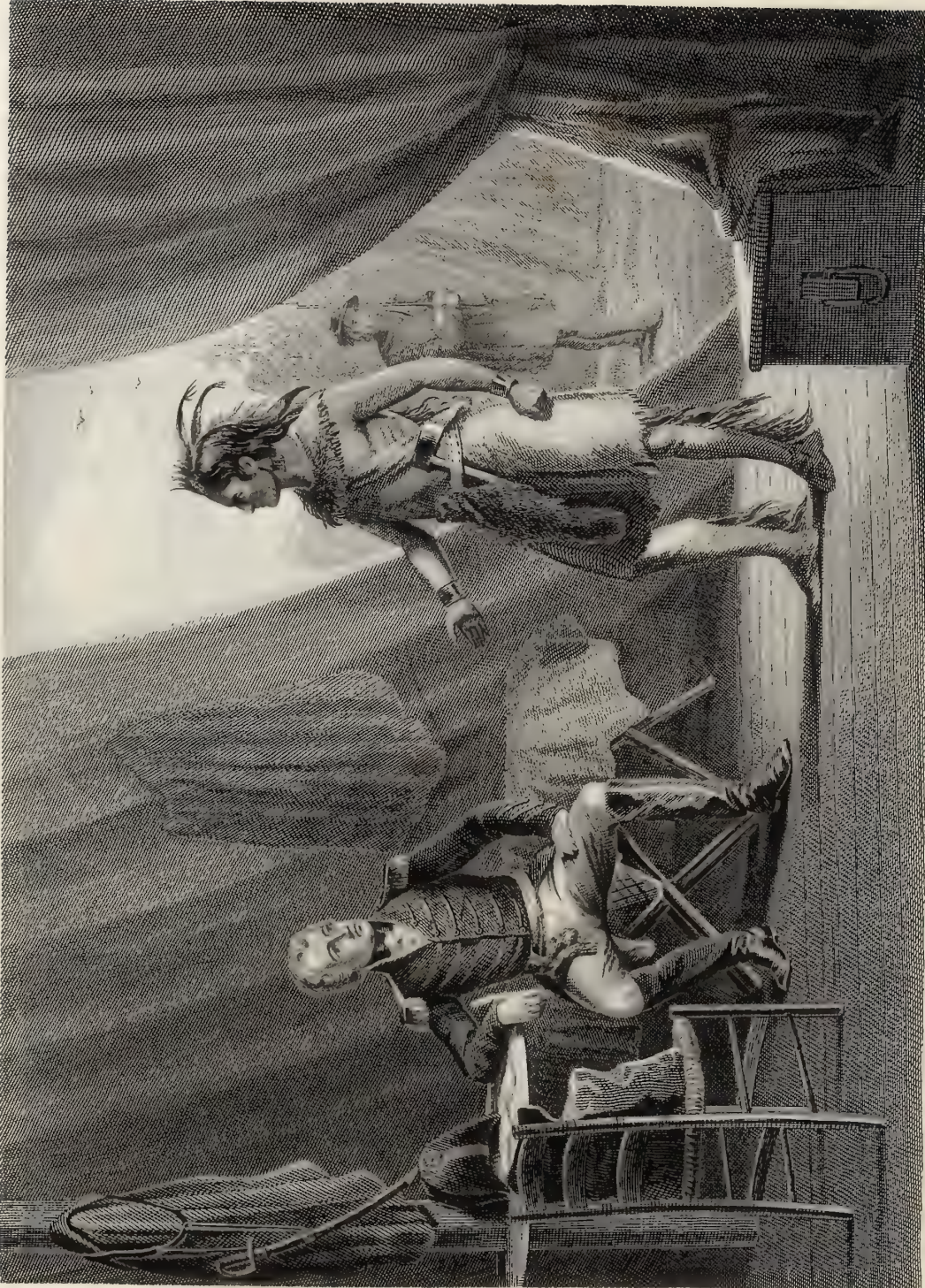


Illustration of a Native American man standing and another sitting in a room.

field rendered so famous by the exploits of "*Old Hickory*."

At Fort Jackson the chiefs continued to come in, in great numbers, offering to submit on any terms. The general put the sincerity of their promises to the test by directing them to bring the famous sachem, Weatherford, a prisoner to the camp. To this they consented, and went in search of that formidable chief.

Weatherford, proudly disdaining to be bound and led a captive to the feet of the conqueror of his race by the Indian emissaries, determined to go voluntarily to Jackson. Eluding the sentinels and guards, the great chief, alone and unexpected, entered the general's quarters at the fort. Jackson was naturally surprised at the visit, but, with wonderful self-command, betrayed no sign of emotion, as he was conscious that to the Indian all such expression is but proof of a craven spirit. "Desiring peace," said the daring savage, "I have come to ask it for myself and my people." The general replied that he was astonished that he should venture into his presence, reeking as he was with the blood of his inhuman massacre at Fort Mims. "I had ordered," he continued, "that you should be brought to me a prisoner. Had you thus come, I should have known how to treat you."

The chief, unappalled and unabashed, answered with dignity: "I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight, and contend to the last; but I have none. My people

are all gone. I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

The heroic nature of Jackson sympathized with the proud spirit of the dauntless savage, and he declared to him that, although he was in his power, he was free to go, and might again rally his braves to the fight; but that, if taken afterward, he and his followers could depend upon no quarter from the whites. If, however, he preferred peace, he might remain at the fort, and the general assured him of his protection.

The noble savage rejoined: "You may well speak of peace now! There was a time when I had a choice, and could have answered you: I have none now—even hope is ended! Once, I could animate my warriors to battle; but I can not animate the dead. My braves can no longer hear my voice: their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emucfau, and Tohopeka! I have not surrendered myself without thought. While there was a chance of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man: I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to: whatever they may be, it would now be

madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can only be influenced by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it: they shall listen to it."

This was the end of the Creek war; but the triumphant Jackson, before he could return to the welcome of his fellow-citizens at Nashville, was again, with the appointment of brigadier-general of the United States (in place of General Harrison, who had resigned), summoned by his country to further military duty, the successful and heroic performance of which will be narrated in the course of this history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Secretary Armstrong's Programme.—General Wilkinson in Command at the North.—His Life and Character.—A Revolutionary Hero.—Popular Expectations.—Disappointment of Wilkinson.—Delay.—The British blockaded.—The Expedition against Canada.—General Wade Hampton.—His Ambition for Fame.—Co-operation.—Impatience.—March for Montreal.—Extensive Plans.—Meeting the Enemy.—A Ruse.—A Trumpet-Blast.—Retreat of Hampton.—Preparation of Wilkinson.—Armstrong on the Ground.—His Interference.—The Testy Wilkinson.—Embarkation of the Troops.—Change of Plans.—For Montreal.—A Grumbling Commander.—A Triumphant Blast.—Entrance of the St. Lawrence.—Landing of the Troops.—Illness of Wilkinson.—Floating of the Batteaux.—The Rendezvous.—Colonel Macomb on the British Shore.—The Engagement at Chrysler's Farm.—A Drawn Battle.—Passage of the Sault.—Bad News.—Wilkinson at French Mills.—Hampton at Plattsburg.—Canada safe.—The Generals in Winter-Quarters.—Triumph of the Federalists.—Fort George abandoned.—Burning of Newark.—An Exasperated Enemy.—Fall of Fort Niagara.—Lewistown in Ashes.—Black Rock and Niagara burned.—Recrimination and Retaliation.

1813. GENERAL ARMSTRONG, the secretary of war, who prided himself on being a military tactician, now confidently set forth a new programme for the invasion of Canada. His plan was, to concentrate a force at Sackett's Harbor, for the purpose of attacking the British depot at Kingston, on the opposite side of Lake Ontario; while at the same time another division of the army should advance toward Montreal, with the view of demonstration or attack, as circumstances might indicate. The fact that the British strength was much divided by the scat-

tered distribution of their troops, a large portion of which had been withdrawn from the banks of the St. Lawrence and the lower part of Lake Ontario to the peninsular region bordering upon Lake Erie, gave plausibility to the views of Armstrong.

Major-General WILKINSON, who had just been appointed to the command of the northern army, was the supposed Achilles who was to bring at last to a triumphant result the oft-attempted and long-expected conquest of Canada. Wilkinson "was born in Maryland, bred a phy-

sician; a gentleman of good education, manners, and address; pompous, pleasing, methodical, *debonnair*, fond of writing.”* In the popular glorification of one who was a Revolutionary veteran, had served under Washington, and fought with Gates at Saratoga, there was no attempt at nice discrimination of character; and Wilkinson was hailed in advance as the hero of the coming campaign.

The new commander, who had set out from Washington encouraged by the brilliant prospects which were held forth by the sanguine Armstrong, no sooner arrived at Sackett's Harbor, than **Aug. 20.** he found cause for disappointment. The secretary, over his Madeira at the capital, had glowingly described the fifteen thousand well-appointed troops at Fort George, Sackett's Harbor, and Burlington, and had generously promised further reinforcements and unlimited supplies. Wilkinson, who was now old, feeble in health, and querulous in temper, finding the camp less enchanting than it appeared in the remote distance, bitterly complained that one third of the troops were sick; that the officers were scanty; that both they and the men were ignorant and undisciplined; and that there were no means of transport.

For a month, nothing could be done. Sir James Yeo, the British naval commander, held the control of Lake Ontario. Commodore Chauncey, however, after a series of manœuvres, and an undecisive action off York, finally succeeded in driving the British fleet into Burlington bay, at the western extremity of the lake;

* Ingersoll.

and while there blockaded, boats were prepared for transporting the troops into Canada.

In the meantime, there appeared a rival of Wilkinson, who was ambitious of frustrating him in the conquest of Canada, and wreathing his own brows with the laurels of victory. General Hampton was also a “Revolutionary hero,” and was now in command of the forces at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain,* called the army of the North. A proprietor of large estates in South Carolina and Louisiana, and owner of thousands of slaves, WADE HAMPTON had little motive but fame in accepting a share in the northern command, and submitting to the dangers and hardships of a campaign in the wilderness of the Canadian frontier. The secretary of war, wishing him to co-operate with General Wilkinson, had ordered Hampton to march toward Canada. He accordingly set out from Plattsburg with four thousand men and ten pieces of artillery. Having reached Odeltown, he was compelled, from the scarcity of water, in consequence of a severe **Sept. 21.** drouth, to retrace his steps and take another route, which brought him to Cha-teaugay Four Corners, about half the distance between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, and within a few miles of the Canadian frontier. Here instructions were received from the secretary of war, directing him to halt until Wilkinson was ready to move.

* Plattsburg, the capital of Clinton county, New York, is mostly situated on the north side of the river Saranac, at its entrance into Cumberland bay, a small inlet of Lake Champlain. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from Albany.

Having remained for a long month at Cheateaugay Four Corners in inglorious inactivity, the aspiring Hampton became impatient of the delay of fame, and sought to distinguish himself. A favorable opportunity seemed to be presented. The British General Prevost had but two thousand men, in all, at his disposition; and this small force, of which fifteen hundred were Canadian militia, was scattered in various detachments at such a distance from each other as not to be readily concentrated. General Hampton now boldly marched forth, with the ambitious design of making himself master of Montreal before his rival (Wilkinson) could make a

Oct. 22. move. On the evening of the second day of his march, the enterprising commander had accomplished twenty-four of the forty miles which separated him from the scene of his expected glory. Being already within striking distance of the insignificant enemy who opposed his triumphant advance, Hampton prepared to surround and crush him with a blow.

Oct. 25. Colonel Purdy, with the first brigade, was to be sent across to the southern side of the Chateaugay, with orders to gain a ford eight miles below, by which he was to repass the river during the night, and at daybreak the next morning attack the rear of the British position; while Izzard, with the second brigade, would assail it in front, under the immediate supervision of Hampton himself. That the two divisions might act in concert, it was settled that Purdy should signalize his arrival in the rear of the enemy by a fire of musketry.

The two brigades accordingly set out: the first, under Purdy, on the 25th of October; and the second, under Izzard, on the 26th. The latter had marched to within a sufficient distance of the front of the enemy, when he halted, to await the signal of Purdy. The morn- **Oct. 26.**
ing passed, and not a sound was heard. At last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the firing of musketry was audible, but from a quarter which proved that Purdy had not yet reached the ford by which he was to cross the river.

The dauntless Hampton, notwithstanding, was not discouraged; and believing that Purdy, although sadly behind time, would yet accomplish his part of the plan, he ordered Izzard's division to advance. The troops moved steadily forward, drove before them the advance-pickets, and soon encountered the main body of the enemy. De Salaberry, the British commander, was obliged to retire behind his breastworks and other defences; and, conscious that, with his scanty force of three hundred Canadians, he would be unable to hold his position should it be stormed, he resorted to a *ruse*. Having stationed his buglers along his line, he ordered them to sound loud and repeated blasts. The effect was as miraculous as at the siege of Jericho; though, unlike the result on that famous occasion, it was the besiegers themselves, and not the walls of the besieged, which gave way before the wind of the trumpets. Hampton, aghast at the sound, and believing that he was about to be attacked by an overwhelming force, gave the order to his troops to retreat; consoling himself, in his flight, that "no

pursuit was made by the enemy," as he vauntingly announced in his despatch.

In the meantime, Colonel Purdy, with the first brigade, had no better success. Misled by his guides, he went groping so much out of his way, in the darkness of the night, through the swamps and thickets, that it was sunrise before he had got over six miles of the eight which he was to march. He nevertheless succeeded in beating off the picket of the enemy, and was making his way to the ford, that he might cross the river and begin his proposed attack in the rear of the British position, when his alert antagonist sent a small force, which arrived just in time to dispute the passage. Thus taken by surprise, Purdy and his brigade were defeated, and, after being driven here and there all day and night in the wilderness, did not succeed in recrossing the stream

Oct. 27. until next morning, when, jaded and dispirited, they straggled into Hampton's camp, and joined the rest of the troops in their retreat to the Four Corners.

While these events were transpiring in Hampton's army, General Wilkinson, after preparing, in conjunction with Commodore Chauncey, off the Niagara river (who was there blockading the British squadron), the means of transport for his troops, returned to Sackett's Harbor, to get his army ready for embarking and sailing up Lake Ontario. Here he found the stirring secretary of war, who had shifted his bureau from Washington to the North, that he might in person superintend the grand operations on the success of which he had so set his heart.

The aged, sick, and querulous Wilkinson did not welcome his official superior; and, displeased at the interference which it betokened, he testily offered his resignation. General Armstrong, however, refused to accept it, and Wilkinson continued in his command.

The troops having arrived from Niagara, and the army concentrated at Sackett's Harbor, the embarkation, after a long delay, finally began. **Oct. 20.**

Armstrong's pet project of an attack on the British depot at Kingston was now, in consequence of its increased strength, reluctantly abandoned; and the scheme of descending the St. Lawrence, and, in conjunction with General Hampton, striking a blow at Montreal, was alone decided upon. With tempestuous weather, all kinds of deficiencies in the commissariat—want of clothing, want of shoes, and want of provisions—the distressed Wilkinson sails down the lake, almost disheartened, and grumbles out, "All our hopes have been nearly blasted!" He arrives at Grenadier island, about nine miles south of the entrance into the St. Lawrence, and in his official report records with snappish brevity the "boisterous weather" on the first day, and on the second (the 22d of October) this complaint: "Called for a return of the troops; found a large body yet in the rear, wrecked or stranded." Again (October 24th): "The extent of injury to our craft, clothing, arms, and provisions, greatly exceeded our apprehensions, and has subjected us to the necessity of furnishing clothing, and of making repairs and equipments to the flotilla generally."

Oct. 21.

The "prevailing storm" still continuing, attempts were made during its deceitful

Oct. 25. pauses to "slip the flotilla into St. Lawrence. . . . In the several attempts made, many boats were driven ashore, and much provision and clothing lost." Thus began the ill-starred enterprise.

At this moment, the *National Intelligencer*, the government journal at Washington, was blowing a triumphant blast in confident anticipation of victory. With the attractive heading, "OUR ARMIES HAVE ENTERED CANADA, AND IT IS OURS," the oracle declared: "The ensuing week settles the fate of Canada for ever. The fall of Quebec in the ensuing spring will give our youth experience to ward against evils of thirty years' neglect of military knowledge. The siege of Quebec, though severe, will not be more so than the actions of our naval heroes. Canada once ours, we shall have no enemy but a few domestic traitors and foreign emissaries on our soil." At this very time, General Hampton, with the sound of the British trumpets ringing in his ears, was flying scared away from Canada; and General Wilkinson was moving slowly and timidly onward, with little prospect of a more triumphant result!

Nov. 3. The entrance of the St. Lawrence was at last gained; and the great array of three hundred batteaux, escorted by guard-boats, and laden with stores, provisions, and seven thousand infantry-soldiers, began to float down the broad and majestic river, while the five hundred cavalry moved on by land. On arriving within three miles of Prescott,

the troops were landed on the American shore.

Wilkinson, who was getting "more and more sick," had been carried on land, and lodged in a tent. He, however, finally mustered strength enough to get into his gig-boat, in order to reconnoitre and prepare the passage for the boats past the batteries of the British, who were now on the alert, and preparing to annoy the expedition.

The troops being all debarked, the batteaux, under the judicious management of General Brown, the officer of the day, were floated with safety past the British batteries during the night, and all but two reached the rendezvous be-

Nov. 7. low, next morning at ten o'clock, without a single one of the three hundred being even touched, and with only one man killed and two wounded. Two of the batteaux, however, "either through cowardice or treachery," had been run into the river near Ogdensburg; and such was the brisk cannonade kept up from Prescott, on the opposite side, that half a day was lost in getting them out.

The troops re-embarking, and the batteaux being again afloat, the expedition moved on; when, on reaching the Sault of Rapids, twenty miles below Ogdensburg, Colonel Macomb was landed on the British side, with a chosen body of men, to clear the shore of the Canadian militia, who had gathered here and there, along the narrow parts of the river, in blockhouses and behind breastworks, in order to impede the passage, with artillery and musketry. Brigadier-General Brown was next day ordered to reinforce

Macomb with his brigade, and assume the command, as the enemy's demonstration threatened to become more and more formidable. The British, with seven gun-boats and a considerable body of troops, had pushed off from Prescott, and were now following in the rear. While Brown was ordered to take up his position—clearing the way before him, some eight miles below, to cover the descent of the flotilla—General Boyd, with the cavalry, was transported from the American to the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, and, being reinforced by some fifteen hundred infantry, directed to turn upon the British in the rear, outflank them, and capture their guns.

Boyd coming up with the enemy at Chrysler's farm, near Williamsburg, and about ninety miles from Montreal, a warm engagement took place, lasting for two hours. Seconded by Colonel Ripley, and aided by Covington and Swartwout with their brigades (which had been sent ashore, to lighten the batteaux as they prepared to pass through the rapid and dangerous current of the Sault), Boyd was enabled to make a gallant onset. The British regulars were driven before the impetuous attack of the twenty-first regiment of Americans, led on by Ripley, but succeeded in rallying. The fortune of the day now began to vary, sometimes one line and sometimes the other giving way. Covington and Swartwout, both volunteers on the occasion, fought spiritedly; and the former, while making a charge, to get possession of the enemy's artillery, was shot through the body, receiving a mortal

wound. After their sharp conflict, the two forces, which were about equal, separated by mutual consent, without a decisive settlement of the mastery of the field. The British retired to their camp, and the American troops, unmolested, returned to their boats. Nevertheless, it is apparent that the advantage of the engagement remained with the foe, whose loss in killed and wounded was less than two hundred, while that of the Americans exceeded three hundred.

Wilkinson, having received from the ever-active Brown the satisfactory intelligence that "he had forced the enemy to retire before him, and had arrived near the foot of the Sault," ordered his flotilla to move down the cataract. Making the fearful passage of the rapids without discovering either boats or troops of the enemy, thanks to the indefatigable Brown, the flotilla arrived in safety at Barnhartz. Here, however, came some news which "blasted all the general's hopes, and destroyed every prospect of the campaign." Major-General Hampton had sent a letter, in which he refused to form a junction with Wilkinson's army. Before setting out, Secretary Armstrong had assured Wilkinson of the readiness of Hampton to co-operate with him in the proposed attack on Montreal; and he had accordingly been requested to meet him at St. Regis (on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, at the north-western extremity of Franklin county, in New York). Hampton, however, who was a bitter enemy of Wilkinson, was determined to thwart all his schemes, and had now, by his ungracious refusal to co-

operate, extinguished his hopes of a triumphant march into Canada.

True, it was reported that Montreal was only garrisoned by six hundred men, and Wilkinson's force amounted to nearly eight thousand! But the general was sick, testy, and capricious; and it was resolved, in council of war, that "the conduct of Major-General Hampton, in refusing to join his division to the troops descending the St. Lawrence (to carry an attack on Montreal), rendered it expedient to remove the army to French Mills, on Salmon river." To French Mills, afterward called Fort Covington, in honor of the general who fell at Williamsburg (situated at the fork of Salmon river, in Franklin county, and nine miles east of St. Regis) Wilkinson accordingly moved with his whole force; while Hampton, as we have seen, fell back to Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain.

These doughty generals, thus snugly encamped in winter-quarters, had full opportunity to vent their respective disappointment of ambition, in mutual recrimination, and in vain efforts to console the wounded honor of the country by futile apologies and lame and frivolous excuses. The democratic papers of the Union impatiently strove to extricate their favorite and partisan heroes from the mire of disgrace into which, through their incapacity and petty jealousies, they had so recklessly plunged; while their federal opponents, on the other hand, exulted loudly at their mishaps. Day after day the papers in opposition to the national government heralded the discomfitures of the northern campaign with the em-

phatic heading of "MORE DISASTERS;" and the *Boston Gazette*, in vindictive delight, thus cruelly mocked at the suffering democrats:—

"Every hour is fraught with doleful tidings: humanity groans from the frontiers. Hampton's army is reduced to about two thousand; Wilkinson's cut up and famishing; crimination and recrimination the order of the day. Democracy has rolled herself up in weeds, and laid down for its last wallowing in the slough of disgrace. Armstrong, the cold-blooded director of all the military anarchy, is chop-fallen.

'Now lift, ye saints, your heads on high,
And shout, for your redemption's nigh!'"*

When General Wilkinson started on his expedition into Canada, Fort George (situated on the British side of the Niagara river, about a mile from Lake Ontario) was left with a garrison, under the command of Colonel Winfield Scott, who had borne so gallant a part in wresting it from the enemy. After strenuous efforts to complete the fortifications, and to prepare for a threatened attack, Scott, finding that the British had abandoned the peninsula in pursuit of Wilkinson, and that there was no immediate prospect of action at Fort George, hastened to join the army on the St. Lawrence, with the hope of sharing in the anticipated triumph at Montreal.

On the departure of Scott, Brigadier-General M'Clure, of the New-York militia, a Scotchman by birth, succeeded to the command of Fort George. The time

* Quoted by Ingersoll.

of service of his men expiring, and the general being left with a meager force of regulars to hold the position, M'Clure no sooner heard of the approach of **Dec. 10.** a large body of British soldiers and Indian auxiliaries, than he destroyed and abandoned the fort! Not content, however, with this unwarranted desertion of his post, he burned the neighboring village of Newark (now called Niagara, which lies at the entrance of the river of that name into Lake Ontario, opposite Fort Niagara), in order to deprive the enemy of a cover, and thus turned four hundred innocent and unoffending inhabitants out to wander houseless and homeless in the midst of a rigorous northern winter. Leaving a garrison of only one hundred men at Fort Niagara, and the remainder of his scanty force being distributed between Lewistown and Schlosser, M'Clure himself hastened across the river to Black Rock and Buffalo, for the purpose of procuring reinforcements and supplies of ammunition.

In the meantime, the enemy, justly exasperated by the wanton destruction of Newark, determined upon revenge.

Dec. 19. Before daybreak, Colonel Murray, with a detachment of four hundred British soldiers and a party of

Indians, crossed the Niagara river, and, finding the gate of Fort Niagara open, rushed in without opposition. The garrison, thus taken by surprise, were mercilessly put to the sword. The British flag was now raised; and, with the possession of Fort George and Fort Niagara, the enemy could boast of holding the entire command of the river Niagara. Lewistown was the next to suffer; and this, with the neighboring villages of Youngstown and Manchester (the latter since called Niagara Falls), and the Indian Tuscarora hamlet, were speedily reduced to ashes.

Ten days after, Major-General Riall crossed the Niagara with a larger force of British and Indians, attacked **Dec. 30.** Black Rock and Buffalo, burned both places, together with three schooners of Perry's fleet at the former, and laid waste every settlement and home on their route.

This ruthless vengeance on the part of the enemy, for the burning of Newark, gave rise to a correspondence between the hostile governments; but the British cabinet justified the conduct of its officers, and threatened still further retaliation, which, as will be seen in the future, was but too faithfully accomplished.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Calamities and Successes of the Campaign of 1813.—The Democrats on their Defence.—Great Plans for the Future.—Popular Sympathy.—The New Loan-Bill.—Congressional Debate.—A New Champion of the Opposition.—Daniel Webster.—Characteristics of the Man and the Orator.—His First Speech.—Passage of the Loan-Bill.—Despairing of Peace.—Strength of England.—Her Imperviousness.—Great Preparations.—A Proposition to negotiate.—The Pacific Madison.—Commissioners.—The Spirit of the Country.—The Feeling in New England.—A Startling Proposition.—Suspected Collusion with the Enemy.—Blue Lights of New England.—Military Favorites.—Grand Plans for the Campaign of 1814.—On the Defensive.—Attack upon Kingston proposed and abandoned.—March of General Wilkinson against La Coll Mill.—His Failure.—Resignation of Wilkinson.—A Court-Martial.—Loss of Popularity.—The New Major-Generals.—Success of Captain Holmes.—His Rewards.—Small Attempts of the British.—Retreat.—Misconduct of Captain Pring.

1814. THE calamitous events of the campaign of 1813, which on land had only been relieved by the recapture of Detroit and the partial triumphs over the Creek Indians, exercised all the ingenuity of excuse of the administration and the dominant democrats, when called upon to defend their policy. Grand results had been confidently predicted at the beginning of the year, grand designs had been planned, grand means employed; thirty-four thousand regulars, thirty thousand militia, and six thousand volunteers, had been enrolled, and thirty-three millions of dollars expended. The "war-party," nothing daunted by past failures, boldly looked again to the future for justification, and unhesitatingly claimed from the country such a free bestowal of its resources as to secure the success of a policy which the democrats contended, and the people were disposed more and more to believe, was essential to the national fame.

A new loan-bill was framed for the operations of the coming year, which gave

rise to renewed discussion of the policy of the war. This brought out the prominent leaders in Congress, both democratic and federalist. With Calhoun, Forsyth, and Troup, on one side, and Gaston, Grosvenor, and Webster, on the other, the conflict of debate waxed warm, and, with hardy endurance of oratorical power, lasted for several weeks.

DANIEL WEBSTER came forward as the new champion of the "opposition," and at once proved himself to be the most vigorous athlete in the struggle. Unpractised in the Congressional arena, he was somewhat formal in manner and precise in diction; but his very appearance betokened force, and every word he uttered evinced its possession. A dark face, apparently gloomy in its thoughtful reserve, deep-set eyes, heavy forehead, a tall figure, and solid proportions of body, were the noticeable physical characteristics of the man. A severe logic, a profound knowledge of the principles of constitutional law, a chaste but formal diction, and a grave utterance, were the

strongly-marked qualities of the orator. He arose now to make his first set speech in Congress, and, after denouncing the war as imprudent and inexpedient, declared that its execution was as feeble as its policy was rash. The campaign against Canada he utterly abhorred, as a fratricidal struggle. "I honor," he said, "the people that shrink from such warfare, which none but cannibals could enjoy. The people of Canada are all against your war on their government, and so are the yeomanry of the northern states, whom neither persuasion nor threat will enlist. Last year a bounty of sixteen dollars, increased this year to one hundred and four hundred dollars, tells the enemy and the world, tells everybody but the government, that war for the conquest of Canada is impracticable. The northern states alone, armed or unarmed, would overrun Canada in thirty days, if so inclined. As early as 1745 they raised five thousand men, and took Louisburg from the French. With adequate motive, Massachusetts could furnish forty thousand men. Two Canadian campaigns have failed, and nowhere had you as many as five thousand men together. Whenever attacked, the American people have defended themselves; but whenever defence ceases and invasion begins, they stop. They do not choose to pass the line, which, without serious obstacle, rises like a Chinese wall against their sentiments.

"What, then, should be done? Withdraw your invading armies, abandon commercial restrictions, and embargo annihilating trade by color of power to regulate

it. The constitution sprang from commerce, for which war is waged by those who never heard the surges of the sea, nor have any idea of a ship until they come from beyond their western hills to protect the maritime rights of those who remonstrated against it, with eight tenths of the seamen of the country; war for maritime rights thus forced on those alone interested in them. In the commerce of the country the constitution had its birth. In its extinction it will find its grave.

"The faith of the nation is pledged to its commerce. I conjure and entreat you to redeem it; and, without menace, forewarn you of consequences, unless you alter your course. Badly as I think of the original grounds and conduct of the war, I will aid in measures of defence and protection to procure just and honorable peace. Give up futile projects of invasion. Unclasp the iron grasp of embargo. Let it not be said that not one ship of force competent to defend your coast, convoy your trade, and perhaps raise the blockade of your coasts, is no chimera. If war must continue, go to the ocean; if contending for maritime rights, go to the theatre where they can be defended. There the united wishes and efforts of the nation will go with you. Our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge; lost in attachment to national character on that element where that character is made respectable. In protecting naval interests by naval means, you will arm yourselves with the whole power of national sentiment, and may command the whole abundance of national resources; in time enable your-

selves to redress injuries when offered, and, if need be, accompany your own flag throughout the world with the protection of your own cannon.”*

The bill proposing to raise by loan nearly thirty millions of dollars, after a long struggle, finally passed. The estimate for the expenditure of the whole year was put down at forty millions, a sum which was to be made up, in addition to the loan, by fresh taxes. This prospect of expense did not, however, deter the administration and the war-party from entering with spirit into preparations for the further prosecution of the war. There was, in fact, at the beginning of the year 1814, less hope than ever of making peace with Great Britain on any terms that would satisfy the sensitive honor of the American people. England, now strengthened by an alliance with Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sweden, was hopeful of soon crushing her great antagonist, Napoleon, and looked with diminished anxiety to her contest with her less formidable enemy on the American continent. Imperiously rejecting the proffer made by the commissioners from the United States to submit the question between the two countries to the arbitration of the emperor of Russia (Alexander I.), Great Britain resolved to continue her preparations for carrying on the war with increased vigor, in order to dictate her own terms of peace.

The defeat of Bonaparte at the battle of Leipsic, and the subsequent triumphant entry of the allied armies into Paris, soon following, gave Great Britain that

free command of her resources which rendered her both more exacting and more formidable. The British government, nevertheless, while getting ready its powerful fleets and armies for continuing the contest, affected a desire for peace, by a proposition to negotiate. An offer was made to treat directly at London, or at Gottenburg, in Sweden, if preferred. The pacific Madison, conscious of the increased danger to be apprehended from England, now in the free exercise of her formidable power, cheerfully acceded to the offer of the British government, and at once nominated John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin, and Jonathan Russell, as commissioners.

Serious as the prospect seemed should war continue, the spirit of the country became more and more roused in its favor. The state governments of New England, however, still persisted in declared opposition to hostilities. The organ of the ultra federalists, the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, even ventured to open its columns to the startling proposition, from a correspondent, that a separate peace should be negotiated by New England, or a neutral position assumed, while the rest of the states were left to indulge their warlike propensities to the fullness of their desire.* Governor Chittenden, of Vermont, had shown his opposition to the war by recalling the militia who had mustered in accordance with the recommendation of the federal government; and the legislature of Massachusetts, by a strong vote, had sanctioned the bold proceeding, declaring that it would uphold any gov-

* Reported by Ingersoll.

* Hildreth.

ernor, state, or people, in support of constitutional rights. The ultra federalists of New England were even suspected of collusion with the enemy. Captain De-
catur, who was blockaded within the harbor of New London, complained that all his attempts to get to sea were thwarted by some persons who burned *blue lights* at the mouth of the river Thames, and thus put the foe on their guard against his movements. An investigation was demanded in Congress, but the affair was deemed too frivolous for legislative action, and the whole matter was dropped. The indignation of the people, however, was excited; and, readily adopting the suggestion of the democratic papers, they fastened the stigma upon the New-England ultra opponents of the war, and denominated them the "Blue-light Federalists."

In the meanwhile, the military favorites of the government were giving further proofs of their incapacity, and more occasion for the bitter invectives of the opponents of the war. General Wilkinson, soon after taking up his winter-quarters at French Mills, on Salmon river, visited Governor Tompkins, of New York, at Albany, with whom he concocted another grand project for the invasion of Canada. Secretary Armstrong, too, proposed a scheme; but President Madison, dubious of the propositions of these aspiring tacticians, whose previous designs had so signally miscarried, cautiously resolved upon acting only on the defensive. Wilkinson was accordingly ordered to detach General Brown, with two thousand men, to defend Sackett's Harbor; and to

march himself, with the rest of the troops, to Plattsburg.

Secretary Armstrong was urgent that General Brown, now at Sackett's Harbor, should make an attack **Feb. 14.** upon Kingston; but the practical judgment of the latter, and that of Commodore Chauncey, having decided that the disposable force was insufficient, and the condition of the ice unfavorable, the design was abandoned.

General Wilkinson, in the meanwhile, having remained inactive until the spring, moved his army, four thousand strong, within a mile of the Canadian frontier, to cover the erection of a battery at Rouse's Point, with the view of preventing the British squadron on the St. Lawrence from entering Lake Champlain through the river Sorel. In order to thwart this design, the enemy concentrated a force at La Colle Mill. Wilkinson determined to attack it, and with four thousand men and some light artillery began his march. The main road was obstructed by felled trees; and the troops, on reaching Odel-town, were obliged to take a narrow path which led through a dense forest, and was miry with soft mud and melting snow. Major Forsyth and Colonel Clarke commanded the advance, and moved forward with a native guide placed between two dragoons, and forced to point the way to the mill. The heaviest gun, an eighteen-pounder, stuck fast, broke down, and was abandoned. It was with the greatest difficulty and labor that the lighter howitzers could be dragged along, as the wheels sank deep into the mud, and at every turn struck against the trees which thickly

bordered the narrow and crooked path. While thus moving on slowly, the straggling ranks were attacked by the
Mar. 30. foe, and greatly harassed. When they at last reached the spot, the troops stood in the snow a foot deep, and in a forest of wood so dense, that scarcely a man could see the mill before him. The enemy, consisting of only two hundred men, commanded by Major Handcock, made a gallant defence, keeping up a constant and fatal fire from their cover, and frequently rushing forward to seize the American guns.

Wilkinson, finding that his light artillery made no impression upon the walls of the mill, and that his troops were suffering terribly from the steady fire of the garrison, withdrew for the night, with the

Mar. 31. intention of renewing the attack next day. In the meantime, torrents of rain had fallen, and the road being deluged, it was found necessary to give up all further attempts, and Wilkinson marched his force back to Plattsburg. This failure drew upon the unlucky general so much ridicule and obloquy, that he retired from the army; and, although acquitted by a court-martial which he himself had demanded, he never was restored to the confidence of the country. George Izard, together with Jacob Brown, having been promoted from brigadiers to major-generals, the former succeeded to the command vacated by Wilkinson.

Feb. 21. A small success, earned with gallantry on another portion of the frontier, served in a slight degree to vindicate the military spirit of the country. Colonel A. Butler, commanding at

Detroit, despatched Captain A. H. Holmes, with a small detachment, to attack Fort Talbot, about a hundred miles in the interior of Canada. Fallen timber, bad roads, and deep snows, forced them to abandon their artillery; but the spirited young leader determined to push on, and trust to his musketry alone. Meeting with a force of the enemy consisting of not less than three hundred effective men, Holmes (whose whole number amounted to only one hundred and sixty) manœuvred skilfully, and succeeded in obtaining an entrenched position at Longwood, where the British were induced to attack him. A complete defeat of the foe ensued, with a loss of about eighty of their force, while that of the Americans was only six or seven. Captain Holmes was immediately made a major, as a reward for his gallantry.

The British were not less active, and made frequent small attempts. Captain Pring, the English naval commander on Lake Champlain, sailed from Isle
May 14. aux Noix, to attack and destroy the new American vessels just launched at Vergennes. With eight galleys and a bomb-vessel, supported by an armed brig and several sloops, the enemy appeared off the mouth of the Otter, and began an attack. After a short bombardment, they gave up the attempt, and drew off, suffering greatly, in their retreat up the lake, from the fire of the militia who had collected on the shore. They at length fled precipitately, leaving two of their small boats behind them. Pring, on his return, was sent to Montreal, and tried for misconduct.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sketch of Captain David Porter.—Cruise of the *Essex*.—Arrival at Port Praya.—Unexpected Hospitalities.—Noah's Ark.—Crossing the Equator.—Capture of the Packet *Nocton*.—Fernando de Naranha.—A Disguise.—Anglican Offerings.—Successful Ruse.—Information.—Off the Coast of Brazil.—Intelligence of the Constitution and Hornet.—For the Pacific.—Straits of Le Maire.—Staten Land.—Turbulent waters.—Preparations for doubling Cape Horn.—Hopeful Prospects.—A Change.—Ominous Black Clouds.—Storm after Storm.—Sufferings and Endurance.—A Hopeful Mood.—Another Storm.—An Enormous Sea.—Panic on Board.—Smooth Water.—On the Chilian Coast.—Island of Mocha.—A Day's Sport.—A Tragic Incident.—Delicacy of Horse-Meat.—First Sight of Valparaiso.—Reception.—Painted Beauties.—Social Communism.—Fastidious James.—A Gala.—A Sudden Change.—A Strange Sail.—Disappointment.—A Sea-sick Don.—Departure from Valparaiso.

1812. DAVID PORTER was born at Boston, on the 1st of February, 1780. His father was an officer in the navy during the war of the Revolution, and was distinguished by his courage and daring spirit.

The first voyage undertaken by the subject of this sketch was in a trading-vessel, commanded by his father, to St. Domingo. While at the port of Jeremie, in that island, a press-gang attempted to board, and was gallantly repelled, with the loss of several killed on both sides. Young Porter, who was then but sixteen, had his share in the engagement. One man was shot down by his side; and the affair reflected much credit upon the captain and his crew. In his second voyage he was twice impressed by the British, but effected his escape; and returned to his home in Boston, in the winter season, in a suffering condition for the want of clothing.

Soon after this, young Porter entered the United States navy, as midshipman. He sailed in the *Constellation*, Commodore Truxton; and, in the action with

the French frigate *Insurgente*, signalized himself by the gallantry of his conduct. When advanced to the rank of lieutenant, it was by dint of personal merit, he having no friends to bring him into notice. Joining the United States schooner *Experiment*, commanded by Captain Mauley, he proceeded on a cruise to the West Indies, where he fell in with a number of piratical barges: here Porter was again brought into honorable notice. He was likewise employed in boats, cutting out vessels, where he greatly distinguished himself by good judgment and personal prowess.

While on that station, Lieutenant Porter took charge of a pilot-boat, mounting five small swivels taken from the tops of the *Constellation*. Falling in soon after with a French privateer, mounting a long twelve-pounder, with several swivels, and having a crew of forty men, he resolved to engage her. The contest was for some time doubtful, but the privateer at length surrendered, having lost seven men killed and fifteen wounded. Porter had several killed, but none wounded. A prize which

the privateer had in company was likewise taken. The conduct of Porter on this occasion was highly spoken of by his commander. In his second expedition to the West Indies, with Captain Charles Stewart, they were also successful in operating against the privateers.

In the first squadron to the Mediterranean, Porter was first-lieutenant of the *Enterprise*, under Captain Stewart, and rendered himself very conspicuous in an engagement with a Tripolitan corsair, of much greater force, which at length was compelled to surrender.

On another occasion, with an expedition of boats, he entered the harbor of Tripoli, to destroy a number of vessels laden with wheat, which service was performed effectually; but in the fight he received a ball through his thigh.

Nothing of consequence occurred after he received his wound, until the 31st of October, 1803. Porter had been previously transferred to the frigate *Philadelphia*, as first-lieutenant, under Captain Bainbridge; and was on board when she ran aground, at that date, near the harbor of Tripoli. As before mentioned, she was taken possession of by the enemy, and the crew made prisoners. During a long and dreary confinement, Lieutenant Porter never suffered himself to sink into despondency, but applied himself closely to his studies, thus preparing the way to become still more useful to his country and to society.

After peace had been concluded with Tripoli, the officers and crew of the *Philadelphia* were set at liberty, and sailed to join the American squadron at Syra-

cuse, in Sicily. Porter, having been appointed to the command of the brig *Enterprise*, proceeded to cruise in the Mediterranean. Passing through the straits of Gibraltar, he was attacked by twelve Spanish gun-boats, pretending to suppose she was a British vessel. Although their weight of metal was vastly superior, he soon compelled them to sheer off.

After an arduous service of five years, Porter returned to the United States; was married to Miss Anderson, of Pennsylvania; and afterward took command of the flotilla on the New-Orleans station, where he rendered important aid in enforcing the embargo and non-intercourse law. In this service he likewise ferreted out and captured a French piratical schooner, which had so long infested the Chesapeake as to attract the attention of the government.*

At the declaration of war with Great Britain, in 1812, Captain Porter sailed from New York, in command of the frigate *Essex*, and, as previously related, fell in with and after a short engagement captured the British sloop-of-war *Alert*, Captain Langhorne.

When Commodore Bainbridge sailed from Boston, in 1813, with the *Constitution* and the *Hornet*, whose achievements have been already narrated, it will be remembered that the *Essex*, under Captain Porter, then lying in the Delaware, was ordered to follow and join the squadron at St. Jago, or Fernando de Naranha.

The *Essex*, carrying thirty-two guns, fitted and provisioned for a long cruise, and manned with a crew of three hun-

* Niles.

dred and nineteen, got to sea two days after Commodore Bainbridge sailed. The

Oct. 28. incidents of Porter's adventurous voyage now claim a record. Having taken a southeast course, after reaching latitude thirty-six degrees seven minutes north, and longitude fifty-eight degrees fifty-four minutes west, with the view of crossing the tracks of vessels bound from England to Bermuda, and those from the West Indies to Europe, the *Essex*, though failing in her object, met in her course with various Portu-

Nov. 27. guese traders, and finally sighted the villages upon the treeless mountains of St. Jago. Entering its harbor of Port Praya, but finding that the commodore had not been there, and the time appointed for his visit having expired, Captain Porter, after receiving unexpected hospitalities from the Portuguese governor—supreme in authority over thirty whites and two or three thousand negroes—and loading his ship with pigs, sheep, fowls, a hundred thousand oranges, and large quantities of coconuts, plantains, lemons, limes, and cassada, sailed again on his course. The seamen having been indulged with the privilege of furnishing themselves with monkeys and young goats as pets, the ship, with this addition to its live stock, "bore no slight resemblance to Noah's ark."

After keeping the frigate to the southeast until she was well out of sight, for the purpose of deluding the hospitable governor of St. Jago with the idea that the African coast was the point proposed, Porter suddenly shifted his course to the south-southwest, with the view of falling

in with the island of St. Pedro de Ponedro. Not finding the land, however, in the latitude and longitude laid down in the charts, the *Essex* continued on her course, and crossed the equator **Dec. 11.** in longitude thirty degrees west.

Next day, in the afternoon, a sail, bearing the appearance of a British brig-of-war, being discovered, all sail was made in chase. The attempt to decoy the shy stranger by a display of scant English bunting proving futile, the *Essex* continued in pursuit, and came up with her during the night. Being desirous of doing her as little injury as possible, Captain Porter ordered his great guns not to be fired; but as she attempted to run athwart the *Essex's* stern, with the apparent intention of raking and making her escape, he gave her a volley of musketry, which brought down a man, and caused her to strike. The brig proved to be his Britannic majesty's packet *Nocton*, of ten guns and thirty-one men, bound to Falmouth. Taking out the crew and the fifty-five thousand dollars of specie found in her, the prize was despatched, under the command of Lieutenant Finch, to the United States. The English officers and passengers were permitted to go in the brig, on parole of honor, and to embark in any vessel they might meet bound to England or elsewhere.

In two days more, the peak of the pyramid of the island of Fernando **Dec. 15.** de Naranha, that dismal land of the galley-slave, shot up to view above the broad and smooth expanse of the southern sea. Hoisting English colors, and disguising his man-of-war as a mer-

chantman, Porter ran the Essex close in. Lieutenant Downes, "in plain clothes," being sent ashore in the boat, was directed to inform the Portuguese governor that the ship was the Fanny, Captain Johnson, from London, via Newfoundland, bound to Rio Janeiro for a cargo, out sixty days; that she was short of water, and had several of the crew down with the scurvy; that refreshments were greatly needed; and that the vessel, having lost all her anchors but one, and her cables being bad, she could not anchor. After an absence of two hours and a half, the lieutenant returned with the information that two British frigates had taken their departure from the island during the previous week, having reported themselves as his Britannic majesty's ships *Acasta*, of forty-four guns, Captain Kerr, and the *Morgiana*, of twenty guns, from England, bound to India; while a letter had been left by the captain of the *Acasta* for Sir James Yeo, of the British frigate *Southampton*, to be sent to England by the first opportunity.

Captain Porter, having at the same time received a present of fruit from the governor, hastened to respond to his generosity by a return gift of porter and cheese, and thus took care to keep up the illusion of his English character by these truly Anglican offerings. By the same opportunity, the wily Porter politely sent word that there was a gentleman on board his ship who was intimately acquainted with Sir James Yeo, and who would deliver the letter, as he was going to sail direct from the Brazils to England. The bait took admirably. The governor received his porter and cheese with many

grateful acknowledgments, and sent the letter which had been intrusted to his charge. Porter, without any nice scruples about etiquette (for he felt assured that he himself was the "Sir James Yeo" intended, and that his correspondent Kerr of the "*Acasta*" was no other than Bainbridge of the *Constitution*), broke the seal, and read:—

"MY DEAR MEDITERRANEAN FRIEND: Probably you may stop here; don't attempt to water; it is attended with too much difficulty. I learnt, before I left *England*, that you were bound to the Brazil coast; if so, perhaps we may meet at St. Salvador or Rio Janeiro: I should be happy to meet and converse on our old affairs of captivity; recollect our secret in those times.

"Your friend, of H. B. M.'s ship *Acasta*,
"KERR."

"SIR JAMES YEO, of H. B. M.'s ship *Southampton*."

Porter, having read thus far, ordered a candle, and, placing the paper near the flame, soon brought these further words, written in sympathetic ink, into distinct revelation:—

"I am bound off St. Salvador, thence off Cape Frio, where I intend to cruise until the first of January. Go off Cape Frio, to the northward of Rio Janeiro, and keep a lookout for me.

"Your friend."

Thus instructed, Captain Porter, again putting to sea, was enabled to direct his course with a fair hope of falling in with Commodore Bainbridge. The *Essex* accordingly cruised off the coast of Brazil;

but after stopping at the isle of St. Catharines for water and provisions, and gathering from a stray Portuguese trader here and there, and a captured English merchantman, such intelligence of the Constitution and the Hornet as induced him to think there was little prospect of meeting them, Porter determined to make his way into the Pacific ocean.

1813. The Essex had occasion, in her stormy and dangerous experience, at the commencement of the new year, to appreciate all the proverbial horrors of doubling Cape Horn. Groping his way into the straits of Le Maire, Porter was startled by the dangers which beset him. The dreary coast of Staten Land, bursting grimly upon the sight, presented an aspect terrible to the boldest navigator. The whole sea, from the rushing of the current, appeared in a foam of breakers; the wind blew in violent gusts, and a dull haze added its gloom and dangers to the scene. Forced to carry a heavy press of sail, in order to weather the land, upon which the waves broke ominously only half a mile away, the ship pitched her fore-castle into the turbulent waters, and was so tossed about, that it was impossible for any man to stand upon her deck without grasping something to hold by. The staunch qualities of the Essex, however, bore her safely through the straits; and, with a "pleasant breeze from the northward, and a smooth sea," she directed her course for Cape Horn. To meet the coming trials of this dreaded passage, some of the guns were put below, the heavy spars stowed on a lower deck, the new and strong sails bent, and preventer-

shrouds got up to secure the masts. The cape was finally made, under the promising auspices of an horizon "somewhat clear; the wind moderate from the westward; the sun shining out bright;" while there was nothing to mar the prospect of pleasant weather, "with the exception of some dark and lowering clouds to the northward." Every man on board was exulting in the pleasing expectation of escape from the much-heard-of terrors of Cape Horn. "So different was the temperature of the air, the appearance of the heavens, and the smoothness of the sea, to everything we had expected and pictured to ourselves," wrote the commander of the Essex, "that we could not but smile at our own credulity and folly in giving credit to (what we supposed) the exaggerated and miraculous accounts of former voyagers."*

While indulging in these pleasing and self-delusive speculations, those ominous "black clouds hanging over Cape Horn" suddenly burst upon the ship with a fury that in a few moments reduced her flowing canvas to a reefed foresail and close-reefed maintopsail, and finally to storm-staysails. With the violence of the wind came an irregular and dangerous sea, threatening at every roll of the ship to jerk out her masts. Storm succeeded storm, with only those intervals of deceitful calm to encourage the making sail, and to add to the labor of the hard-worked crew, who were immediately after compelled by the coming blast to reef again. The men, with barely provisions enough to satisfy hunger, and which be-

* Captain David Porter's published Journal.

came so scarce that a rat was esteemed a dainty, and pet monkeys were sacrificed to appease an importunate appetite—and without sufficient clothing and shoes to protect them from the excessive cold and the constant drenching from the rain, snow-storms, and the water shipped from the heavy seas—suffered greatly, but spiritedly endured all.

On the last of February, being in the latitude of fifty degrees south, and fairly in the Pacific ocean, Captain Porter, as his ship glided on a smooth sea, before a moderate breeze, congratulated himself upon the cheering prospect. In this hopeful mood he began to replace his guns, get out his spars, and renew his rigging; and, speculating upon the floating kelp, the sporting whales, the hovering birds, and the hanging clouds, he cheered himself with the reflection that, having doubled Cape Horn, all danger was over. In the midst of these preparations for fine weather, however, and these consoling reflections of security, the wind freshened to a gale, and soon blew with a fury even exceeding anything before experienced during the voyage.

It was hoped, from the excessive violence of the wind, that it would soon blow out its strength. This hope failing, and all on board worn out with fatigue and anxiety, alarmed by the terrors of a lee-shore, and in momentary expectation of the loss of the masts and bowsprit, they began to despair of their safety. The ship, with her water-ways gaping, and her timbers separating widely from the heavy and continued straining to which she had been exposed, now made a great deal of

water; and, to add to the fearfulness of the danger, the pumps had got choked. The sea, in the meantime, had risen to a great height, threatening at every roll to swallow the frigate. For two days the storm continued without a change. On the third it was still unabated; but as the good ship had resisted its violence, “to the astonishment of all, without receiving any considerable injury,” it was hoped that, from her buoyancy, and other excellent qualities, she might yet be able to weather the storm. Before the third day was past, however, an enormous sea broke over the vessel, and for an instant destroyed all hope. The gun-deck ports were burst in; both boats on the quarters stove; the spare spars washed from the chains; the head-rails swept away; the hammock-stanchions crushed in; and the ship “perfectly deluged and water-logged.” One man, an old sailor too (the boatswain taken from the English packet *Nocton*), was so appalled, that he cried out in his despair that the ship’s broadside was stove in, and that she was sinking. The alarm ran throughout the vessel—to those below, deluged by the immense torrents of water rushing down the hatchways; and to those above, swept as they were by the huge seas out of their hammocks, and from the spar to the gun deck—for they all believed that the *Essex* was about to plunge for ever into the depths of the ocean. The men at the wheel, however (who were only able, by clinging with all their might, to keep to their post), distinguished themselves by their cool intrepidity, and were rewarded by the commander with advancement of

a grade in rank, while at the same time the others were rebuked for their timidity.

Passing the inhospitable coasts of Patagonia and lower Chili, the Essex now sailed into smoother seas; and, with fine breezes from the southward, and pleasant and temperate weather, she glided rapidly over the Pacific. The Andes, hundreds of miles distant, towering above the land, presented with their snowy summits a wintry contrast to the arid hills of the Chilian coast, basking in a perpetual summer's sun. With spirits cheered by the propitious change from tempestuous to temperate latitudes, and the prospect of soon falling in with some of the enemy's vessels, every man on board was in a mood of agreeable contentment and hopeful enjoyment.

In want of provisions and water, Captain Porter stood for the island of Mocha, off and about a third of the way up the coast of Chili. Its hills were soon discerned, with their peaks rising high into the calm sky, and their rocky bases disturbed by the swell of the sea, which broke tumultuously upon the extended reefs. Over the island hovered multitudes of birds, and in the surf sported great crowds of lively seals.

In a sheltered anchorage the Essex at last found a rest and place of security; and all her people, eager once more to plant their feet upon the solid land, joyfully accepted their commander's leave to revel for a while upon the shore. The island, having been deserted by the Spaniards during the time when the ruthless buccaneers roamed over those seas, was

unpeopled; and its woods and unclaimed pastures were left to the horses and hogs, now grown wild in their freedom from restraint.

Each man and boy left the ship armed with a musket, eager to have a *battue* among the animals, and bring back to the vessel a supply of fresh pork and horse-meat, to vary their long-continued and spare salt-sea messes. Finding, after diligent search, a quiet cove between the rocks, the boats pulled in, and the men thronged ashore. The hunt began, and, after several hours, ten hogs and some young pigs were "bagged" by the most skilful shots. A drove of wild horses at last, in the dusk of the evening, came dashing along, upon which every sportsman poised his gun. The commander, however, fearful of an accident, ordered them to place themselves in such a way as not to endanger each other's life, and to withhold their fire until he gave the signal by the first shot. He accordingly fired, and was followed by a volley from his men. One horse was crippled, and the sailors ran to despatch it with clubs. As they gathered about their victim, a young officer, who was very short-sighted, seeing the group dimly, fired directly at them, supposing in the darkness that they were the horses. The musket-ball passed through the right shoulder of one of the best men in the ship, a gunner's mate—James Spafford—who, as he fell, only said: "Sir, you have shot me. I am a dying man; take me to the boat." With this tragic incident, the day's sport closed. A supply of fresh provisions, however, was secured, by which the half-famished

crew were greatly refreshed. "The horse-meat," reports the commander, "was generally preferred to the hogs, it being fatter and more tender; the hogs proved tough, and had besides (to me) an unpleasant flavor, though I heard of no complaints among the sailors on that subject, as their stomachs were perhaps less delicate."

Weighing anchor again, the *Essex* was steered directly for Valparaiso. Sailing along the arid Chilian coast, with the snow-capped Andes ever in sight, the Point of Angels, which forms the western limit of the bay of Valparaiso, was finally made.

Mar. 14. Doubling the point with a stiff breeze from the southward, Captain Porter, who had never before visited the place, looked anxiously for the town, and took care to sound cautiously at every moment. First, a long, sandy beach, opposite to the Point of Angels, stretched into view; then a large drove of loaded mules was seen straggling down a zigzag mountain-road; and in a moment afterward the whole town, the shipping with its colors flying, and the forts, burst as it were from behind the rocks; and the *Essex* herself, without a breath of wind, stood becalmed in the quiet bay, under the guns of a threatening battery.

The animated scene looked tempting to the sea-rovers after their long and perilous voyage; but as a number of Spanish vessels, with their sails bent in readiness to go to sea, and probably bound to Lima, were in the bay, and might give intelligence of the arrival of an American frigate, and thus defeat the concealed purposes of the *Essex*, it was not judged

advisable to run in and anchor immediately. There was also an English whaler in the port, refitting for sea, which it was hoped there might be a chance of intercepting by lying in wait for her off the coast. Porter accordingly stood with his ship to the northward, and, catching the breeze again, made all sail, and in four hours was thirty miles away from Valparaiso.

The next day, however, the *Essex* returned, and, making the Point of Angels once more, boldly entered the roadstead of Valparaiso, and anchored. **Mar. 15.** An agreeable surprise awaited the American frigate, in a welcome from the authorities. Chili had just thrown off its allegiance to Spain, and, released from all obligations of the mother-country with England, had just flung open its ports to all nations. The United States man-of-war, now confident of hospitality, proclaimed her recognition of the new relations by a salute of twenty-one guns, which was responded to punctually by the forts. The armed American brig *Colt*, which was lying in the harbor, also welcomed the arrival of her compatriot by a salute of nine guns, which the *Essex* returned with seven. On landing, Captain Porter at once found a warm reception from the governor and his associates, and congratulated himself upon discovering that he had got among "staunch republicans," who, "filled with revolutionary principles, were apparently desirous of establishing a form of government founded on liberty."

A week now ensued, busy with preparations for sea, and daily interchanges of

courtesy between the officers of the Essex and the authorities and people of Valparaiso. Mr. Poinsett, of South Carolina, the American consul-general, hastened from Santiago, the capital, and, accompanied by Don Luis Carrera, the brother of the president of the new republic, and others of distinction, arrived at Valparaiso, to give welcome to the visitors, and participate in the festivities of the occasion. Dinners, balls, excursions, and parties, followed in rapid succession. The American officers were petted by the painted beauties of Valparaiso, and, familiarly hob-nobbing with them, sucked *mate* convivially through the single tube, helped themselves to satiety to sweetmeats with the single fork, and smoked the single cigar which, with unattractive social communism, was served in common to the whole company. A Chilian lady, who fastidiously rejects the arm or hand of foreign courtesy proffered for a walk, considers it the height of polished politeness to transfer to your lips the *cigarette* freshly moistened by her own; and will not hesitate in close embrace to join with you, with impassioned earnestness, in all the lascivious movements of their indelicate dances.

With a hope for needed succor, in their yet incomplete revolution, from the United States—a hope which Captain Porter artfully encouraged—the Chilian authorities took care to do everything toward conciliating the Americans. The duties on exportation of provisions were remitted in favor of the Essex; and every facility was rendered for supplying her and fitting her for sea. All being in readi-

ness, Porter, with a sailor's easy compliance with the customs of the port he was in, invited the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Valparaiso to a farewell entertainment on board his ship, Mar. 21. on the last Sunday of his stay. Everything was prepared for the gala; and the commander, with his officers, on the day and hour appointed, was ready to take the ladies in his boats to the Essex, when suddenly there came a messenger from her, with information that a large frigate had appeared in the offing.

“We all immediately,” says the gallant Porter, “left our fair Chilians, and, without any ceremony, jumped in our boats and repaired on board, where I found everything prepared for getting under way. I soon perceived that the strange ship was a thirty-two gun frigate, gave orders to cut the cables, and in an instant the Essex was under a cloud of canvas; but as the breeze, which had until this moment blown, now failed, we got all our boats ahead, and towed out of the harbor; and in the course of an hour we were alongside the stranger, who proved to be a Portuguese, that had been sent round by the government at Rio Janeiro, for the purpose of getting a supply of flour for Lisbon. As there was every expectation of an engagement, the consul-general and several Americans and Spaniards, and Don Luis Carrera, came on board, to share with us the dangers; the latter appeared to us a spirited youth (about twenty-two years of age), and, as he had never been in any engagement of importance, was evidently anxious to partake of one. His constant request of

me was to board the stranger; and his disappointment was great when he discovered the Portuguese flag. We could perceive the hills crowded with men, women, and children, all equally and perhaps more anxious than Don Luis to see the fight. Among them, as it afterward proved, were our fair guests, who did not hesitate to declare their disappointment, and frankly acknowledged that a sight of a sea-engagement would have had more charms for them than all the entertainment we could have afforded them on board the ship."

The wind proving light, Captain Porter was obliged to stand off to sea during the night, which enlarged the nautical experience of the distinguished landmen, and effectually quenched by a fit of sea-sickness the naval ardor of young Don Luis. Next day, the Essex got back to her anchorage; and shortly after **Mar. 22.** (having in the meantime banqueted again with the governor, and compensated the beauties of Valparaiso for their former disappointment by a reception on board his ship) Captain Porter sailed from the port.

CHAPTER XXX.

Cruise of the Essex continued.—To the Northward.—A Privateer disgorged.—A Peep into Coquimbo.—A Prize.—Arrival at Callao.—To the Gallipagos.—Preparations.—Health of the Crew.—Disappointment at Chatham Island.—Charles Island.—Hathaway's Postoffice.—A Whaler handling the Pen.—Description of the Gallipagos.—Birds.—Gallipago Tortoise.—Delicious Food.—Reservoirs of Water.—"Sail ho!"—A Good Day's Work.—Prizes turned into Cruisers.—Refitting.—Return of the Georgiana.—A Sail.—Chase.—Prize.—A Renegade Yankee Skipper.—Prizes.—Visit to Tumbuz.—A Spanish Don.—A Handsome Wife.—The Georgiana and her Prizes.—The Essex Junior.—Disposition of Prizes.—Parting with the Essex Junior.—Sealed Orders.—Porter returns to the Gallipagos.—Getting rid of Superfluous Ships.—Preparing for a Cruise.—More Prizes.—Departure from the Gallipagos.—An Antiseptic.—Cheering Intelligence.—Effect of the Remedy.

1813. TAKING his cue from information obtained of an American whaler which put into the bay of Valparaiso just at the moment the Essex was weighing anchor, Porter, with a fresh breeze from the southward, steered to the north, with the view of falling in with some British privateers cruising about the Chilian and Peruvian coasts, and committing depredations upon the United States vessels engaged in the whale-fishery. Overtaking a ship, which proved to be the whaler

Charles, Captain Gardner, belonging to Nantucket, and which had just escaped from the clutches of a privateer at Callao, the port of Lima, by paying costs, it was learned that two other American whale-ships (the Walker and the Barclay) had been captured by a Spanish and an English vessel. **Mar. 25.**

Crowding all sail, the Essex now pushed on, in company with the Charles, in pursuit of the cruisers. In a few hours the Spaniard (who proved to be a Peruvian

privateer, the *Neryda*) was overhauled; and its commander having made a free confession—under the illusion that the *Essex*, with the English flag flying, was his British ally—and the captains with some of the crews of the *Barclay* and the *Walker* being found on board, Porter disgorged her of her American prisoners, threw overboard all her guns, ammunition, and small-arms, and, leaving her nothing but her topsails and courses, sent her back to Callao, with a letter to the viceroy of Lima, denouncing the piratical conduct of the commander of the *Neryda*, and leaving him to be dealt by according to his excellency's sense of justice.

The *Neryda*'s English ally, the *Nimrod*—for that proved to be her name—was the next object of pursuit. The *Essex* accordingly stood off the *Chinchas* (then only remarkable as the foul waste-places of the innumerable birds of the air—now so famous as the resort of fleets of traders, busy in loading with that guano which has made the fields and gardens of Europe blossom again with beauty and plenty), and during the night peeped into *Coquimbo*. Not finding the *Nimrod* there, however, the *Essex* continued her cruise to Callao. As she floated along on the smooth tropical sea toward the port, three vessels were seen making their way for it. Porter, anxious to head them off, ordered buckets of water to be thrown upon his wide-spread canvas, that it might the more readily catch every breath of the gentle southern breeze, and strove to accomplish his purpose. Just as one of them turned the island of *San Lorenzo*,

to go into the harbor, she got becalmed, as was anticipated; and the *Essex*, taking the breeze outside, shot rapidly forward to within a hundred yards of her. Lowering his boats, Porter now sent them to tow her out, which was soon effected, and the prize proved to be the *Barclay*. With English colors hoisted, and her appearance greatly altered by fresh painting, the *Essex* floated into the harbor without fear of being recognised, even by the Spanish vessels which were now lying in the port of Callao, and had witnessed her arrival in the roadstead of *Valparaiso*. Not finding the *Nimrod* in the harbor, the *Essex* immediately sailed again, accompanied by the *Barclay*, which, with the consent of her captain (whose crew were unwilling to return with him to the United States), was now, with *Midshipman Cowan* in command, received into commission.

The *Gallipagos* islands, which, from all information, was the great resort of English whalers, and where with their famous turtles there was known to be an abundant supply of refreshment, were now the next place sought by the energetic commander of the roving *Essex*. During the smooth transit from the coasts of *Peru* and *Ecuador* to the west, every preparation was made for the expected struggle with the heavy-armed *letters of marque* engaged in the British whale-fishery, which it was confidently hoped to meet at the *Gallipagos*. The magazine was got in good order for service; and, as calms were known to be prevalent there, the small boats, amounting to seven, were organized into a flotilla, under the command

of Lieutenant Downes. The crew responded heartily to their commander's enthusiasm, and readily submitted to the restrictions to which he thought it prudent to subject them. In spite of the heat of the weather, they yielded without a murmur to the short allowance of two quarts of water a day. By diligent care, the health of the people on board had been wonderfully preserved, and at this moment there were but two men on the sick-list, and the surgeon, Doctor Miller, who, wasting with consumption, had been transferred at his own request from the bustle of the man-of-war Essex to the greater quiet of the Barclay.

April 17. On reaching Chatham island, one of the Gallipagos group, disappointment met the bold navigators—not an enemy's vessel was to be seen. The next day, on entering the harbor of Charles island, they still found themselves the only visitors. A search on land rewarded them, however, with the discovery of some useful information. A box was found nailed to a post, over which was a black sign, with the words "*Hathaway's Postoffice.*" This was ruthlessly emptied of its letters, as mail-robbery was deemed no offence in that time of war, and information was obtained of the visits of five well-laden whalers, which had come and gone within twelve months or less. Three American commanders were among those who had dropped their letters for unknown correspondents in this distant ocean postoffice. One of our countrymen, Captain Macy, of the Sukey, was, it is hoped, more successful in handling a harpoon than a pen, in the use of which

he had boldly committed to the world this specimen of his skill:—

"June 14th 1812.

"Ship Sukey John Macy 7½ Months out 150 Barrels 75 days from Lima No oil Since Leaving that Port. Spanyards Very Savage Lost on the Braziel Bank John Sealin Apprentice to Capt Benjamin Worth Fell from the fore top sail Yard In a Gale of Wind. Left Diana Capt paddock 14 days Since 250 Barrels I Leave this port this Day With 250 Turpen* 8 Boat Load Wood Yesterday Went up to Patts Landing East Side. to the Starboard hand of the Landing 1½ Miles Saw 100 Turpen 20 Rods A part Road Very Bad.

"Yours Forevir

"JOHN MACY."

The Essex sailed from island to island, looking in vain, for a week or two, for any vessels to capture; but, in the meantime, giving her people an opportunity of becoming familiar with the resources of the Gallipagos. These uninhabited islands are mostly of a uniform character, showing mountainous peaks and ridges forced up by volcanic action, which still bursts forth in frequent eruptions. The acclivities are mostly cindery in appearance, and bare of vegetation; but here and there are sequestered nooks, green with fresh verdure and shaded by groves of trees. Springs are scarce, and the ships which visit the islands have little reliance for water but upon the occasional transitory streams, or wells in the hollows of the rocks after a copious rain. The pelican, the booby, the teal, and other aquatic

* Terrapins.

birds, are constantly hovering about the coasts; and, in the interior, doves of a beautiful plumage, mocking-birds, and thrushes, abound. The notable animal products of the islands, however, are the land-tortoises, the turtles, the iguanas, and the crabs. The Gallipago tortoise is of elephantine size, frequently weighing over three hundred pounds. Hideous to the sight, as they move their massive bodies, encrusted with an ugly shell, toddling along slowly upon their heavy feet and legs, and projecting their long and serpent-like neck and head, they yet carry about them stores of the most delicious food. They are so fat, that they require neither butter nor lard to cook them; and this fat, superior in flavor to fresh olive-oil, is of so delicate a nature, that it never cloy. When the meat of the Gallipago tortoise has been once eaten, all other food seems insipid in comparison. It is not less digestible than appetizing, and, always pleasing the palate, never fails to agree with the stomach. The animals, moreover, offer the convenience of being easily caught, and the advantage of being long kept in perfection. Heaps of them have been known to be stored among the casks in the hold of a ship for eighteen months of a voyage, and when killed, after that long period, to have been as fat and eatable as when first caught. They supply not only food but drink to the voyager; for in a bag, at the roots of their necks, they carry a perpetual reservoir of fresh water, which is often found to measure full two gallons. The green turtles and the iguanas are abundant, and only less agreeable as food than

the delicious tortoise. Seals and fish of many varieties also swarm in the waters. Trees are to be found in sufficient abundance to supply vessels with necessary wood; and the prickly pear and the sorrel afford the vegetable food so essential to the prevention of scurvy, and the cure of that disease of the exposed and afflicted mariner.

After cruising thus through and about the islands, the crew of the *Essex* were at last aroused one morning with the cheering shout of "Sail ho!" **April 29.** The long-sought-for prize was now within their grasp. A short pursuit secured possession of the British whale-ship *Montezuma*, with fourteen hundred barrels of spermaceti oil. In a few hours after, two other vessels were discovered; and the boats being got out, as the sea had fallen calm, these also were overtaken and captured. Thus the British whale-ships *Georgiana*, of six eighteen-pounders, and the *Policy*, of ten six-pounders, were added to complete the success of that day's work, by which three prizes, of an aggregate value in England of half a million of dollars, had been secured.

The *Georgiana*, which had the reputation of being a fast sailer, was forthwith equipped as a cruiser. The ten guns of the *Policy* being added to her six, the small-arms and ammunition of the other prizes put on board of her, her decks cleared of the various works for trying oil, and Lieutenant Downes with forty-one men placed in command, she hoisted the American colors, fired a salute of seventeen guns, and was despatched at once to do duty as a United States man-of-war.

In the meantime, the *Essex* continued to cruise in the neighborhood of the Galipagos, on the lookout for further prizes. Finding his ship in want of repairs, and the weather fine, Captain Porter had her rigging renewed, new spars fitted, and her hull painted, while floating in the calm Pacific; and at the cost of the enemy, on whose vessels he had found all the rope, the tar, and the other marine stores required.

The *Georgiana* was not long absent, and was joyfully welcomed on her return by the *Essex* at Charles island, whither both vessels had sailed, with the same hope of picking up a British whaler. The *Georgiana* was soon again despatched on a cruise, to Albemarle island; and the *Essex*, on the strength of the report of Chaplain Adams, that he had observed a strange sail while on a scientific expedition, went in search of the unknown craft. Returning, however, without success, and while cruising in the neighborhood of

May 28. Charles island, a sail was made ahead. The *Essex* now, with all her canvas spread, pushed on in pursuit, followed by her prizes, the *Policy*, the *Montezuma*, and the American whaler *Barclay*. The day and the night passed, and still the stranger was not overtaken. Next morning, however, she was again sighted, and the chase renewed. Flying with the English ensign and pennant, and having a warlike appearance, the enemy looked like a British sloop-of-war. Porter accordingly prepared for action, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a crew weakened by distribution, and the absence of all his officers, who were either

in command of the prizes, or of the boats which had been lowered during a momentary calm, to try and overtake the stranger. But the energetic commander exerted himself to remedy every deficiency. He ordered the marines and topmen, the bracemen, and all others on board, to take their stations at the guns; and, finding them all full of energy and zeal, he hurried to the contest, with no fears about the result.

The wind freshening, the *Essex*, with English colors flying, was soon alongside of her antagonist, whom she at once secured. The stranger proved to be the ship *Atlantic*, a British letter of marque, mounting six eighteen-pounders, and commanded by a renegade Nantucket skipper, one Obadiah Wier.

At the moment the *Atlantic* was overhauled, another strange sail hove in sight; when Porter, with characteristic energy, threw some of the men and Lieutenant M'Knight, of the *Montezuma*, into the new prize, as she was a fast sailer, and immediately despatched her in pursuit. The *Essex* also, at the same time, taking a little different course, joined in the chase, which proved successful—adding the *Greenwich*, of three hundred and thirty-eight tuns, ten guns, and twenty-five men, to the long list of prizes.

Captain Porter now, with his squadron of five vessels, exclusive of the *Georgiana*, which he expected to meet at *Tumbez*, in the gulf of *Guayaquil*, on the coast of *Equador*, made his way to that rendezvous, touching at the island of *La Plata* in his course. Arriving off the mouth of the *Tumbez* river, the commander went

to the shore in an armed boat, and visited the wretched village of that name, where, on the marshy land, thronging with alligators, the parti-colored natives had built their rude huts, and cultivated their abounding fields of cocoa, plantains, maize, melons, oranges, pumpkins, and sugar-cane. The governor, a Spanish don, in tarnished regimentals, could not conceal his predilection for his English allies, but was awed by the presence of the American force into a becoming hospitality for his visitors, in which he was seconded by his wife, a handsome young native, of mixed Indian and Spanish blood (though her bloom was somewhat variegated with blotches of flea-bites), who cooked the dinner.

While busy watering and wooding the ships, and regaling the crews with fresh fruit and provisions, the *Georgiana* arrived, with the *Hector* and the *Catherine*, two of the three prizes which Lieutenant Downes had captured off the Gallipagos. The third, the *Rose*, Downes had cleared of her cargo of whale-oil, and, filling her up with his superfluous prisoners, sent on her way rejoicing to St. Helena.

Captain Porter now counted nine ships in all in his possession. The *Atlantic* being the fastest sailer among the prizes, was mounted with twenty guns, named the *Essex Junior*, and appointed a cruiser. Lieutenant Downes was transferred to her as her commander, and the *Georgiana* given in charge of "Parson" Adams, the chaplain.

June 30. Having left all the prisoners, with three boats, off the mouth of the *Tumbez*, and having received from

them a solemn pledge not to serve against the United States until they should be regularly exchanged, Porter sailed on another cruise. The *Essex Junior* was kept in close company with the *Essex*, whose carpenters and men were busy at work upon her, building up breastworks, and completing her conversion into a cruiser, until the 9th of July, when she was despatched to Valparaiso, with the prize-ships *Hector*, *Catherine*, *Policy*, and *Montezuma*, and the American ship *Barclay*—to sell or dispose of the first four as might seem most advantageous, and leave the last to act according to the discretion of her commander. Lieutenant Downes, in command of the *Essex Junior*, was at the same time directed by sealed orders, not to be opened until he left Valparaiso, to "scour the coast of Chili and Peru, keeping the usual distance for whalers; to look into the harbor of Lima; proceed to the Gallipagos to look for letters; get rid of all the prisoners, if possible; join the *Essex* at Chitahoo or Santa Christina," one of the Marquesas, where Porter declared he would be at anchor, or leave word in Resolution bay, in the latter part of September or on the first of October.

The *Essex* herself, in company with the *Greenwich* and *Georgiana*, returned to the old cruising-ground in the neighborhood of the Gallipagos, and in a few days picked up three more prizes—the *Charlton*, of ten guns; the *Seringapatam*, a notorious corsair, of fourteen guns; and the *New-Zealander*, of eight. The *Seringapatam*, having been built in England as a man-of-war for Tippoo Saib, was a good sailer, and in every respect well

adapted for a cruiser, into which she was accordingly converted, and twenty-two guns mounted on her. Terry, a master's mate, was promoted to the command. The New-Zealander was likewise adopted into the service, under the charge of Mr. Shaw, the purser. The regular list of sea-officers had already been so far exhausted, that it had been found necessary, as we have seen, to give the chaplain a temporary command, and Lieutenant Gamble of the marines (aided by two expert seamen as mates, to supply the deficiencies of his nautical education) charge of the store-ship Greenwich. The Charlton was filled with prisoners, and given up to the command of her British captain, who solemnly promised on oath to deliver his passengers at Rio Janeiro, for which port she now sailed. The Georgiana, with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of spermaceti oil, was despatched, under the command of an American lieutenant whom it was convenient to get rid of, to the United States, carrying with him as a prisoner the captain of the corsair Seringapatam, a bold, unscrupulous fellow, whom it was desirable to keep from further mischief.

Having thus disposed of his supernumerary ships and men, Porter continued still for some time at the Gallipago islands. While cruising in the neighborhood, the Essex made a sail, and for the first time failed in coming up with her, in consequence of the benefit which the stranger received from a sudden breeze, while her pursuer was becalmed. Returning to the harbor, the Essex was anchored; her sails, rigging, and boats, repaired; her hold cleaned and restored;

her copper scraped clean of grass and barnacles; her sides painted, and her whole appearance so altered, that she could not be taken, even at a short distance, for a frigate. Much of her ammunition was found spoiled by wet; but, fortunately, the magazine of the Seringapatam supplied the loss. The crew remained in excellent health, but there was a great deficiency of officers, whose number was still further diminished by the sad occurrence of a duel, in which Lieutenant Curran lost his life.

Leaving a letter for Lieutenant Downes, and an artful communication which it was hoped might fall under the eye of the enemy, and having loaded his vessels with the abounding tortoises, turtles, and iguanas, Captain Porter prepared to take his departure from the Gallipagos. Before his final farewell, another sail was reported, chased, and captured. She proved to be the Sir Andrew Hammond, of three hundred and one tons, twelve guns, and thirty-one men; and was the same vessel which, by a fortuitous breeze, had escaped them on a previous occasion.

Nothing now detained the ships but the hope of the arrival of the Essex Junior; and at last a vessel was seen **Sept. 30.** rounding the southeast point of Narborough, which proved to be the expected cruiser, on her return from Valparaiso. By her was received some important intelligence, which, as will be learned in the course of this narrative, had an important influence upon the fate of Porter's cruise. Lieutenant Downes, unable to dispose of them, had moored three of the prizes in the bay of Valpa-

raiso, and sent the fourth (the Policy) to the United States, with her rich cargo of spermaceti oil. A letter came from the American consul at Buenos Ayres, stating that on the 5th of July the British frigate Phoebe, of thirty-six guns, and the Raccoon and Cherub sloops-of-war, of twenty-four guns each, accompanied by a store-ship of twenty guns, had sailed from Rio Janeiro for the Pacific ocean, in pursuit of the Essex. Intelligence also was received of the expected arrival at Valparaiso of several richly-laden British merchantmen; and Lieutenant Downes reported that he saw one in the harbor, on the point of sailing for the East Indies, which it was hoped would touch on her route at the Marquesas, whither Captain Porter now determined to sail with all despatch.

Oct. 2. The Essex, followed by the Essex Junior, the Seringapatam, the Greenwich, the New-Zealander, and the Sir Andrew Hammond, catching the gentle land-breeze, moved smoothly out to sea, on the adventurous voyage to the distant and almost unknown islands of the Pacific. As Porter (finding that his course was necessarily slow, on account of his lagging prizes) became impatient, lest the vessel bound for India should es-

cape him, he sent the Essex Junior on in advance to the Marquesas, to intercept her. In the meantime, the rest of the squadron floated slowly along the broad Pacific, with no important occurrence to vary the long monotony of the calm swell of the sea, the perpetual summer skies, and the gentle and uniform winds of those tropical latitudes.

Captain Porter, fearful that the lethargy which ensued from this unvaried and inactive life might demoralize his crew, determined to arouse them by the incitements of the pleasures in prospect. He accordingly addressed to his men a note, in which the Western islands were declared to be the object of the voyage, and their delights were promised as a reward to all deserving sailors. The commander, naturally dreading that scourge of the sea, scurvy, and believing "that cheerfulness is a more powerful antiseptic than any other known," did not hesitate to prescribe a provocative to the spirits of his crew, in the promise that they "should have time to amuse themselves on shore." The effect of the remedy was instantaneous, and for the remainder of the voyage the men "could talk and think of nothing but the amusements and novelties that awaited them in this new world."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Cruise of the Essex continued.—First Sight of the Marquesas.—Distant View.—Close in.—Picturesque Beauty.—A Visit from Shore.—Promise of Welcome.—Plenty of Fruit.—Fleet of Canoes.—A White Flag.—Captain Porter goes to the Shore.—A Brisk Trade.—An Innocent Barbarian.—A Group of Natives.—Martial Array.—A Veteran Chief.—Effect of Iron Hoops.—A Generous Offer.—The Island of Nookahevah.—The Bay.—Scene.—A Surprise.—The Three White Men.—Maury.—Wilson.—Porter on the Land.—Reception.—The Happaahs.—The Tacehs.—A Resolute Message.—The Majestic Pittenee.—Beauty.—A Sad Flirt.—Arrival of the Essex Junior.—Inviting Welcome.—Women in Possession.—Females of the Marquesas.—Sacrifice to Hospitality.—Freedom and Licentiousness.—Dress and Ornaments.—Oil and Tumeric.—The Men.—Their Dress and Manners.—Tattooing.—The Operation described.—The Mighty Gattanewa.—His Fondness for Kava.—Its Effects.—Visit to the Essex.—Insensibility.—Remarkable Effects of a Whale-Tooth.—An Alliance.

1813. AFTER a smooth and unvaried transit of three weeks across the Pacific, the high land of the Marquesas was discovered by the sailor at the mast-head. The group, in the distance, appeared composed of irregular hills, of a barren and desolate aspect; but, upon a nearer approach, fertile valleys, watered by winding streams, shaded by groves, and clustered with bamboo-villages, opened picturesquely to the view.

As soon as the ships closed in, rounding the rocky headlands, and sailing into the sheltered bays, the natives could be seen thronging toward the beach, and launching their canoes from under the shade of the feathery cocoa-nut trees, through the surf, into the sea. A canoe, with eight persons, paddled timidly toward the Essex, and at last, after many persuasive signs, and a diligent show of iron hoops, knives, fish-hooks, and other articles which they were supposed to value, came alongside the ship, though nothing could induce the simple natives to mount her sides. They were all naked, but adorned from head to foot with

tattooing of the most approved fashion. One of them, in the bow of the canoe, who appeared to be a chief, was crowned with a garland of yellow leaves; and, being spokesman of the party, kept repeating emphatically "*Taya*," meaning friend, as an indication of their amicable disposition. Letting down, by means of a rope and bucket, some trifling articles into the canoe, the gifts were at once acknowledged by sending up in return a few fish and a belt made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut and strung with hogs' teeth. An Otahaitan, who was one of the crew of the Essex, acted as interpreter, and succeeded, though with evident difficulty, in establishing a mutual understanding. The natives were assured of the kindly intentions of their visitors, who received in exchange every expression of good will, and the promise of a warm welcome on shore. The Indians finally pushed off, promising to return immediately with an abundant supply of fruit and provisions, to barter for some whales' teeth, which, having been displayed to them, had excited their intensest longings.

The other canoes still kept timidly in the distance; one of which, however, displayed a white flag, when Captain Porter, hoisting a similar emblem of peace, pushed off toward them. The Otaheitan interpreter was now directed, on coming up with the canoes, to state that the visitors were friends, and wanted only to purchase what the natives had to sell. Moreover, Porter's assurance that he would proceed to the shore and remain as a hostage for their safety, seemed to remove much of their anxiety; and, as he moved toward the land, several of the canoes went off to the ship, though most of them followed the boats. Porter, being in advance, went close in, but ordered the lieutenant, in command of the other armed boat, to keep outside of the surf, which beat heavily on the beach, in order to be in reserve in case of an emergency.

The natives, armed with their spears and war-clubs, stood in large numbers upon the shore; but as soon as Porter began to offer, in barter for their fruit, his pieces of iron hoop and other articles, they threw down their weapons, and, plunging into the water, swam out in shoals to the boat, loaded down with their offerings. A brisk trade soon followed, and so much to their satisfaction, that they gave vent to their delight by dancing, shouting, and clapping their hands with great vigor. The old iron hoops were so highly appreciated, that a good-sized porker could be readily purchased for a few inches. One of the natives, bolder than the rest, ventured to raise himself out of the water by the gunwale of the boat, and began to cast covetous eyes

upon a pistol lying in the stern-sheets. To frighten him off, Porter pointed the weapon at him; when the innocent barbarian, evidently unconscious of firearms, held out both his hands, with a joyous welcome, to receive it.

Next, pushing on with his boat to a neighboring cove, Captain Porter had an interview with another group of natives, apparently of greater distinction. There were about fifty males and three females. Some of the men were highly adorned. Plumes of black feathers waved from their heads; inlaid wooden gorgets, studded with red beans, covered their breasts; bracelets of human hair encircled their wrists; large shells and whales' teeth hung from their necks; strings of oval bosses of bone girdled their ankles and loins; and cloaks of white cloth fell gracefully from their shoulders. Although dressed thus in full martial array, and armed with their carved war-clubs, they assumed the most pacific aspect at the sight of the iron hoops, fish-hooks, and knives, which were displayed as an indication of the friendly purpose of their visitors; and when the veteran chief Othanough, as he was called, made his appearance, with nothing but a scant cloth about his loins and a fillet of leaves around his aged temples, the rest of the natives, following his example and command, stripped themselves of their warlike accoutrements and threw down their weapons. To each of them Porter gave some small gift, and they evinced their gratitude by the generous offer of the three naked women, two of whom, being hardly sixteen years of age and handsome, were undoubted proofs of liberality.

After this satisfactory first intercourse with the natives of the Marquesas, Captain Porter returned to the *Essex*, and sailed, coasting along until he reached the island of Nookaheva, where he came to anchor in a beautiful bay. Peaked islets and rocky promontories bounded either side of the harbor; and from the curved beach opened a charming valley, formed between the interior hills. Native villages here and there peeped through the groves of trees, and the bottoms and sides of the valley were rich with a profuse natural vegetation and fields of culture.

The *Essex* had hardly let go her anchor, when a canoe came off, containing, much to the surprise of all, three white men, one of whom was perfectly naked, with the exception of a cloth about his loins, and was tattooed from head to foot. Believing them to be worthless, runaway sailors, Porter ordered them off from his ship, provoked to find such characters where he expected to meet with none but unsophisticated natives. Fearful, however, that he had committed a rash error, and that these men, angered by his treatment, would take their revenge by inciting the inhabitants of the island against him, Porter hastened to the shore to prevent their ill influence.

As the four armed boats of the *Essex* pushed in through the surf to the beach, the natives who had gathered there retired, but the white men remained. One of them proved to be a midshipman, John M. Maury, of the United States navy, who, having a furlough, had, with characteristic American enterprise, engaged with a

fellow-officer in trade, and had been left with another man at Nookaheva, to collect a cargo of sandal-wood, and await the return of his partner with the vessel, the arrival of which now seemed hopeless, as the war had broken out. Maury accordingly, with his sailor, was taken on board the *Essex*. The naked and tattooed white man proved to be an Englishman, of the name of Wilson, who for twenty years had been roaming about the islands, and, having learned the language and adopted the habits of the natives, although he had not forgotten his national custom of rum-drinking, was in every respect like one of them except in color. He became indispensable as an interpreter and as an agent for the Americans, to whose service he professed to be entirely devoted.

Advancing up the beach alone, Porter approached a group of native men and women, who now met him with a fearless welcome. Even the file of marines, who soon came marching up the beach, did not startle them; but, on the contrary, they appeared highly delighted with the beating of the drums, the manoeuvres, and the *feu de joie* fired in honor of the occasion. Upon the summits of the mountains which overhung the beautiful valley thronged numerous bodies of men, who seemed by their warlike aspect, as they brandished their spears and clubs, less friendly disposed than those by whom Porter was surrounded. On inquiry, he found that these warriors belonged to a tribe called the Happahs, who were neighbors of, and at war with, the Taeehs, as those styled themselves who inhabited the valley of Tieuhoy, where the Ameri-

cans now stood. The Happahs were a warlike people, and had lately made several incursions, destroying many houses, plantations, and bread-fruit trees. Captain Porter promptly sent a messenger to tell them that he had come with a sufficient force to drive them from the island; and that if they presumed to enter the valley of Tieuhoy as enemies while he was there, he would punish them. They were, however, informed that they might come to dispose of their hogs and fruit without fear of molestation. This resolute message to the belligerent Happahs greatly pleased the Tacehs, who were delighted to secure such powerful allies as the Americans.

The natives now threw aside all reserve, and cordially welcomed their visitors. The majestic Pittenee, the granddaughter of the great potentate of the Tacehs, Gattanewa, who was himself absent, even deigned to approach the strangers. She was a handsome young woman, not more than eighteen years of age, and showed her royal blood in her complexion, fairer than that of her companions, her more dignified composure, and her statelier mien; while her high rank was marked by the richer adornments of her person, which was studded all over with an opulent display of inestimable jewelry of hogs' and whales' teeth, and her black hair and graceful form shone with an unexampled lustre of cocoa-nut oil. She was not only held in high esteem for her princely rank, but for her beauty. Captain Porter, wishing to pay his respects to so exalted a personage, advanced to meet her, but found that, in the conscios-

ness of dignity, she haughtily repelled every familiarity; although, in the course of a better acquaintance, it was discovered that she was not less reserved or less general in her hospitalities to the strangers than the rest of her frail sisters. She subsequently "formed a connection with one of the officers, which," reports a scandalous chronicler, "lasted with but little fidelity on her part as long as we remained, showing herself upon the whole a most notorious jilt."

In the meantime, while the commander was on shore, the ships were completing their moorings in the bay. The Essex Junior had also arrived, and joined the anchored fleet. The beach was now lined by the thronging natives, among whom the women were conspicuous, waving their white mantles as an inviting welcome to the sailors. Porter, mindful of his promise, now gave the eager men leave to land. "The boats were got out and proceeded to the shore, where, on landing, they were taken complete possession of by the women, who insisted on going to the ship; and in a short time she was completely filled by them, of all ages and descriptions, from the age of sixty years to that of ten."

The females of the islands are models of beauty in form and grace. Their skin is remarkably soft and smooth, their eyes of a brilliant black, their teeth like ivory, and their complexion, though dark, is not of a deeper shade than that of many brunettes in America famed for their beauty. Though they generally presented themselves naked to strangers, and, in compliance with the practice of the country,

sacrificed even their virtue to hospitality, their retired air gave them the look of modest innocence; while their coyness, exalting their charms, seemed like a reluctant concession of them to the claims of national custom. That they should attach any idea of dishonor to their ready yielding of themselves to the embraces of strangers could not be expected, when parents esteemed it so creditable, that they used every persuasion to overcome the natural reserve of their virgin daughters, and rewarded with magnificent presents of hogs and fruit those eager libertines who did them honor and gratified themselves by accepting the sacrifice! Before marriage, which seldom occurs until the age of nineteen, the young girls are left free to gratify every caprice of fondness and longing of passion. When married, they are at the disposition of their husbands, who compel them to act as household drudges, or to serve as attractive sources of hospitality and profit to the domestic establishment.

Although the women are frequently seen almost naked, they, like the rest of the sex in other parts of the world, are fond of dress, and clothe themselves ordinarily in a graceful costume. The material of which it is made is manufactured of the inner bark of trees, by macerating it in water, and pounding it with a wooden mallet into a uniform white and soft texture. Requiring neither needle nor sewing-machine, all the thrifty housewife has to do, when her garment is torn, is to moisten the edges of the rent and fasten them together by a few gentle taps of the domestic hammer. An entire

dress, inside and out, can be made in less than a day, and will last an economical wearer full six weeks. It will, however, only stand one washing; but, as a new one can be so readily obtained, this deficiency is less to be regretted. The texture of this paper-cloth varies a little according to the use intended. When forming the head-dress, it is of open fibre, like gauze, and is worn upon the hair, which is carefully oiled and gathered into a knot, with the coquettish grace of a lady's lace-cap, which it somewhat resembles. When covering the rest of the person, the cloth is of a closer texture, and is worn as an under-garment or petticoat, attached to the waist, and as a flowing mantle fastened across the chest, attractively revealing the well-moulded arms and a rising bosom.

Nor are the beauteous dames of the Marquesas indifferent to ornaments and jewelry. They adorn themselves with feathers and flowers, with necklaces of beads, wild cucumbers, and odorous red berries, and with ear-drops of hogs' and whales' teeth, fish-bones, and shells. A mixture of cocoa-nut oil and turmeric, profusely used, imparts a glistening red glow to the natural brown color of their skin, giving it that blended hue of the blonde and brunette so much admired everywhere.

The men are tall and well proportioned, have teeth as white as ivory, intelligent and amiable expressions, and affable manners. Their complexion, from greater exposure to the sun, is of a darker hue than that of the women, and is in many instances still more heightened in color by

the practice of tattooing. The tattoo is only seen in perfection upon the bodies of those distinguished by rank and venerable from age. An aged chief with time, long service, and frequent polishing with cocoa-nut oil, becomes like a piece of old mahogany; and over the black, glistening surface of his body are seen the innumerable marks of the tattoo, running in wavy lines similar to the grain of ancient, well-kept furniture, and no less admired. The operation requires the better part of a lifetime to reach perfection. It is generally commenced at the early age of nineteen, and seldom finished until thirty-five. The natural beauty of the women is fortunately exempt from but the faintest stains of the ugly black tattoo, which only shows itself in females in a little dash across the upper lip, which gives the appearance of a budding mustache, not inharmonious with their dark color, and a few touches delicately and artistically put in here and there upon the hands, feet, and legs. The operation, which is performed with a sharp-toothed bone like a comb, dipped into a mixture of burned cocoa-nut and water, and driven through the skin deep into the flesh, is very painful, bringing the blood at every blow, and such agony of suffering, that it is often necessary to tie those down who are undergoing the infliction.

Captain Porter, after his first satisfactory visit to the valley, had no sooner returned to the ship, than he was informed that the great potentate Gattanewa, the chief of the Taeehs, had returned from his tour of inspection to one of his two great strongholds situated upon the mountains.

A boat was immediately despatched to bring him on board, and "a fine large English sow" sent as a token of friendship, and as an offering to secure his majesty's gracious favor.

The great Gattanewa (sprung in a direct line, traced through eighty-eight generations, from one of the forty sons of Oateia, or Daylight, and Ananoona, Daylight's wife) came; but, much to the surprise of all, his aspect was by no means majestic and kingly. No cock's feather plumed his royal head; no inestimable whale's tooth hung from his neck; no rich red mantle of paper-cloth draped his shoulders; not a fish-bone pierced the lobe of his ear; and no formidable wooden club of war was fixed in his mighty grasp. The great Gattanewa came, a decrepit old barbarian of seventy years of age, tottering along, and leaning for support upon a stick. His head, body, and limbs, were as black as those of a negro, from tattooing, and he was entirely destitute of all covering and ornament, except a withered palm-leaf about his aged temples, and a dirty clout about his royal loins. Devotedly fond of the intoxicating kava,* he had indulged in it so habitually that its potent effects were shown in the peeling of his black coat of tattoo, which was turning up and falling off in

* The kava is a root possessing an intoxicating quality, with which the chiefs are very fond of indulging themselves. They employ persons of a lower class to chew it for them, and spit it into a wooden bowl; after which a small quantity of water is mixed with it, when the juice is strained into a neatly-polished cup made of a cocoa-nut shell, and passed round among them. It renders them very stupid, and averse to hearing any noise; it deprives them of their appetite, and reduces them almost to a state of torpor. It has also the effect of making their skin fall off in white scales.

flakes all over his body—as if his skin, like a bad piece of mahogany-veneer, had been warped and broken by the intensity of the liquid fire he had so continually imbibed. On leaving the shore, he had fortified himself with a fresh draught of his beloved kava, which had produced such an effect, that he was perfectly stupid. An attempt was made to make an impression upon his majesty by mustering the whole crew, and the firing of a big gun; but he hardly opened his eyes to look at the one, and only closed his ears to the other, complaining that the noise disturbed his nerves.

The insensible Gattanewa, however, on going into the cabin, was at once aroused by the attractive display of some whales' teeth. These were so highly prized in the islands, where they are worn only by the chiefs, that ten of them would buy enough sandal-wood to load a vessel of three hundred tons, and pay for the labor of cutting and hauling it from the remote mountains, and putting it on board ship in the bay. Ten whales' teeth, thus judiciously invested at the Marquesas islands, would, in that day, bring nearly a

million of dollars in China!* Captain Porter, aware of the value of a whale's tooth, had taken care to buy up all he could find in the possession of the sailors, and had thus succeeded in obtaining, at a dollar apiece, an extensive assortment. This was displayed before the astonished eyes of Gattanewa. His majesty, fully aroused now to his own interest, being asked to name what he would prefer of all the things he had seen on board the *Essex*, pronounced unhesitatingly in favor of a whale's tooth. On being presented with one, he wrapped it, with great care and expression of happiness, in his clout; and begging Captain Porter not to let any one know that he had about his person so valuable an article, he threw himself upon a sofa, stupefied by the effects of the kava, from which he had only been temporarily aroused, and fell into a sound slumber. On waking, his faculties were so far brightened, that he was able to talk upon the public affairs of his empire, and strove to negotiate with Captain Porter an alliance for carrying on war against the Happahs.

* Captain Porter's published Journal.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Encampment on Land.—The Essex repaired.—Work and Play.—Threatening Aspect of the Happaes.—Insult to Captain Porter.—Gattanewa and Mouina.—Urgent Entreaties.—Opotee.—A Fraternal Appeal.—The Big Gun.—Expedition against the Happaes.—The Discreet Taaehs.—The Bold Mouina.—A Charge.—Fall of Lieutenant Downes.—Rout of the Happaes.—Exultation of the Taaehs.—Submission of the Happaes.—Tribute.—Temaa Tipee.—Tavee.—A Native Dandy.—Value of a Wife.—Gratitude of the Taaehs.—Taboo.—Mysteries.—Picked Bones and Clean Skulls.—An American Breastwork.—Zeal of the Natives.—A Magic Village.—The Defiant Typees.—Expedition.—A Rough March.—Second Fall of Downes.—Indifference of the Happaes.—The Faltering Mouina.—A Formidable Work.—A Successful Ruse.—Retreat.—A Severe March.—An Appalling Night.—The Valley of the Typees.—Beauty and Plenty.—Typee Warriors.—The Fight.—Fire and Slaughter.—A Sad Change.—Melancholy Reflections.—Submission of the Typees.—Tribute.

1813. SELECTING a commanding site upon a plain, retired a short distance from the beach, separated from the inhabited part of the valley by a hill, and pleasantly shaded by bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, Captain Porter established an encampment upon land. The Essex was hauled close to the beach, and repairs began in good earnest. The skilful native swimmers were employed to dive under the frigate, and with shells scrape the bottom, foul with barnacles and grass; and her sides were painted by means of an oil procured from a nut which grew on the island.

The old water-casks were landed, and used to build up an enclosure for the encampment; and the sails being unbent, the canvas was temporarily employed for tents, one of which was occupied by Porter himself, who hoisted the United States flag, and established a guard of marines. An oven was built of some bricks found on board of the prizes, and good fresh bread was baked daily, by which the men were refreshed, and the sea-biscuit saved for future necessities. All were kept busy

from early morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the rest of the day was given up to pleasure. One fourth of the crew were allowed daily to leave the ship after their work, and revel in the delights of the valley until daybreak next morning.

While the Americans were thus occupied in their duties on ship and shore, the Happaes, emboldened by the peaceful attitude of their visitors, began to assume a threatening aspect. Leaving their own valley, they thronged over the intervening mountain into that of the Taaehs, and, approaching within half a mile of the American camp, destroyed two hundred bread-fruit trees. They, moreover, sent back the messenger who had been despatched to them by Captain Porter on his first arrival, with the insulting declaration that he was a coward; for, notwithstanding his threat of opposition, they had gone into the valley and destroyed the bread-fruit trees of the Taaehs; and added that they would soon repeat their visit, and not even spare the camp of the white men.

Gattanewa and Mouina, the chief warrior of the Tæehs, a tall, handsome fellow, full of fire and activity, became more and more urgent in their entreaties for Porter to strike a blow against their enemies. The old chief, who had hospitably exchanged names with *Opotee*, into which he had metamorphosed the patronymic of Porter, pathetically appealed to the captain's filial affections; declaring that, as he was now adopted into the family, he was bound to vindicate the memory of their common mother, whose bones the Happahs, in their insolence, had cursed! This respectable old lady, who had given birth to the great Gattanewa, had been dead only a short time; and her memory being yet fresh, gave increased force to the filial appeal from brother to brother.

Porter appeared no longer to hesitate, and made a show of preparation for hostilities. He began by landing a heavy six-pounder cannon; and, more to satisfy the importunate solicitations of Gattanewa and Mouina than for intended use, he told them that, if their people would carry it to the top of the mountain, he would send men up to fire it and drive away the Happahs. They readily assented; but, upon a few natives attempting to raise it, they were astounded to find that they could not stir it, and declared that it stuck to the ground. They were, however, not to be thwarted in their purpose; for they had become greatly enamored of the big gun, which, upon being fired, had so strongly excited their admiration, that they danced and raised a general shout of applause, and had so endeared itself to them by its wonderful perform-

ances, that they hugged, kissed, and fondled it, with the utmost affection. They now, by increased numbers, succeeded in slinging it to two strong poles and bearing it off.

In a few days, Gattanewa reported that the heavy gun had reached the mountain's summit. The result seemed such a prodigy of laborious effort, that it could hardly be believed; but it proved true. Porter now selected a detachment of forty men, armed with muskets, and, putting them under the command of Lieutenant Downes, sent them to attack the Happahs.

The force struggled up the mountain, followed by great numbers of the friendly Tæehs, who for the most part discreetly kept in the rear on approaching the enemy, who thronged upon the summit. The waving plumes and the scarlet cloak of the bold Mouina, however, and the American flag, borne by an agile native, were ever seen in advance. The Happahs were driven from mountain-top to mountain-top, until they sought refuge in one of their forts on the brow of a hill. Here, numbering some three or four thousand, they made a stand, and, with provoking gestures, dared their assailants to come on. Lieutenant Downes ordered his men to charge up the hill. The enemy began to pour down their spears, and with vigorous casts of their slings a shower of stones. Downes himself was struck by one of the latter, and thrown breathless to the ground, and one of his men had his neck pierced through and through by a spear. The lieutenant, however, soon recovered, and, calling upon his men to

renew the charge, they rushed on with cheers through the shower of spears and stones, carried the fort, and sent the Hap-pahs scattering over the hills and through the intricate windings of the valleys.

They now returned to the encampment, followed by the Taeehs, brandishing their spears dipped in the blood of their enemies, and carrying five of the dead slung on poles. This effectually put an end to all further hostility from the Hap-pahs, who soon sent in their messengers of peace with their flags of white, and readily submitted to pay their weekly tribute of hogs, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, bananas, tarra, sugar-cane, and kava. In a few days more, envoys came in with their emblems of friendship and tributes of subjection from every tribe on the island, with the exception of the hitherto invincible Typees of the valley of Viee-hee, and the Hatecaahcottwohohos of the remote vale of Hannahow.

Temaa Tipee, of the valley of Shoueme, becoming somewhat remiss in bringing tribute, it was found necessary to call him to account. He, however, satisfactorily excused himself, on the ground that the fierce Typees, who were only separated from his people by a small ridge, had interfered, and prevented him from fulfilling his duty. Nevertheless, he made the warmest protestations of friendship, and gave the most signal proof of his sincerity by desiring to change names with the American captain. Porter, having already disposed of his surname to the old chief Gattanewa, had only his Christian one left to bestow. Temaa Tipee accordingly assumed from that moment the name

of David, or *Tavee*, as he called it, and became ever after distinguished for his fraternal affection. Tavee, being the handsomest man on the island, was, so far as his good appearance was concerned, a reputable addition to the Porter family; but as he was a good deal of a coxcomb, and fond of personal adornment, he was an unmitigated spendthrift, and would part with any of his possessions for the sake of a whale's tooth, a strip of red cloth, or a bauble, to decorate his comely person. Tavee repeatedly offered his wife (who was no less noted for her personal charms than himself, and was, moreover, strange as it may seem, almost adored by him) to Captain Porter for a string of glass beads!

The Taeehs, full of gratitude for the services rendered them by the conquest of their enemies, now readily conceded to their American visitors every honor and favor. Captain Porter was admitted to all the mysterious privileges of the *taboo*. He frequented their houses for feasting, and drinking kava, which, like our clubs, were *taboo* to the women; he freely entered the innermost shrines of their temples, looked without interruption upon their rites of worship, handled familiarly their puppet deities, and had a glimpse of their dark ceremonies over their dead enemies, not without a shuddering suspicion of cannibalism—of the practice of which the well-picked bones and clean skulls everywhere seemed proofs, though the gentle character and the positive denials of the natives left the more charitable impression that the inhabitants of the beautiful island of Nookahevah were

guiltless of the horrid barbarity of eating human flesh.

With the consent of the natives, Captain Porter now took possession of the hill overhanging his encampment, levelled the summit with the aid of his willing allies, and, building up a breastwork with water-casks filled with dirt, and mounting it with four guns, hoisted the United States flag. At the same time firing a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned from the ships in the bay, Porter

Nov. 19. took formal possession of the whole island, which he called *Madison's island*; while he christened, also in honor of the then president, the breastwork *Fort Madison*, and the village *Madisonville*. The bay was honored with the New-England title of *Massachusetts bay*.

The natives became more and more zealous in serving their new masters. One morning, four thousand men, from the different tribes who had given in their fealty, assembled at the camp with their materials and implements for building, and, with instinctive skill and orderly industry, though without a master to direct them or a plan to guide, set to work like so many beavers, and with such effect that, before night, they had raised eight handsome structures, including a dwellinghouse for Captain Porter, another for his officers, a hospital, a guardhouse, bakery, etc. Around this nucleus the industrious natives continued to raise building after building, and before the second day was past there stood, as if by magic, upon the site of the old encampment, a beautiful village. The houses were of the largest kind, full fifty feet in length,

and of proportionate height and width, and, standing in a crescentic form, were connected to each other by a solid wall of twelve feet in length and four feet in height. Nothing was omitted to give them the utmost completeness and finish of their native architecture. Polished columns of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut wood adorned the fronts; the bamboo walls were richly decorated with vari-colored paper-cloth and cocoa-nut sinnet; the roofs were compactly and neatly thatched with leaves of palm, and the interiors evenly laid with stone pavement, and carefully furnished with mats.

The Typees became every day more and more defiant, and the friendly natives more urgent in their solicitations for war. "Lead us against the Typees," said the latter, "and we shall be able to furnish you with supplies from their valley. You have long threatened them; their insults have been great; you have promised to protect us against them, and yet permit them to offer violence to us; and while you have rendered every other tribe tributary to you, you permit them to triumph with impunity! Our canoes are in readiness, our warriors impatient; and for less provocations, had you not been here, we should have met them in battle."

Captain Porter accordingly no longer hesitated, and determined to begin hostilities at once. Five ships' boats and ten war-canoes of the Happaahs, filled with native warriors, sailed into the bay upon which the valley of the Typees opened toward the sea. The *Essex Junior* followed, and anchored. The rest of the

natives scaled the mountains, and proceeded by land. Soon there was gathered on the smooth beach a force of five thousand Tæeh and Happah warriors, who, armed with spears, clubs, and slings, seemed eager for the fight. The Americans numbered but thirty-five in all, exclusive of Captain Porter, Lieutenant Downes, and the other officers. Not a single Typee could be seen, either upon the level plain which stretched from the shore toward the thickets which hid the entrance of the valley from view, or upon hillside or mountain-top. One of the Tæehs, who had intermarried with the Typees, was sent forward as an ambassador, with a white flag, to offer terms to the enemy. He approached toward the valley, disappeared for a moment behind the bushes, but again, in an instant afterward, came running back in great affright, declaring that he had been set upon by a party of concealed Typees, who had driven him away with blows, and threatened to put him to death if he again ventured among them.

Porter now gave the order to march. The brave Mouina, as before, led the way, and the whole force followed, plunging into the thickets. The snapping of slings was distinctly heard, stones came pattering about, and spears whirred in the air; but not a man of the enemy could be seen. It would have looked like fear to retreat, and to stand still would have been fatal. Porter accordingly determined to move forward, and clear the thickets of the skulkers. Thus for a mile he kept advancing, and his unseen antagonists retreating secretly before him, while both con-

tinued an aimless contest with no serious damage to either. On reaching the river, however, the Typees, from the covert of its wooded banks opposite, poured a shower of stones upon the Americans, who were suddenly exposed to their aim by coming forward into a small open space. Lieutenant Downes fell to the ground, with his leg shattered into pieces. As it was necessary to send him back to the beach, with a party of men to carry and guard him, Porter's American force was reduced to twenty-four men. The Tæehs still remained faithful; but even the brave Mouina began to falter before the increasing dangers, and no longer led the van. The Happahs throughout had lent but feeble aid, and were now thronging the mountains and coolly looking on as indifferent spectators, without offering the least assistance. But Porter still persevered; and, finding that he could not clear the thickets of the enemy by his musketry, ordered his men to fire a volley, give three cheers, and dash across the river.

Again, on the opposite bank of the stream, the Typees, still retreating, kept up their harassing volleys of stones and spears. Captain Porter, however, though deserted by all the natives but the faithful Mouina and a few others, pressed on with the hope of soon reaching the Typee village, and there meeting the enemy fairly, face to face. Struggling on thus through a deep morass and an undergrowth so thick set that the men were obliged to crawl on their hands and feet, a cleared space was at last reached, and the Typees ceased to throw their missiles.

Cheered with the hope of soon finishing this harassing expedition, the Americans went forward with fresh spirits, which, however, were now dashed by the sudden appearance of a great wall seven feet high, which stretched over an eminence directly across the path. Behind this defence the Typees had concentrated their principal strength, and with horrid yells they now began to throw from their cover an immense shower of stones and spears. Porter, nothing daunted, ordered his men to storm the work; but, discovering that the ammunition was nearly expended, he was forced to postpone the attack until Lieutenant Gamble (who was now sent with four men to get a supply from the Essex Junior in the bay) could return.

Finding his men wearied by their fatiguing march, and uncertain about the return of Lieutenant Gamble with the ammunition, Porter now determined to retrace his course to the beach with his remaining force of only nineteen men. He, however, was resolved upon having a parting shot at the Typees; and therefore ordering his men to feign a retreat by running, he succeeded in drawing out the enemy from behind the wall and giving them a volley, by which several were killed, and the rest frightened back to their cover. Taking advantage of this alarm, Porter hurried back to the beach, and thus escaped being harassed on his route by the thronging Typees. The men were too fatigued to renew the fight that day; and accordingly, Porter (although he was obliged to listen to the exulting boasts of the enemy, and suffer from the diminished reverence of his allies, the Ta-

eels, the Happahs, and the Shouemes), for a few hours, postponed the severe punishment of the foe he meditated until the next day.

Starting in the evening with two hundred of his own people, Captain Porter reached the summit of the mountain that overhung the valley of the Tieuhoy, after a severe, clambering march up the steep and irregular ascent, during which several of the men gave out from fatigue. Here he intended to have encamped for the night; but the moon shining out clear, and the guides declaring (though wrongly, as it turned out) that the village of the Typees was only six miles distant, he determined to continue his march. The path led down the steep and rocky sides of mountains, through deep marshes and almost impenetrable thickets, and along the edges of precipices which were fearful to behold, and where a single false step would have been inevitably fatal.

At midnight, on reaching the mountain-ridge that overhung the valley where the Typees dwelt, the Americans, as they marched silently along, saw a great number of lights below, and heard loud shouts and beating of drums. The Typees were celebrating the victory which they boasted of having gained the previous day. The path becoming more dangerous at every step, and the native guides declaring that it would be impossible to descend into the valley without the light of day, it was determined to halt for the night.

While the men were lying upon their arms, there came a sudden, pouring rain, with a cold and piercing wind. Chilled

and wetted to the skin, fearful that the guns and ammunition would be spoiled for service, and placed upon a slippery ridge of rock from which there was so great a danger of falling down the fearful precipices below that no one hardly dared to stir, they all anxiously counted every hour of the passing night, and hailed the dawn of day, though gloomy with the continued rain, with a hearty welcome.

As the precipitous descent into the valley of the Typees was too slippery and hazardous from the flooding rain, the next day was spent in the neighboring village of the Happahs; and on the succeeding morning, at early dawn, Captain Porter stood again upon the ridge, and looked down upon the vale of the Typees, which presented a view of surpassing beauty. The valley, of a breadth of three or four miles, stretched for a distance of nine miles between the precipitous mountains which closed it in on all sides except at the beach, where the Pacific rolled in its heavy surf. Villages were scattered here and there, shaded by the luxuriant bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees; well-cultivated fields, surrounded by stone-walls, spread their bounteous products along the fertile acclivities, and were watered by a meandering river, which, taking its origin in a headlong cataract that rushed down the steep mountains, became in its course a gentle stream which flowed quietly between its shaded banks below, until it made its way through the beach into the bay.

The Typee warriors, in great crowds, were thronging the banks of the river,

and daring their assailants to descend. Porter led his little force down the steep path; and, although the Typees made a vigorous resistance, throwing their missiles in showers, they were forced from one cover to another, from stone-wall to stone-wall, and from fort to fort. The few Taeehs and Happahs who had joined the Americans soon abandoned them, and left them to their own resources. The Typees continued to struggle so obstinately, that it was found necessary to pursue them throughout the whole extent of their valley. As they pushed onward, the Americans burned each village they reached, till at length they arrived at the principal settlement, which also, with its great public square, its imposing buildings, its war-canoes, its temples, and its gods, was ruthlessly reduced to ashes. Ten villages in all were destroyed, and still the almost invincible Typees continued to struggle against fate.

Sated with ruin and worn out with fatigue, Porter at last led back his victorious force. As he regained the summit of the ridge, he looked with a saddened heart upon the change which had been wrought in the charming valley since the morning sun shone upon that scene of abundance and happiness. A long line of smoking ruins now marred its beauty. The hills were covered with the fugitive Typees, who looked down upon their late abodes of plenty, loveliness, and enjoyment, and saw nothing but ruin and desolation. In a few days the brave Typees likewise acknowledged the foreign visitors as their lords, and submissively paid them tribute.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Essex getting ready for Sea.—Abodes of Pleasure.—Reluctant Sailors.—The Marquesan Beauties.—Expressions of Grief.—Forced Adieux.—A Mutiny.—Effectual Repression.—Sailing of the Essex.—At Anchor in Valparaiso.—Renewal of Hospitalities.—British Men-of-War.—The Phœbe and the Cherub.—The Essex and the Essex Junior.—Comparative Strength.—A Polite Salutation.—Close Quarters.—A Threat and an Apology.—Magnanimity of Captain Porter.—Friendship of Enemies.—Provocation to Battle.—A Challenge.—The Essex attempts to escape.—A Squall.—Damage and Loss of Life.—The Engagement.—Flags flying.—The Havoc.—Hope of Victory.—An Accident.—A Hopeless Wreck.—Fire.—To burn or drown?—A Meager Council.—The Losses.—Porter hauls down his Flag.—A Cartel.—The Essex Junior.—A British Cruiser.—Escape of Porter.—Welcome in the United States.

1813. THE Essex now being ready for sea, Captain Porter determined to seek out an enemy more worthy of his metal. He would hasten to Valparaiso, where he had every hope of meeting with one of those British men-of-war which he knew were in search of him. His crew, however, who had tasted of the delights of the life at the Marquesas, were not so eager to quit those abodes of pleasure. Finding it necessary to keep his sailors on board the ship a few days before departure, to prevent desertion, the men became restless and discontented. The Marquesan beauties, deprived of their lovers, lined the beach from morning until night; and, expressing their grief by dipping their fingers in water and allowing it to trickle down their cheeks like tears, besought the captain to remove the *taboos* from his men. Some declared that they would cut themselves to pieces; some threatened to beat out their brains; others to drown themselves; and others, again, boldly swam to the ship, and were torn only by force from their parting favorites.

The crew at length became mutinous,

when Captain Porter summoned them to his presence, and declaring that he had heard they were about to seize the ship, assured them, although he did not believe the report, that, if such an event should occur, "he would, without hesitation, put a match to the magazine and blow them all to eternity!" The men gave him no further trouble. Leaving his prizes in the bay, under the command of **Dec. 12.** Lieutenant Gamble, Porter now sailed for Valparaiso in the Essex, accompanied by the Essex Junior.

On the 3d of February, of the following year, the Essex and the Essex Junior were at anchor in the roadstead of Valparaiso. **1814.** The authorities and people, though suspected to be favorably inclined toward the English, did not fail in their usual hospitalities to the Americans. Soon two British men-of-war came sailing into the harbor, all prepared for action. One, the Phœbe, had been long expected and anxiously looked for by Captain Porter, who was eager to try his strength with her. Contrary, however, to his expectations, she was accompanied by another armed vessel, the sloop-of-war

Cherub. The former, commanded by Captain Hillyar, was alone more than a match in weight of metal and number of crew for the Essex. She mounted thirty long eighteens, sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, one howitzer, and six threes in her tops, and had a crew of three hundred and twenty people. The Essex had forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves, and could muster but two hundred and fifty-five effective men in all.

The Essex Junior was so light of metal and so short-handed as to be of hardly any account in an engagement with the enemy's heavy cannon. She carried ten eighteen-pound carronades and ten short sixes, with sixty men. The Cherub, on the other hand, a twenty-gun ship, mounted eighteen thirty-two pound carronades below, eight twenty-four pound carronades and two long nines above, and was manned by a crew of one hundred and eighty persons.

As the Phoebe came sailing into the bay, she ranged up alongside the Essex, with all her men at quarters. Her captain, who was an old acquaintance, hailed, and politely inquired after the health of the American commander. The enemy's ship was now so close, that she seemed about to run afoul of the Essex. Hillyar, however, replied, when Porter shouted out that he was prepared for action, and that if the Phoebe touched there would be much bloodshed—"Oh, sir, I have no intention of getting on board of you." Nevertheless, as he luffed up, his vessel was taken aback, and her jib-boom was thrust across the forecastle of the Essex. Captain Porter now called all his crew to

be ready to board the enemy; and ordered them, so soon as the ships' hulls touched, to spring with cutlasses in hand upon the Phoebe's deck. The Englishman was completely at the mercy of his antagonist, who, with the Essex Junior lying near by, could have raked him fore and aft, and sunk him in fifteen minutes. Hillyar raised both his hands in consternation, and cried out, with great earnestness, that his ship was taken aback by accident, and that he had no intention of touching. Porter chivalrously accepted the apology, and forbore taking his advantage.

For nearly two months the opposing vessels remained sternly watching each other, and seeking a favorable opportunity for action. Now they were at anchor almost side by side in the neutral harbor; and, although bent upon mutual destruction, the officers and crew daily met on shore, and interchanged friendly visits and kindly tokens of fellowship. Again, they cruised off the port, and sought to meet in deadly encounter.

Finally, while the enemy's two vessels had gone outside to blockade the Essex within the harbor, Porter got under way, and strove to provoke the Phoebe to come to action without her companion; for the two together made so overwhelming a force, that it was entirely out of the question to attempt to master both. Wishing to irritate Captain Hillyar into a fair fight, Porter, one clear day, towed one of his prizes (which had been so long lying in the harbor of Valparaiso) within reach of the guns of the two British men-of-war then in the offing, and, setting fire to her,

made his escape by the superior sailing of the Essex. The provocation seemed to have the desired result.

Mar. 27. In the afternoon, the Phoebe stood close in for the harbor, hoisted her defiant flag — "*God and Country; British sailors' best rights: Traitors offend both!*" — which had been conceived as a reply to the "*Free trade and sailors' rights*" that floated from the mast-head of the Essex — and fired a gun. Porter, believing this to be a challenge, eagerly made ready, and — hoisting at his mizzen the retort, "*God, our Country, and Liberty: Tyrants offend them!*" — sailed boldly out. When, however, the Essex came rapidly on, the Phoebe took to her heels and ran down for the Cherub, which was two and a half miles to the leeward.

At last, finding it impossible to persuade Captain Hillyar (who was probably under strict orders not to engage except with his double force) to come to a fair fight, Porter determined to put to sea, and, trusting to the superior sailing of his ship, to escape the blockade of the two British men-of-war.

Mar. 28. With a fresh wind from the southward, the Essex now made a dash for the outlet of the bay. The enemy's two ships were on the watch close in with the point to the western side. The Essex, however, with single-reefed topsails, boldly steered on, with the view of passing to the windward. On rounding the point, a heavy squall struck the frigate, and carried away the main-topmast, and with it into the sea the men who were aloft reefing the top-gallant-sails, who sank to rise no more.

The British ships immediately gave chase, as the disabled Essex strove to regain the port, in order to repair her damage. Not able to reach the old anchorage, she made for a small bay not far from the fort, and let go her anchor within pistol-shot of the shore. This was neutral ground, and so close to Valparaiso that crowds of people gathered upon the hills to behold the scene. But still the enemy's two ships came on, with their defiant mottoes and all flags flying, evidently resolved upon a conflict.

Crippled, however, as their antagonist was, the enemy approached with caution; and the Phoebe, taking up her position at long shot astern, and the Cherub, equally discreet, hers on the starboard-bow, the two opened their distant fire. The Essex at once cleared for action, and before she could get a spring on her cable, that she might manœuvre at freedom, was hotly engaged. The Cherub soon found her position on the bow too hot, and she hauled off and joined the Phoebe astern. Both now suffered so severely from the three long twelve-pounders of the Essex, thrust out of the stern-ports, that they withdrew to repair damages.

Every man upon the Essex was, like the brave commander, resolute in doing his duty to the last. Many had already fallen, the rigging of the ship had been much cut up, and the ensigns shot away. "*Free trade and sailors' rights*" still, however, was flying at the fore, and another ensign was made fast in the mizzen rigging, and various jacks hoisted about, to secure the purpose of a flag at all hazards. Such was the determined spirit of Porter,

who was resolved upon defending his ship to the last extremity.

The *Phœbe* and the *Cherub* renewed their assault, but so cautiously, and in such a position; that while their long guns told fearfully upon the *Essex*, she was unable to return an effective shot. Porter now ordered his cable to be cut, and with only a jib hoisted (for all the rest of his sails were unmanageable from the destruction of the ropes), made directly for the enemy, with the bold purpose of laying the *Phœbe* aboard. Closing in, the fire became tremendous. The decks of the *Essex* were now strewed with dead, her cockpit was filled with wounded, and the ship caught fire again and again. Many of the cannon were dismounted, and three successive crews of one single gun were killed. Out of the fifteen men only one, and he wounded, survived.

The work had proved too hot for the *Cherub*, and she had moved to a safe distance. The *Phœbe*, too, taking advantage of the comparatively good condition of her sails, cautiously manœuvred to avoid closing with the *Essex*, which, now almost a wreck, was unmanageable.

Finding it impossible to board, and the carnage becoming horrible in his ship—which the enemy was raking with his heavy guns, while Porter, from the position of his helpless vessel, was unable to return a shot—the latter let go an anchor, with a hawser attached, in order to bring round the head of the *Essex*, and once more to present her broadside to the foe. Firing away again, the guns of the *Essex* told with good effect; and now in her turn the *Phœbe* seemed disabled, and

was drifting away on the tide. There appeared a probability that she would soon be out of gun-shot, and leave to the *Essex* the glory of the victory.

At this moment of hope, however, the hawser attached to the anchor gave way, and the American frigate again floated a helpless wreck toward the *Phœbe*, whose guns still kept up their fire and their havoc upon the *Essex*, which, in her position could neither strike nor fly. There was now no longer any hope of saving the ship. She had also again caught fire; and an explosion of powder having occurred, threatening the destruction of all on board, Porter told his men that all those who, in preference to being blown up, would take the risk of trying to reach the land by swimming, might jump overboard and make the effort. Many accepted the offer; some reached the shore, but most of them were drowned in the attempt.

Captain Porter himself, untouched by a shot, would have still kept his flag flying, and gone down with his ship without striking; but, on being entreated to remember the wounded, he consented to call a council of his officers. Upon being summoned, one only came! The rest were either slain, drowned, or disabled. Almost every gun was useless, even had there been men to serve them; the berth-deck, steerage, ward-room, and cockpit, were full of the wounded; and many of these had been wounded again, and some of their comrades killed, while under the hands of the surgeon. The carpenter had not a man of his crew left; and he himself, while over the frigate's side, plug-

ging the shot-holes made by the enemy's fire, narrowly escaped drowning, by having his slings cut away by a ball, and being precipitated into the water. Seventy-five men were all that were left to do duty out of the two hundred and fifty gallant fellows who, two hours before, had so spiritedly gone into the engagement. Porter, feeling it a duty under these circumstances no longer to hesitate, hauled down his flag.

Fifty-eight of the American crew were killed, sixty-six wounded, and thirty-one missing. The spectacle presented on the deck of the *Essex* was truly horrid; and "when the British officer came on board, to take possession, he turned from it as if sickened at its sight."

The loss of the British in this unequal contest is not accurately known, but it must have been very severe. "It was with difficulty that either the *Essex* or the *Phoebe* could be got into the harbor of San Salvador, both being very much injured; the latter having eighteen shots in the hull, and some of them three feet under water. . . . The mere loss of the *Essex* could hardly be considered unfortunate, as she had done more injury to the

enemy's commerce than the rest of the navy together."

By an arrangement with Captain Hillyar, the *Essex Junior* (which appears to have taken little part in the action) was converted into a *cartel*, and Captain Porter sailed in her, with the survivors of the *Essex*, for the United States. On arriving off New York, she was overhauled by a British cruiser; and her papers being questioned, and the vessel detained, Porter, indignant at the treatment, made his escape in a whale-boat, and by the aid of a fog succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and landing at Babylon, on Long island, where he was received with suspicious coolness, as it was thought he might be an enemy in disguise. On his arrival in New York, however, a warm welcome met him after his adventurous cruise; "a carriage was provided for him, and drawn by the populace to his lodgings with shouts and acclamations;" and such honors were conferred as proved that our countrymen recognised in David Porter a man of whom the nation should be proud.*

* This and the two previous chapters were originally published by the author in *Harper's Magazine*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The American Coast blockaded.—Negro Slaves enticed.—New England a Sufferer.—The New Men-of-War.—New Sloops-of-War.—Capture of the Frolic.—Cruise of the Adams.—A Hard Chase.—A Second Trial.—Fate of the Adams.—Cruise of the Wasp.—A Stranger.—The Conflict.—Boarding.—Capture of the Reindeer.—Prizes.—Another Capture.—An Overwhelming Enemy.—Sinking of the Avon.—More Prizes and Captures.—Fate of the Wasp.—Cruise of the Peacock.—Capture of the Epervier.—A Chase.—The Epervier saved by a Ruse.—The Peacock on another Cruise.—Return to New York.

1814. THE British fleet, commanded by Admiral Cockburn, was now blockading the whole American coast. The squadron which had entered the Chesapeake, and laid waste the towns and plantations of Virginia, was scattered; but still a sufficient number of vessels remained to keep up the terror of the unprotected inhabitants, which was still further heightened by a proclamation of the British admiral, inviting the slaves to insurrection, with promises of protection and freedom.

New England, too, which had unpatriotically exulted in its hitherto exceptional favors from the enemy, was likewise included in the general blockade, and forty of her coasters were destroyed or captured by the hostile cruisers. British ships of great force were stationed off the mouth of the Thames, which effectually shut in the restless Decatur and his men-of-war at New London; and disembarked a force, which entered the Connecticut river, and destroyed a score or more of vessels that had sought refuge in its upper waters. The *Guerriere*, of forty-four guns, launched at Philadelphia, and commanded by Commodore Rogers;

the *Independence*, of seventy-four guns, launched at Boston, and commanded by Commodore Bainbridge; and the *Java*, a forty-four, launched at Baltimore, and commanded by Captain Perry—all new vessels, and of great force—were rendered useless by the watchfulness of the enemy's hovering cruisers, which kept them closely hemmed in from the sea until the end of the war.

The new sloops-of-war were able to elude the vigilance of the thronging foe, and get an offing. The *Frolic*, however, an eighteen-gun vessel, was captured as soon as she got to sea. The *Adams*, which had been cut down to a sloop-of-war, and placed under the command of Captain Morris, had a more adventurous and successful career. Running off to the eastward, she got on the track of the English East-Indiamen, and captured several, when she was met by two British men-of-war, convoying twenty-five sail of merchantmen, and chased, but escaped them, though with the loss of her prizes, which she was obliged to abandon. Again, she was driven off, while attempting to cut a vessel out of the Jamaica fleet, by two British cruisers on guard as their escort.

The Adams now steered for the Irish coast, and, after driving two vessels into the Shannon, was herself forced to fly before a British frigate. The chase was a hard one; but Captain Morris and his first-lieutenant, Wadsworth, who had both served on board the Constitution, under Hull, when he so skilfully escaped from a whole fleet in pursuit, now followed the example of their great master on that occasion. The boats were got out, and, by diligent toiling night and day, the Adams succeeded in getting beyond the reach of her powerful antagonist.

With one more trial (being chased by two frigates, one of which remained for twenty-four hours within gun-shot), the Adams, with several prizes, at length returned in safety to the American coast, and ran up the Penobscot river as far as Hampden. Here she was burned, to prevent her falling into the hands of a British expedition composed of a large force of soldiers and sailors.

The Wasp, another new sloop-of-war, which had taken the name from the favorite vessel that had been captured by the British frigate Poictiers, sailed, under the command of Captain Blakeley, from Portsmouth, in New Hampshire. Boldly entering the Chops of the English Channel, and pouncing upon the merchantmen, she caused a great fluttering of the flocks of trading-vessels, and soon provoked the attack of the British men-of-war. On a fine midsummer afternoon, with
June 28. a light wind and smooth sea, the Wasp, as she was cruising about, discovered two vessels in the distance. She immediately gave chase to the one most

conveniently situated for an encounter. On getting near, Blakeley hoisted his colors, and was answered with prompt gallantry by the strange vessel, a large man-of-war brig, which raised the British flag and fired a gun.

The two antagonists now rapidly closed and began action. The English commander, however, finding the fire of the Wasp too heavy, determined to board. With the bow of his brig on the Wasp's quarter, and all his men ready, with himself at their head, he attempted, again and again, to spring upon her decks, but was as often repulsed. Blakeley now, in his turn, gave the order to board the Englishman. In an instant the enemy's deck was gained, and after a brief struggle his flag was down.

The prize proved to be his Britannic majesty's war-brig Reindeer, of eighteen guns, Captain Manners. The British commander himself was slain; twenty-four of the crew were also killed, and forty-two wounded. The Wasp had but five killed and twenty-two wounded.

During the short struggle of less than half an hour, both vessels had suffered severely, and both commanders had exhibited great gallantry. Captain Manners proved his spirit by attempting a fight with a heavier vessel, and in his desperate effort to board showed a daring which appears less reckless, as it was then the general impression in the British navy, in consequence of the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake, that an English crew excelled the Americans in a hand-to-hand conflict. The Wasp, having burned her prize, to keep it from

falling into the possession of the thronging British men-of-war, put into the harbor of L'Orient, on the western coast of France.

Captain Blakeley, having refitted his vessel, sailed out again on a cruise. Two prizes were captured when a few days at sea; a third was cut out of a convoy of ten sail; and a fourth was about being seized, when the Wasp was driven away by a British seventy-four, the Armada, which had them under her care.

During the night of the same day, four vessels being made, Blakeley gave chase to one of them, and came up with her. A close and severe engagement ensued. In half an hour, the enemy's guns having ceased to fire, Captain Blakeley hailed, and demanded if he had struck. Receiving no response but the fire of a gun, the Wasp threw in another broadside, and hailed again. Now came a prompt answer of surrender. A boat was immediately lowered, to take possession; but, before it had fairly touched the water, the smoke of the battle just past having now blown away, another vessel was seen astern, coming up rapidly before the fresh night-breeze. The boat was instantly run up again, the crews were ordered to their guns, and everything made ready to begin action with the fresh antagonist.

Soon, however, two more vessels burst into sight through the darkness of the night, making directly for the Wasp. It now became necessary to abandon the prize, and Captain Blakeley ran off before the wind, with the hope of drawing after him the nearest of the three newcomers. The stranger did as was hoped;

but, after coming up with the Wasp, he contented himself with firing a single broadside, and then hauled off to join the prize, which was firing signals of distress.

The vessel which had first struck to the Wasp proved to be the sloop-of-war Avon, of eighteen guns, which was so severely injured, that she soon after sank. Her companions were the Castilian, also of eighteen guns, and two other cruisers.

The Wasp continued to cruise, and in a few days afterward captured the Three Brothers, a brig, and scuttled her; and, immediately after, the Atalanta, of eight guns, which, being a valuable prize, was sent to the United States, under the command of Midshipman Geisinger.

This was the last direct intelligence ever received from the Wasp and the gallant Blakeley. She was spoken once, off the Azores, but never again reached port. She is supposed to have foundered at sea, in a gale, while under full sail, striving to escape capture by a superior force.

The fourth of the new sloops-of-war, the Peacock, Captain Warrington, sailed from New York in the month of March; and having taken a southerly course, she soon fell in with a large brig-
April 29.

The merchantmen hauled off, and the two cruisers closed together and commenced a struggle. The Peacock, finding her headsails made useless by the first broadside of the enemy, was unable to manoeuvre in a close engagement. She accordingly hauled off to a convenient distance, whence with her heavy guns she poured in such a fire, that her antagonist struck

in forty-two minutes. The prize—on board of which was the round sum of a hundred and eighteen thousand dollars—was the British brig *Epervier*, mounting eighteen guns, Captain Wales. She was greatly injured, having received no less than forty-five shots in her hull, and lost twenty-two of her men in killed and wounded.

The *Peacock*, with the exception of the injury to her foreyards, had escaped almost without receiving a shot. Her hull was untouched, and she had not a single man killed, and only two wounded. The *Peacock* was slightly heavier in metal than her antagonist, but the difference in loss of the latter was much greater than could be attributed solely to the superior force of the former.

The first-lieutenant of the *Peacock*, J. B. Nicholson, was placed in charge of the *Epervier*, which was only kept from sinking by hard work at the pumps; and Captain Warrington resolved to convoy her into port. On their way to Savannah, two British frigates being seen, the prize-crew, with the exception of Lieutenant Nicholson and sixteen men, were shipped

from the *Epervier* to the *Peacock*; and the latter hauled off the coast, to entice away the enemy, while the former strove to continue her course: one of the frigates was thus drawn off, but the other tracked the prize along the coast; finding the water, however, becoming too shallow, she manned her boats and sent them in pursuit.

The *Epervier* was now in imminent danger, with her pursuers close in her wake. Lieutenant Nicholson, however, bethought himself of an expedient, by which he succeeded in saving the prize. He gave his orders loudly through his trumpet, as if the *Epervier* were full of men, to yaw ship and fire a broadside. The enemy's boats, not liking the prospect, backed their oars, remained for a moment fixed in consternation, and then rapidly pulled back to the frigate. By this clever *ruse*, Nicholson succeeded in carrying the *Epervier* safely into Savannah.

The *Peacock* now crossed the Atlantic for another cruise, and, after capturing fourteen merchantmen, returned to New York at the end of October.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Plans of Secretary Armstrong.—The Two Expeditions.—Expedition against Mackinaw.—Frivolous Disputes.—Delay.—The Enemy on the alert.—From Detroit to Mackinaw.—Unknown Waters.—Arrival at Mackinaw.—Difference of Counsel.—Landing of the Troops.—A March through the Forest.—An Indian Ambush.—Death of Holmes.—Retreat of Croghan.—The Return to Detroit.—Destruction of British Stores.—The Tigress and the Scorpion captured.—The British in Command of Lake Ontario.—Sir James Yeo repulsed at Sackett's Harbor.—Attack on Oswego.—The Repulse.—Second and Successful Attack.—Blockade of Sackett's Harbor.—Captain Wolsey and his Flotilla.—Overtaken by the Enemy.—Wolsey at Big Sandy Creek.—Defences.—Reinforcement.—Attack and Repulse of the Enemy.—Blockade of Sackett's Harbor raised.—Major-General Brown in Command at Buffalo.—Discipline of the Troops.—Invasion of Canada.—Landing of Scott and Ripley.—Surrender of Fort Erie.—The March to Chippewa.—Effect of a Fourth of July.—An Astonished Marquis.—General Riall and the British Troops.—The Conflict.—Flight of the Militia.—Battle of Chippewa.—A Daring Exploit.—Cold Iron.—The Victory.—Flight of the Enemy.—The Pursuit.—Attack or retreat?—Bold Resolution of Scott.—A Harbinger of Victory.—Battle of Lundy's Lane.—Desperate Conflict.—Victory of the Americans.—The Losses.

1814. THE martial secretary of war, General Armstrong, still clinging to his purpose of invading Canada, now planned two expeditions. One was to recapture Mackinaw, the key to the north-western Indian territory, and the important fur-trade at this time in the hands of the Canadians; the other was to send a large force to seize Burlington heights, whence, with the aid of the fleet building on Lake Ontario, and by forming a junction with the troops at Sackett's Harbor, an attack might be made on Kingston, and the way cleared for a march to Montreal.

The first expedition was placed under the command of Colonel Croghan and Major Holmes, whom Captain Sinclair, now the naval commander on the upper lakes, was to aid with a portion of his fleet. Delayed by a frivolous dispute between the secretary of war and Colonel Croghan, the expedition did not set out until near midsummer. In the
July 3. meantime, the enemy were on

the alert; and Colonel McDowell, marching with a British force, had strengthened all the posts on the upper lakes, even beyond Mackinaw.

Five hundred regular troops and two hundred and fifty militia embarked on board the brigs-of-war Lawrence and Niagara, and the smaller vessels of Captain Sinclair's squadron. They moved with slow caution through the then comparatively unknown waters of St. Clair and Huron. Never before had such large vessels ventured upon those lakes, the navigation of which had hitherto been left to the birchen canoe of the Indian, or the small sloop of the adventurous fur-trader. With steep, iron-bound coasts, no harbors of refuge accessible, a constant prevalence of fogs, and with no pilots but two refugee Canadians and an agent of the rich fur-trader John Jacob Astor (who only knew the course of the trading-smacks from Detroit to Mackinaw), the navigation was perilous and necessarily slow. On reaching St. Josephs,
July 20.

nothing was found but a deserted post in ruins. Arriving at Mackinaw, the sanguine Colonel Croghan advised an immediate attack, by land and by water. The less impetuous Sinclair, startled by the strength of the fortress (which towered a hundred feet above, and threatened with its guns to pour down a destructive shower upon the decks of any vessel which ventured to approach), refused to expose his squadron to the danger.

The troops, however, were landed, on an open beach, whence they advanced to attack the enemy in their fortifications. The route lay through a dense wood; and the march was so impeded by the thick undergrowth and the projecting limbs of the trees, that the ranks were necessarily broken. While thus in disorder, the Indian allies of the British, concealed in the coverts of the forest, fired with deadly effect upon the troops. Major Holmes, while leading on the advance, was shot by an Indian lad only ten years of age, who, lying concealed in a bush, aimed his rifle and shot the gallant officer, who instantly fell dead with two balls in his breast, at a distance of but ten feet from the young savage. Captain Vanhorn was killed at the same moment, and Captain Desha likewise received a severe wound. Some fifty being either killed or wounded by the hidden enemy, and it being found useless to fire a shot in return, the men became disheartened; and Colonel Croghan, deeming it too hazardous to continue groping through the thick forest-covert, behind every tree of which was aimed a deadly

rifle, withdrew his force. The troops returned to the vessels, and the squadron sailed back to Detroit. Thus terminated the expedition to Mackinaw.

On the return, however, the stores deposited at the mouth of the Natewasaga river were destroyed; and the *Tigress* and the *Scorpion*, two of Perry's vessels, were left there, under the command of Lieutenant Turner, to prevent the replenishment of the depot, and thus cut off the supplies necessary to sustain the Canadian post at Mackinaw. But both vessels were soon captured by the adroitness and intrepidity of the English lieutenant, Worsley, who had been left in charge of the stores, and had escaped when they were destroyed.

The British, having got the start of the Americans in equipping a larger fleet, now held the command of Lake Ontario; and accordingly, the English commodore, Sir James Yeo, ventured an attack upon Sackett's Harbor, where, after receiving a repulse, he sailed with his squadron for Oswego, with the purpose of destroying the stores and materials for ship-building collected at that place. The defence of Oswego, which then contained but five hundred inhabitants, consisted only of a small fort, mounting but five guns, and garrisoned by three hundred men under Colonel Mitchell. An armed schooner, the *Growler*, lying in the river, and exposed to certain capture, was sunk by Mitchell as soon as he discovered the approach of the British force.

Sir James Yeo, on his arrival, began a bombardment upon the town; but, failing in making an impression by water,

he resolved on an attack by land. General Drummond accordingly debarked his troops in fifteen barges, guarded by gun-boats to cover their landing. Such a spirited fire was poured upon them from the little fort as they approached, that they were twice driven back, and were finally obliged to return to the ships.

Next day another attempt was made; and the large force of two thousand troops, under General De Watteville, succeeded in making good their landing. By overwhelming numbers, they finally, after a hard struggle, forced Mitchell to retire. He, however, withdrew his men in good order; and, as he fell back to Oswego Falls, whither he had sent the naval stores, he was enabled to check the advance of the enemy, and destroy the bridges on the route. The British, thus foiled, retired to Sackett's Harbor, carrying with them, as their only prize, the Growler, which they had succeeded in raising from its bed in the river.

Sir James Yeo now blockaded Sackett's Harbor, in order to intercept the cannon, anchors, and other heavy materials, which had to be sent by water from Oswego, to complete the equipment of the American vessels building at the former place. Captain Wolsey, of the American navy, an intrepid and energetic officer, who, from long experience, was well acquainted with the navigation of the lakes, now set out from Oswego with nineteen boats, loaded with forty-eight heavy cannon, anchors, and iron cables, and determined to land them at Sackett's Harbor. In addition to the sailors, there were a hundred and thirty riflemen, un-

der Major Appling, distributed among the batteaux. A party of Indians, commanded by Lieutenant Hill, were also to accompany the flotilla a part of the way by land.

With the greatest secrecy and silence the flotilla pushed off in the night, and reached Big Salmon river at day-
light the next morning, having **May 29.** lost one boat, however, which, lagging behind, fell into the hands of the enemy. Wolsey now moved his boats up Big Sandy creek, in order to give his men a brief respite from labor, and opportunity for refreshment and repose.

In the meantime, Sir James Yeo, having learned from those on board the captured boat, of the sailing of the whole flotilla, despatched three gun-boats, three cutters, and a gig, under the command of two naval captains, to capture at all hazards the American supplies, as upon them depended the supremacy of the lake. Captain Wolsey, aware of their approach, sent immediately to Commodore Chauncey for a reinforcement, which was promptly forwarded in the shape of a hundred and twenty marines, a squadron of cavalry, and a company of light-artillery.

Thus strengthened, Captain Wolsey calmly awaited the approach of the British, who, on arriving, began an immediate attack. The American force was artfully concealed, lest its display should frighten away the assailants. The riflemen and Indians were thus distributed in ambush throughout the woods on the banks of the stream, a short distance below where the boats were moored; and the artillery,

cavalry, and sailors, were likewise hidden from sight.

Coming up with their gun-boats, cutters, and gig, the British landed on both sides of the river, to make sure of every fugitive, and an advance-party was about pouncing upon the coveted prize, when suddenly the Americans sprang from their concealment, and poured upon them a certain and deadly fire from their rifles. In ten minutes, such was the surprise and the havoc, every man of the enemy surrendered at discretion. Some fourteen officers and men were killed, twenty-six were wounded (among whom were the two British naval commanders), and the whole party, with gun-boats, cutters, gig, and all, were captured. Thus the naval stores were saved, and the equipment of the vessels on Lake Ontario secured for future good service to the American cause. Commodore Chauncey being enabled to complete his new ship (the Superior) for sea, Sir James Yeo was now forced to raise the blockade of Sackett's Harbor, and retire to the British side of the lake.

During the spring and summer of 1814, a force of thirty-five hundred men had been concentrated at Buffalo, under the command of Brown, now elevated to the rank of major-general. Under him were Scott and Ripley, at the head of their respective brigades, together with General Porter, in command of a miscellaneous body of militia, volunteers, and Indians. While stationed at Buffalo, the troops had for three months been subjected to the most thorough discipline, and drilled to perfection in all the evolutions of the complete French system of tactics. The

force, thus made efficient, was now thrown across the river Niagara, to renew for the third time the attempt to conquer Canada.

Early in the morning, General Scott landed with his brigade and the artillery corps of Major Hindman below Fort Erie, while General Ripley's brigade debarked above. **July 3.** The fort surrendered without resistance, and the next day the army marched to attack the British, under General Riall, at Chippewa. Scott with his brigade pressed on in advance, driving before him for sixteen miles a detachment of the enemy under the marquis of Tweeddale, who was puzzled at the impetuosity of his American pursuers, until he was reminded that it was the 4th of July. His lordship got no rest for his hard-pressed troops until he crossed the Chippewa river at night, and joined the British encampment.

The Americans continued their march until they reached the bank of Street's creek, which joins the Niagara about two miles above and to the south of the Chippewa. Between these two small streams stretched a plain, bounded on three sides by the Niagara, the Chippewa, and Street's creek, and on the fourth by a forest. This became the scene of the conflict between the two armies, now separated from each other by the plain and the creeks which skirted it above and below.

On the following morning, Brown set out to attack the British in their encampment, fortified by a blockhouse and a heavy battery. **July 5.** General Riall, however, not disposed to remain on the defensive, marched out to meet the

assailants. The Canadian militia and the Indian allies of the enemy were sent in advance. These, after crossing the bridge over the Chippewa, diverged from the road to the right, and, passing across the plain, stationed themselves in the wood. The rest of Riall's force followed, marching forward through the centre of the plain.

In the advance of the Americans was the miscellaneous force of General Porter, which, after crossing the bridge over Street's creek, marched to take up its position also in the wood. Here began the conflict. After a short skirmish, the Canadian militia and Indians were driven back, but soon rallied on discovering that Riall with his main body was coming up to the rescue. Porter's irregular troops now gave way before this fresh onset.

At this moment, General Scott, having just reached the bridge over State's creek, was moving his brigade toward the plain, when General Brown came up, and, hurriedly remarking, "The enemy is advancing—you will have a fight," rode off. This was the first information Scott had received of the British advance, and the last communication he had with his general, directly or indirectly, during that whole day.

Before Scott's troops could cross the bridge, the enemy were discovered on the plain; and soon their heavy battery of nine pieces of artillery began to play, within point-blank range, upon the advancing Americans. The latter, however, gallantly faced the fire, and crossed the bridge in spite of it, although with some loss. On reaching the plain, the first and

second battalions, under Majors Leavenworth and M'Neill, formed a line to the front, to oppose the left and centre of the British; while Colonel Jesup moved in column to the wood, to attack the right, which, under the cover of the forest, was marching to outflank the Americans.

The engagement soon became general. While Jesup held in check the advance of the enemy's right through the wood, General Scott, increasing the distance between Leavenworth's and M'Neill's battalions, moved to meet the British line on the plain. Alternately advancing, halting, and firing, the two armies at length stood within eighty paces of each other. The American line, divided into two equal parts, had been skilfully manoeuvred until Leavenworth's battalion presented itself in an oblique position to the enemy's left, and M'Neill's in the same order to their centre, which now formed their right on the plain. The American troops were thus the two oblique sides of a triangle, of which the British front was the base.

Scott, wishing to take a survey of his whole line, and anxious to save time, dashed along the front, exposed to the cross-fire of both armies, rather than take the circuitous route in the rear. A cheer rose from every man, as he looked with admiration upon this daring exploit of the commander. So incessant was the firing during this time, that Captain Towson, in command of the battery on the right, was too much enveloped in smoke to see how to point the guns. Scott, at the moment, came dashing up in front of the battery, and cried out, "Captain, more to the left; the enemy is there!" at the

same time pointing in the direction where he wished the fire. While Towson was now enabled to place his battery so that it might play with greater effect, both battalions of infantry were ordered to charge with bayonets. Scott, just before giving the order, shouted out to M'Neill's battalion: "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but can not stand the cold iron! I call upon the eleventh instantly to give the lie to that slander! Charge!" They promptly did their general's bidding; and with one impetuous rush the Americans made such a charge with their bayonets, that the British regulars broke and fled in confusion.

In the meanwhile, Major Jesup, who had been ordered to the extreme left of the American line, in order to attack the right of the British under the cover of the wood, moved forward his regiment in column until he attained a position within a hundred and twenty paces of the enemy's troops under the command of the marquis of Tweesdale. Jesup, as he formed his ranks, finding them greatly exposed to a destructive fire from the British regulars in front and the Indians with the militia under the cover of the forest on his left, concluded that it was necessary either to retreat or advance. Trusting to the spirit and discipline of his troops, he chose the bolder alternative. "Support arms! advance!" was the order; and at once the men shouldered their muskets, and, firmly marching in the face of the enemy's fire, awaited until the word of command, "Charge!" was given, when they rushed forward with the bayonet. The British, however, were so ap-

palled, that they did not remain to cross weapons with their assailants, but turned and retreated in disorder.

General Brown had ridden up while Jesup was making his dispositions for the charge, and promised him immediate support. While Brown was bringing up Ripley's brigade to reinforce Jesup and Scott, the whole British force was already in full flight toward the Chippewa, over which they hurried in confusion; and, having torn away the bridge behind them, they sought refuge in their fortified camp beyond.

The contest was an obstinate and fatal one. The English and Americans had met on a fair field, breast to breast, and our countrymen had won a triumph that was due alone to their skill and courage. The carnage was great. The total loss of the British in killed, wounded, and missing, was about five hundred men; that of the Americans was three hundred and thirty-eight. The sun went down upon the field of blood; the calm summer night spread its shades over that unsurped domain of Nature —

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

The groans of the dying and the cries of the wounded were but whispers in the ear in which sounded the roar of the great cataract.

For two days the American troops rested in their encampment on Street's creek, when they forced their way over the Chippewa. Scott, with his brigade, led the van, and drove the enemy before him. The British retired to Burlington heights,

near the head of Lake Ontario. General Brown followed in pursuit. While resting his army, preparatory to an attack on the following day, intelligence was brought that a thousand of the enemy had been thrown across the Niagara from Queenstown to Lewistown, with the purpose, as was supposed, of taking the magazines at Fort Schlosser, and intercepting the American supplies from Buffalo. To divert them from this object, Brown despatched General Scott, with some thirteen hundred men, to threaten the British forts at the mouth of the Niagara. The detachment had proceeded but two miles, when a group of British officers on horseback was observed just above the falls of Niagara, apparently reconnoitring. Soon after, word was brought that the enemy were in small force below, hidden from view by the intervening woods.

Scott, supposing that the British in his neighborhood were merely some of the scattered remnants of the army which had been beaten on the plain of Chippewa, determined to push on without giving much heed to them, as he imagined they would rapidly give way before his advance. As he continued his march, however, and passed the wood, he was greatly surprised to find himself confronted by a force of nearly double his own; General Riall's fugitives having been reinforced by General Drummond with a large number of fresh troops.

Momentarily perplexed, the American commander hesitated between attack and retreat. The former appeared rash, and the latter would not only dispirit his own

troops, but might create a panic in the ranks of the reserve, a force now eagerly expected. Scott resolved upon the bold expedient of action, with the hope of holding the British at bay until he might be reinforced. Ordering two officers to ride with all speed and report the state of things to General Brown, Scott marched his men forward toward the enemy.

It was now late in the day; the sun was setting, and its beams, caught by the spray of the great cataract which rolled down its mighty volume of waters in full view, formed a rainbow that spanned the head of the advancing American column, and was hailed as a harbinger of victory. The enemy were posted in Lundy's Lane, and upon the ridge which bounded it, a little below the falls. Their left, stationed on the road which ran along the river Niagara, was separated from the main body by an interval of space of about two hundred yards, covered with thick brushwood. Observing this interval, and determining to take advantage of it, Scott ordered Major Jesup to gain it cautiously, and thus turn the enemy's left.

In the meantime, the British commander, finding that his right outflanked the American left, threw forward a battalion to attack it in the rear. Major M'Neill, however, was on the alert, and promptly met this manœuvre with such firmness, that the enemy were driven back. At the same time, the action in front was spiritedly maintained by the American troops, though at the disadvantage of inferior numbers. Major Jesup had, fortunately, succeeded in his movement. He

turned the enemy's left, pounced upon General Riall with his whole staff, captured them, carved his way back through the British ranks, and brought his prisoners in triumph to the American line. Scott immediately announced the fact to the army, when three loud cheers rose from his exulting troops. The enemy responded with a terrible fire from their artillery on the heights which overlooked Lundy's Lane.

Scott's troops suffered greatly from the battery on the ridge, but still kept their ground with great firmness, although one fourth of their number had already fallen. The American cannon were necessarily placed so low, that they were fired with but little effect; while the twenty-four pounders and heavy howitzers of the enemy, from their commanding position, swept the field, and made great havoc. The small force of Scott was now so reduced, that the whole shock of the foe was sustained by a single regiment. The eleventh and the twenty-second, with the loss of their commanders and the exhaustion of their ammunition, had withdrawn from the action, and the ninth was left to bear its brunt. Its commander, Leavenworth, finding one half his men already gone, said to Scott, as he pointed to the remnant of his regiment, "Sir, your rule for a retreat now holds good." The general, who had always contended that when one third of a regiment was destroyed the rest were justified in retiring, waived the subject, and urged the gallant men to still further effort.

It was now night, but the struggle continued even in the midst of a darkness

lighted only by the flash of musketry and cannon, and the glimmer of the moon and stars through the occasional opening of a clouded sky, made still more obscure by the thick smoke of the artillery-fire, which rose, mingling with the heavy mist of the great falls, from the battle-field. Six hundred men of his thirteen hundred had fallen, and Scott felt that, unless the aid he expected should soon arrive, there would be no alternative but retreat.

The hoped-for aid came at last. General Brown, having heard the cannonade, inferred that Scott was hard pressed, and accordingly hurried to the rescue. Ripley was sent forward at once, and immediately after him Porter with the militia. When Ripley's brigade came into view, a shout of joy arose from the harassed soldiers of Scott, who saw in this timely arrival a hope of victory. General Brown, observing how the force on the field had suffered, ordered the fresh troops to form in advance of it. The British were also reinforced at the same time, and their numbers thus augmented to nearly four thousand. Both armies now paused, as if to gather their strength for a decisive struggle.

Having strengthened their battery on the height by additional guns, the enemy renewed the battle with a terrific fire. While they held this position, it was useless to contend with them. The height must be carried, or defeat was certain. General Brown accordingly summoned Colonel Miller, and said, "Sir, can you take that battery?"—"I will try," was the brief reply of the prompt soldier; and, putting himself at the head





of the twenty-first regiment, and guided by Scott (who had been everywhere during the struggle, and become well acquainted with the ground), he filed his men in the dark through the gap which led to Lundy's Lane, and began the ascent of the height. Major M'Farland, with the twenty-third regiment, followed to his support.

As soon as the enemy heard the steady tread of the ascending force, and were thus enabled in the darkness to aim their guns, they pointed and fired them with great effect. The twenty-first never faltered, but kept steadily approaching, partly covered by a church and churchyard-wall, and thus protecting their lives within the shadow of the tombs of the dead. The twenty-third, however, were driven back for a moment down the hill, but rallied again. Up they now go, in spite of the grape-shot showered upon them from above. Coming within musket-shot, they pause a moment to fire, and then steadily continue to mount the acclivity, until, at length reaching the summit, a hand-to-hand struggle begins. The British artillerymen cling stubbornly to their guns, and the infantry strive with their bayonets to force back the assailants, but are finally driven away by the repeated charges of the Americans, who possess themselves of the battery.

Again and again the enemy strive to retake their lost battery, but are each time repulsed. The Americans now in possession of the ridge, the two armies change position, and the British become the assailants. With desperate effort they strive to regain the ground of which they

had been dispossessed. Throughout this struggle, the Americans spiritedly maintain the advantages which they have so gallantly won, but suffer greatly from the fierce assaults of the enemy, vexed into savage fury by their repeated discomfitures.

Scott was everywhere inspiring and directing his men, and exposed throughout to the hottest of the conflict. He had lost two horses; and now, although himself wounded in the side, he continued on foot to share in the fight. Gathering together the surviving remnants of his shattered brigade, he led them twice against the advancing columns of the foe, and charged them with such spirit, that they were driven back. Brown, too, was so severely wounded, that he was about retiring from the field, and leaving the command to Scott, when this gallant officer was himself a second time wounded while heading a charge, and his left shoulder so shattered by a musket-ball, that he was disabled from further duty, and carried off the ground. As they bore him away, however, he faintly spoke to Leavenworth, saying, "Charge again!"

The enemy continued their vain attempts until midnight; when at last, deprived of their leader, Drummond, who had fallen wounded, they gave up in despair, and withdrew, leaving the field in possession of the Americans. The loss on both sides had been immense: that of the Americans was seven hundred and forty-three, and of the British eight hundred and seventy-eight. Seventy-six of the American officers were either killed or wounded. Generals Brown and Scott

were both severely wounded, as was likewise Major Jesup. Scott and Jesup had each two horses shot under them; and Brady, Leavenworth, and M'Neill, severally lost a single one.

July 26. Early the next morning, the Americans were withdrawn from the ground they had taken, as they had need of water and refreshment, which were not to be procured upon the rugged heights. The cannon were left behind, for the want of wagons and drag-ropes; but the wounded were carefully borne to

the encampment on the Chippewa, and the dead were buried upon the field of battle. Among the latter was found the body of young Captain Hull, the son of the general who had so ignominiously surrendered Detroit. This youth so acutely felt his father's disgrace, that he had already fought a duel, in a vain effort to silence censure; and, on going into the fight in which he lost his life, he told a fellow-officer that he had resolved to seek death, as his only relief from the sense of dishonor which agonized him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Enemy's Guns left behind at Lundy's Lane.—The Reluctant Ripley.—A Failure.—Rumors.—General Ripley in Command.—The Retreat.—Opposition of Brown.—General Gaines in Command.—Motives of Ripley.—Gaines at Fort Erie.—The British thwarted at Fort Schlosser.—Successful Attempt against the American Fleet.—General Drummond besieges Fort Erie.—Vigorous Resistance.—Assaults.—Failure of Attempts.—A Desperate Effort.—Repulse.—Renewed Assault.—No Quarter.—Lieutenant M'Donough shot.—Drummond killed.—Furious Charge.—A Pause.—An Explosion.—Panic and Flight of the Enemy.—Terrible Havoc.—Renewal of Operations against Fort Erie.—Gaines wounded.—Ripley in Command.—Brown to the Rescue.—General Izard's Expedition.—Great Professions of Sympathy.—Frivolous Delays.—The March to Batavia.—Great Operations of the Enemy.—Alarm of the Country.—Preparations for Defence.—General Winder in Command.—Defence of States and Cities.—Gun-Boats.—Captain Barney at St. Leonard's Creek.—Successful Defences.—Flotilla unharmed.

1814. WHEN the fact that the enemy's artillery had been left behind on the heights above Lundy's Lane was announced to the wounded Brown, he immediately ordered General Ripley to take every man that could be spared from the camp on the Chippewa, and to bring off the cannon without delay. Ripley set out lingeringly, and returned with the intelligence that the enemy were already in possession of the heights and the guns.

Soon a rumor was circulated that General Drummond, at the head of an aug-

mented force, was marching to attack the American camp. Ripley, who had succeeded to the command, in consequence of the disability of Brown and Scott from their wounds, at once ordered a retreat to the ferry opposite Black Rock; and would have passed the whole army over into the territory of the United States, had he not been opposed by some of his officers. So resolute was Ripley in his purpose, that he hurried to Buffalo, whither Brown had retired, in order to obtain his approval of the movement. His gen-

eral, however, was so far from concurring with him, that he emphatically expressed his disapprobation, and ordered Brigadier-General Gaines to repair to Fort Erie and take command of that post, and of the whole American force, with the view of maintaining the ground so gallantly won on the Canadian side. Ripley was a man of undoubted personal courage; but, from some inexplicable reason, he seemed from the beginning to have done all he could to thwart the purposes of the campaign.

Gaines, on arriving at Fort Erie, began at once to strengthen the works, in order to be prepared for the approach of General Drummond, who, having recovered from his wounds, now threatened an attack with a considerable force. Before attempting this, however, the English commander, having discovered that the magazine and stores of the Americans had been shifted from Schlosser to Buffalo, sent Colonel Tucker with twelve hundred men to seize them. Brown anticipated this attempt by despatching Major Morgan with a force of riflemen to Black Rock, who succeeded in thwarting the purpose of the enemy, and in compelling Tucker to return with his detachment without effecting his object.

Another enterprise of the foe proved more successful. Drummond, ascertaining that three small vessels, forming a part of the Erie fleet, lay at anchor in the mouth of the lake, despatched Captain Dobbs, of the royal navy, with a number of armed boats, to cut them out. Under a mistake about their character, the enemy were permitted to approach without resistance, when, cutting the cables,

mounting the decks, and capturing the arms, they succeeded in carrying off the Ohio and the Somers; while the third, the Porcupine, by some hazard or other, contrived to escape.

Drummond, with a superior force of nearly four thousand men, finally reached Fort Erie, defended **Aug. 4.** by General Gaines with a garrison of twenty-five hundred. The British commander would have taken the works by a *coup de main*; but, finding that his adversary was on the alert, he was obliged to resort to the slower process of a siege. Having opened his trenches, established his batteries, and fortified his covering-camp, Drummond began to bombard and cannonade the fort. For two **Aug. 13.** days he persevered in his heavy fire, without producing much effect upon the works. General Gaines, thinking it probable that the enemy would attempt an assault during the night, prepared vigorously to resist it. The night-guard was doubled, corps of infantry were assigned to support the several batteries, and the rest of the troops were held in reserve, to meet any emergency which might occur.

The assailants came, as was expected. About two hours after midnight, **Aug. 14.** in the midst of a pelting storm of rain, a strong column of the enemy approached the northwestern angle of the fort, where Towson's battery was posted. A few well-aimed discharges sent the foe reeling back. Coming up again to the attack, the assailants were a second time driven off. Their leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, loth to yield, now made an-

other desperate effort. He caused his men to plunge into the water, in order to wade round the *abattis* which stretched down into the lake. While the British troops were thus floundering breast-deep, a volley of grape-shot was showered upon them from the fort, which told with such effect, that nearly two hundred men were either killed, or drowned in their bewildered efforts to escape; while the rest, who succeeded in returning to the land, fled back to their encampment. General Ripley, at this moment sallying out at the head of a party, pursued the fugitives, and cut off a large number of the rear-guard.

The second British column, which advanced against the right battery of the fort, was also repulsed. The centre of the enemy, led on by Colonel Drummond, pushed forward with great firmness and spirit, in face of the heavy fire from the works. With their scaling-ladders some of them succeeded in mounting the parapet, but, after a severe struggle, were driven down. Again and again the attempt was renewed with heroic valor, but each time thwarted.

Three times repelled, General Drummond now shifted his point of attack. Taking advantage of the darkness of the night, rendered still deeper by the clouds of smoke, he led his troops silently along the edge of the ditch until he reached an unguarded point of the works. With their ladders promptly fixed, and a quick ascent, the men were at once upon the parapet, before the garrison were even aware of their approach. Their colonel was among them; and, crying, "Give the

Yankees no quarter!" he ordered his followers to charge vigorously with their pikes and bayonets.

The garrison, now fully aroused, met the assailants as they came in, and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle ensued. Colonel Drummond never swerved from his merciless resolution to give no quarter. Lieutenant M'Donough, having fallen wounded in the conflict, demanded quarter; but the British commander interposed, repeating, "Give the Yankees no quarter!" As a throng of British soldiers, in obedience to the cruel order, were thrusting their bayonets at the prostrate young officer, he seized a handspike to ward off their fatal stabs, and was thus holding them at bay, when Drummond himself shot him dead with a pistol. The British colonel survived his merciless act but a moment. A fatal shot in the breast from an avenging hand laid Drummond prostrate by the side of the murdered M'Donough.

In spite of the loss of their colonel, the British column still charged on furiously with their pikes and bayonets, and, having gained full possession of the bastion, repelled several onsets made to displace them. The morning now broke, **Aug. 14.** and both parties paused for a moment to contemplate their relative position and strength. As a British reserve was coming up, to reinforce their comrades who had possession of the bastion, with the purpose of making a combined, and, as they believed, a decisive assault, a tremendous explosion took place, carrying away that portion of the works and all who were within it. A chance spark had fallen upon the ammunition-chest be-

low the platform, and caused the catastrophe which had proved so fatal to the enemy. The British reserve, appalled by the occurrence, immediately fled from the scene, and the Americans were left in sole possession of the fort.

The loss of the British, in killed and wounded, during the assault upon Fort Erie, amounted to the immense number of nine hundred and five; while that of the Americans was but eighty-four in all, of whom only seventeen were killed.

General Drummond now withdrew the remnant of his force beyond the reach of the guns of the fort, and awaited the arrival of reinforcements, in order to renew the active operations of the siege. In a few days he was strengthened by two additional regiments, when, having enlarged the fortifications of his camp and increased his batteries, he reopened his fire. As the enemy continued, day after day, throwing hot shot, shells, and every kind of destructive implement, the works were considerably injured, lives occasionally sacrificed, and wounds inflicted. General Gaines himself was severely injured by a shell which had fallen through the roof of his quarters and exploded at his feet. He was obliged in consequence to retire to Buffalo, leaving the command of the fort to General Ripley, who occupied himself in busily increasing and strengthening the fortifications until the arrival of General Brown, who, though still suffering from his wounds, hastened to the post.

Deprived, by the sickness of Commodore Chauncey, of the co-operation of his fleet on Lake Ontario, Brown had been

compelled to abandon his scheme for the conquest of Canada. Although, with his usual sanguineness of disposition, he yet hoped to strike an effective blow at the enemy upon their own territory, with the aid of General Izard (lately promoted to the command of the northern army), his pressing desire now was to save his brave garrison. Thus cooped up in Fort Erie with his small force, he anxiously awaited the arrival of the expected reinforcements.

General Izard at length set out from Plattsburg with seven thousand troops, leaving three thousand, mostly invalids, under the command of General Macomb, to defend that post. On reaching Sackett's Harbor—where, with his usual cautious discretion, he had decided not to venture an attack upon Kingston—he received an urgent appeal from General Brown to come to his aid at Fort Erie. The latter, however, soon gave up his hope of assistance from that quarter, and, losing all confidence in the dilatory and capricious Izard, declared in his despatch to Secretary Armstrong—"We must, if saved, do the business ourselves." With no trust but in himself, Brown now determined, by a vigorous push, to become "his own deliverer," and save his little garrison from being overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the enemy.

In the meantime, General Izard made great professions of sympathy with the beleaguered garrison of Fort Erie. "The perils of this heroic band," he said, "are now so multiplied and menacing as make it my first and most important duty to leave Kingston untouched, embark my

troops on board the fleet, run up to the head of the lake, land on the northern side of the Niagara, and throw myself on the rear of Drummond." Kingston was accordingly left untouched by Izard; but his sympathy with the "heroic band" of Fort Erie, however strongly expressed in words, was rendered useless for any practical good by his capricious movements and frivolous delays. Commodore Chauncey offering to carry him and his troops to any point on Lake Ontario which he "might think proper to indicate," Izard declared for the mouth of the Genesee river! On landing at this point, he proceeded to Batavia instead of Buffalo; and, by thus diverging from the direct route, he so prolonged his march, that all timely aid from him became hopeless.

While these futile attempts were being made upon the territory of the enemy, Great Britain was bringing all her mighty resources of war, now set free by the downfall of Napoleon, against her American foes. Large fleets, filled with veteran troops, had gathered at Bermuda, prepared to make a descent upon our coasts, and threatened to lay waste our towns, cities, and defenceless settlements. The whole country became alarmed; and President Madison, in his solicitude, issued a circular letter to the states of the Union, calling upon them, without waiting for the usual authorization of Congress, to detach for service in all haste their quotas of an army of ninety-three thousand five hundred militia for the defence of the national territory, threatened by the great naval and land forces of England.

A new military district, embracing Maryland, the District of Columbia, and Virginia north of the Rappahannock river, was also established, and the command given to General Winder. The separate states themselves, sharing in the universal alarm, were likewise active in preparing to defend their shores from the impending danger. Norfolk was garrisoned by a force of militia drawn from the interior of Virginia. The citizens of Baltimore busily threw up intrenchments; and the governor of Maryland ordered out several thousand militiamen. New York for awhile ceased its factious squabbles, and all parties united in measures for defence. The town of Providence, in Rhode Island, voted twenty thousand dollars for fortifications. The shipmasters of Portland, in the then District of Maine, patriotically formed themselves into a company of sea-fencibles; and even Massachusetts did not fail to respond to the call for her quota of militia.

Our men-of-war were shut up in close blockade by the British squadrons already on our coast; and now we had no naval vessels at sea with the exception of the new sloops-of-war, whose varied adventures have been narrated in a previous chapter. Gun-boats, it is true, were stationed in some of our principal rivers leading to the sea. New York, the Delaware, the Chesapeake, and Charleston, each had a squadron of these vessels, but they were esteemed as inadequate guards even of the upper and shallow waters.

The gun-boats of the Chesapeake, under the command of the active and intrepid Captain Joshua Barney, became

memorable from their frequent skirmishes with the enemy's ships which blockaded them in the Patuxent river. Barney was always on the alert with his flotilla of barges and galleys; and whenever the British ventured with their light vessels into the shallow waters, he would pounce upon them. He thus succeeded in always greatly harassing them, and sometimes capturing the boats and their

crews. The British squadron, however, having been increased, Barney was compelled to move his flotilla up the river as far as the mouth of St. Leonard's creek. Here several attempts were made to capture the gun-boats, or force Barney to abandon them and take to the land, but in vain. He gallantly repelled every attack, and kept his flotilla unharmed till the advance of the foe upon Washington.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Arrival of Cochrane and General Ross in the Chesapeake.—Junction with Admiral Cockburn.—The British Force.—Up the Chesapeake.—James River.—The Potomac.—The Patuxent.—Beauty of Scene.—Debarcation of Troops.—The March.—A Heavy Load.—Suffering.—Fear of Rifle-Shots.—Nottingham.—Pursuit of Captain Barney's Flotilla.—An Explosion.—March to the Capital determined upon.—Excitement in Washington.—General Winder.—Want of Troops.—The Encampment.—Absence of the General.—Bewilderment and Riot.—Retreat.—A Run.—Defences of Washington.—News of the Enemy.—The Americans posted at Bladensburg.—The Grumbling Barney.—General Winder in Command.—Interference of the President and Cabinet.—Advance of the Enemy.—A Hot March.—Battle of Bladensburg.—Panic of the Militia.—A Startled President.—Gallantry of Barney, the Sailors and Marines.—Capture of Barney.

1814. ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER COCHRANE now returned from Bermuda, in his eighty-gun ship, the *Tonnant*, bringing with him a fleet of frigates and transports, having some three thousand veteran British troops on board, under the command of Major-General Ross, and sailed up the Chesapeake. On entering the bay, the fleet was joined by Admiral Sir George Cockburn with his squadron, who, now assuming the command of the whole, had under his flag the imposing array of twenty vessels-of-war of all kinds, from the line-of-battleship to the gun-brig, and a still larger number of transports and victuallers.

Cockburn, during his long stay on the coast, had organized a hundred fugitive negro-slaves; and these, added to his marines and a division of marine artillery, gave him a force of one thousand men, which, joined to the regular troops under General Ross, supplied a corps for landing of more than four thousand men.

The first day's sail brought this formidable force to the mouth of James river; the second to the Potomac, which several of the frigates entered; and the third to the Patuxent, where the fleet came to anchor. Waiting a few hours for a change of wind, the ships moved again, and entered the Patuxent with a fair breeze.

As the marauders beheld the scene of beauty and culture which they were seeking to disfigure and destroy, they could not withhold their admiration. The sloping banks of the stream, covered with fields of Indian corn and meadows of luxuriant pasture, and the neat, white-painted wooden houses, surrounded with gardens and orchards, presented a charming aspect of plenty and enjoyment; while the boundless forests beyond, showing a marked contrast to the culture, furnished such proofs of the years of careful toil by which those graceful homesteads and fertile fields had been wrested from the wilderness, that a reluctant sympathy was forced even from the hostile soldier.

Aug. 19. On reaching Benedict, a small village on the eastern bank of the Patuxent, a gun-brig was stationed, broadside on, within a hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and all her guns loaded with grape and round shot. On a signal from the admiral, the boats were at once hoisted out from every ship of the fleet, and scattered for several miles on the

Aug. 20. river; and soon its surface was covered with the flotilla, carrying the full-armed invaders to the land. Every precaution was taken by the foe to guard against attack, but it proved unnecessary. There was not a man seen, to strike a blow in defence of his country.

Aug. 21. The British now began their march into the interior, while armed boats sailed up the stream. Without cavalry-horses to draw their wagons or artillery, the guns were dragged along by a hundred seamen, and the stores carried by the same number: while each sol-

dier was loaded with sixty rounds of ball-cartridge; a knapsack, holding his shirts, shoes, stockings, and blanket; a haversack, packed with three days' provisions, and his drinking-canteen, in addition to his heavy regulation-musket. The men, weakened by a long sea-voyage, suffered greatly from the hot and fatiguing march, while dressed in their thick woollen uniforms, and bearing their heavy burdens under a burning August sun; and, before they had gone six miles, many dropped exhausted from the ranks. The utmost caution was taken to prevent surprise, by sending out strong flank-patrols and pushing forward the advance-guard. As they marched through the forest, the invaders were in constant fear of the deadly shots of the American riflemen, who were reported by the guides to be lying in ambush amid the thickets. Having only a skirmish, however, with a small body of these dread riflemen, the enemy marched into Nottingham. This town, surrounded by plantations of tobacco, was found completely deserted. Not a person was to be seen in the streets; and the bread, still baking in the ovens of the houses, showed the haste with which the inhabitants had fled.

After a night's repose at Nottingham, the British resumed their slow and cautious march toward Marlborough, following the gun-boats, which had pushed up the creek that empties into the Patuxent, in order to attack Cap-
Aug. 22. tain Barney's flotilla, which had so long defied Admiral Cockburn's whole squadron. During the march, the enemy were greatly startled by several heavy explo-

sions in the distance. On sending messengers forward to discover the cause, it was ascertained that Barney had been blowing up his boats. This officer, having been directed to destroy his flotilla, acted accordingly, and with his four hundred sailors and marines joined the American militia who had assembled to defend their country against the invaders.

At the suggestion of the unscrupulous Cockburn, it was now determined by Sir James Ross to march upon Washington; and accordingly, on leaving Marlborough, the army proceeded along the road that led to the capital.*

With the enemy thus within eighteen miles of Washington, great excitement and consternation prevailed in that city. General Winder had despatched his requisitions to Virginia and Pennsylvania for their several quotas of militia; but no aid having come in time from that quarter, he had at his immediate disposition only a small force drafted from the District of Columbia. This was hurriedly marched to a point about eight miles east of the federal city, where it encamped. Here, too, came the regulars who had fallen back from Marlborough on the approach of the foe, and Barney with his sailors and marines. The president, the secretaries of state, war, and the navy, and the attorney-general, also assembled at the camp.

Everything was in a state of panic, disorder, and perplexity. General Winder,

having ridden out with the purpose of reconnoitring, was so long absent, that he was given up as lost, and another officer provided to take his place. The errant Winder, however, returned to resume his command, and to find everything in a state of bewilderment and confusion in the camp. The meek Madison, after having exercised his martial prerogative of reviewing the troops, had called together his counsellors; but, being puzzled to decide whether the enemy were marching to attack the American camp, Annapolis, Alexandria, or Washington, their united wisdom was overwhelmed in an impenetrable fog of doubt, irresolution, and confused dismay.

While their leaders were stupid with perplexity, the soldiers were wild with disorder. A veteran officer declared that the camp resembled a race-field, and that it was as noisy as a fair. The militia and the sailors, overflowing with drink, were boisterous with mirth and quarrel; and the countersign was given so badly by the unsoldierly sentinels, that it might be heard at a distance of fifty yards!

As the British continued to advance, and General Winder caught a glimpse of their approaching columns, he ordered a retreat, as he believed his three thousand disorderly troops were quite unable to cope with the force of the enemy, which had risen in the general apprehension to twelve thousand. The march to Washington was literally a run of eight miles, so eagerly did the alarmed troops obey the order to retreat. On reaching the city, the American force encamped near the navy-yard.

* Gleig. Scott, in his "Records of Naval Life," says that the capture of Washington was the original object of the expedition. Some of the despatches confirm this view. Gleig, however, is generally accurate.

Still perplexed about the intentions of the enemy, and although General Winder and Secretary Armstrong could not be persuaded that a march on the capital was proposed, it was determined to do something to provide for its defences. The advance of the British frigates up the Potomac was deemed by those military oracles, the general and the secretary of war, as a demonstration to draw off attention from Annapolis. The latter was so obstinate in his convictions, that he contemptuously answered the suggestions of danger from the panic-stricken legislators and inhabitants with—"Have they artillery? No. Have they cavalry? No. Then don't tell an old soldier that any regular army will or can come. We are more frightened than hurt, or likely to be. What do they want, what can they get, in this *sheep-walk*?" (as he sneeringly termed the "*city of magnificent distances*.") "If they want to do anything, they must go to Baltimore, not come to this barren wilderness!"* Preparations were, however, made to destroy the vessels and armaments in the navy-yard, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy; and the bridges over the Potomac, in order to check their advance.

At length came a frightened messenger with the alarming intelligence that the British were approaching Bladensburg, where General Stansbury had just arrived with the militia from Baltimore. On receiving this news, General Winder ordered Stansbury to stand where he was and give battle to the invaders, while he himself hastened to join him with his

troops from Washington. The secretary of war followed, and then the president, armed with the borrowed duelling-pistols of Mr. Campbell, the secretary of the treasury (who discreetly proposed to remain at Washington), and accompanied by Monroe and Rush. The ardent Barney, loth to be left behind, loudly grumbled at being kept "with five hundred of the few precious fighting-men to do what any d—d corporal could do with five!" and extorted permission to leave the bridge over the Potomac, where he had been posted to destroy it, and march to join the army.

General Stansbury was found posted with his Baltimore troops in the form of a semicircle on the ground rising from the western bank and Washington side of the shallow branch of the Potomac on which the town of Bladensburg stands. The artillery covered the line, and commanded the bridge over which the high-road led to Washington.

On his arrival, General Winder assumed the chief command, but found the president and his cabinet not indisposed to interfere. The secretary of war had been first ordered to exercise his skill, but Mr. Madison soon ruled him out of council by a counter-order. Colonel Monroe, the secretary of state, however, who had exhibited his martial ardor by declaring that he was resolved to pour out the last drop of his blood in the defence of every inch of ground, being permitted to give full scope to his military genius, altered the order of battle, and was subsequently held chiefly responsible for the misfortunes of the day.

* Ingersoll.

In the meantime, the enemy continued to advance. The weather was intensely hot and dry, and the heavily-clad and overloaded British soldiers suffered greatly. The sun's rays beat fiercely upon them as they marched along the exposed and dusty road. Numbers of men had already fallen to the rear exhausted, and many more could hardly be kept in the ranks. The army was obliged to come to frequent halts, to give the stragglers time to overtake the column; but no sooner was the march resumed, than the sides of the road were covered with men stricken prostrate with heat and fatigue. Some of the sturdiest of the soldiers, thus unable to go on, were left fainting and dying by the way.

Aug. 24. On turning a sudden angle in the road, the enemy first beheld the American force, which appeared to them to occupy a position of "great strength and commanding altitude." The British general, Ross, surveying from a neighboring height his foes, apparently so securely posted, and supposing that they could only be attacked by passing over the narrow bridge—for he was unconscious that the stream was fordable—is said to have hesitated. One of his officers, however, having exclaimed to the doubting commander, "What will be said of us in England, if we stop now!" Ross declared, "If it rain militia, we will go on!" and immediately prepared to advance.

The American troops, amounting in all to five thousand when reinforced by General Winder's command, which fell in behind the front line, were drawn up in

three straight lines, "like so many regiments upon a gala-parade," with the artillery-guns posted by ones and twos at intervals in the ranks, but so arranged as to be unable to fire a cross-shot upon an enemy approaching on either flank. The restless Barney, mounting his horse, had hurried to the field of battle, leading on his trusty sailors, and followed by Captain Miller and the marines, with their four big guns, but did not arrive until the action had already begun, when he took post behind the front lines, where he could sweep the road.

Having cautiously entered Bladensburg, and finding its houses and streets deserted, the British commander became aware that he had no enemy to oppose him but on the opposite side of the river. The order for attacking the American lines was now given. Without waiting to try whether the stream was fordable, the British advance pushed on at double quick time toward the bridge, under the cover of showers of rockets. The American artillery had been keeping up a continued fire upon the invaders as they emerged from the town, but withheld that of a two-gun battery on the high-road until the British thronged upon the bridge, when it opened with great effect. At the first discharge, a whole company was swept down; but the English brigade continued to push stoutly on, trampling as they went upon many of their dead and dying comrades, and gained the opposite side of the river. The militia, appalled by the rockets which were passing in showers of fire over their heads, were urged by General Winder to disregard

them.* President Madison and his martial cabinet, startled by these blazing missiles, had already discreetly retired to a safe distance; and now, as the rockets, better

* As the conduct of General Winder at the battle of Bladensburg has been the subject of much censorious comment, it is but fair to give his own statement, viz. :—

O'NEALE'S, *September 26, 1814.*

SIR: The readiest mode in which I can meet the inquiries which you have made, on behalf of the committee of which you are the chairman, will be to give a narrative of my agency as commander of the tenth military district, and to accompany it with the correspondence which I have had, by letter, with the general and state governments, and their respective officers, while in that command.

Within the few last days of June, and before it was known that my exchange was perfect, although intelligence to that effect was momentarily expected, I was at the city of Washington, and the secretary of war informed me that it was in contemplation to create another military district, to embrace the country from the Rappahannock northward, to include the state of Maryland, and that the president intended to vest me with the command of it.

On my return to Baltimore, I addressed to the secretary of war copies of the letters herewith transmitted, marked 1 A, 2 A.

About the 4th or 5th of July, I received a letter, a copy of which, marked 1 B, accompanies this, which enclosed an order constituting the tenth military district, a copy of which is annexed to the letter above referred to.

In obedience to the requisition of the letter, I immediately went to Washington and waited on the secretary of war. He stated to me that, in addition to the garrisons of the several forts within my district, and the detachments of the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth infantry then at Benedict, it was contemplated to order a detachment of cavalry, then at Carlisle, under orders to be mounted, amounting to about one hundred and fifty, a company of the twelfth, and from one to two companies of the tenth regular infantry, which would be ordered to be collected from their several recruiting- rendezvous, and to march to the city of Washington, and that the whole regular force thus to be collected might amount to one thousand or twelve hundred, and that the balance of my command would be composed of militia; that a requisition was about to be made upon certain states for upward of ninety thousand militia, intended for the defence of the maritime frontier of the country, and showed me a blank circular which had been printed, but not filled up, nor sent to the respective governors of the states.

I took the liberty of suggesting to the secretary of war at that time my idea of the propriety of calling immediately into the field at least a portion of the militia intended for my district, and encamping them in the best position

aimed, came directly in their faces, the militia could no longer be persuaded of their harmlessness, and the whole front line gave way, leaving the two guns,

for protecting the probable points at which the enemy would strike if he should invade the district of my command. The secretary was of opinion that the most advantageous mode of using militia was upon the spur of the occasion, and to bring them to fight as soon as called out. I returned within a day or two to Baltimore, to prepare myself for visiting the different parts of my district, and to explore it generally, and particularly those parts of it which might be considered as the approaches to the three principal points of it, to wit, Washington, Baltimore, and Annapolis.

My impressions of the necessity of having a respectable force immediately called into the field were strengthened instead of diminished by subsequent reflection; and I, in consequence, on the 9th of July, addressed the letter to the secretary of war, a copy of which is herewith sent, marked 3 A.

Agreeably to the suggestion contained in that letter, I proceeded to Annapolis to visit the military posts there, and to be ready on the spot when the governor should receive the requisition, and myself such instructions as might be thought proper to be given me, to take the most immediate steps to accomplish them.

The governor received the requisition, and immediately issued the necessary orders to have the quota required drafted.

On the 12th of July, the secretary addressed to me a letter (the copy of which is herewith marked 2 B), but which, being directed to Baltimore, did not reach me until after I had been to Upper Marlborough and again returned to Annapolis, where it followed me. I proceeded from Annapolis to Upper Marlborough, and on the 16th addressed two letters to the secretary of war, of which copies are sent, marked 4 A, 5 A.

The apprehension that the enemy would proceed up the Patuxent and attack the flotilla at Nottingham, in consequence of the reinforcement he had just received, gaining strength, I proceeded immediately to Nottingham, instead of going to the Woodyard as I intended. During the 16th we received no information of a movement of the enemy up the river; but on the 17th, about nine o'clock, Mr. Fitzhugh arrived express from the mouth of the Patuxent, and stated that about twenty barges, several frigates, and some small armed vessels, were proceeding up the river. I, in consequence, wrote a letter to the secretary of war, a copy of which is herewith sent, marked 6 A, and wrote a note to Brigadier-General West, of the Maryland militia, advising him to call out the militia of the county.

I ordered the detachments of the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth to hasten from the head of South river, by forced marches, to Nottingham. Three companies of the city

which had been so effective, in the hands of the British soldiers.

The English brigade which had crossed amounted to only fifteen hundred men ;

militia were promptly despatched in consequence of my letter of the 17th. But by the time these latter had reached the Woodyard, and the regulars Marlborough, the enemy had entered Hunting creek, on the Calvert side of the river ; had proceeded to Huntingtown, burned the tobacco-warehouse, after having taken off the principal part of the tobacco ; and were retiring down the river. I halted the city militia at the Woodyard, and the regulars at Marlborough.

In answer to my letter of the 17th from Nottingham, I received the following answer from the secretary of war, marked 3 B. As soon, therefore, as I ascertained that the enemy had retired to the mouth of the Patuxent, I proceeded to Annapolis, to make the requisition upon the governor, as directed by the secretary of war ; and thence to Baltimore, to lend my aid and power to draw out the force authorized there.

While at Annapolis, I addressed to the secretary of war the letter dated 20th of July, a copy of which is sent, marked 7 A ; and at the same time made the requisition on the governor, herewith sent, marked 1 C. After remaining at Baltimore a day, and leaving orders to Brigadier-General Stansbury, who had been called on to command the militia to be assembled there, relative to their muster and inspection, under the laws of Congress, I returned to Marlborough to fix upon an encampment for the militia I had required from the governor, and to be more at hand to be informed of the enemy's movements. From Upper Marlborough, on the 23d of July, I wrote to the secretary of war the accompanying letter, marked 8 A ; and then proceeded to the Woodyard, from whence, on the same day, I wrote to the secretary of war the following letter, marked 9 A.

The enemy still remaining inactive, or rather confining himself to depredations upon the lower parts of the rivers Patuxent and Potomac, I seized the opportunity of visiting Fort Washington, and on the 25th required from Lieutenant Edwards, the commanding officer, a representation of what he deemed necessary to complete the equipment of the fort, with its then works ; and received from him a representation, which I enclosed in a letter to the secretary of war on the 25th, of which copies are sent, marked 10 A. A copy of his answer, marked 4 B, is herewith sent.

Learning that some of the enemy's ships were proceeding up the Potomac, I proceeded down to Port Tobacco, with a view of ascertaining more precisely his views, and of informing myself of the country ; and on the 26th wrote to the secretary of war the following letter, marked 11 A.

Having ascertained the next morning that the enemy's ships had descended the river, I returned to Marlborough,

but, without waiting for the rest of the army to come up, they threw off their heavy knapsacks and haversacks, and, extending their ranks, pushed on to attack

and availed myself of the first opportunity I had to review and inspect the detachment of the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth ; and thence proceeded to Washington city, where I established permanent headquarters of the district on the 1st of August. I availed myself of a day at this time to review and inspect the two brigades of district militia in Alexandria and this place, and reported the result to Major-General Van Ness, commanding the District militia, in the letter herewith, marked No. 1.

The people of St. Mary's and Charles's had become extremely sore under the harassing service to which they had been subjected, and the devastation and plunder which the enemy had been so long committing on their shores ; and the remonstrances of Brigadier-General Stuart, commanding the militia there under the state authority, had become extremely importunate, with both the secretary of war and the president, to receive aid and protection from the general government. The danger of throwing a force so far down into that neck of land, which exposed them to the danger of being cut off, besides that they would be lost for the defence of Washington, Baltimore, or Annapolis, had hitherto prevented me from pushing any part of my command so low down ; but the president, in conversation, told me that their situation required aid, and directed me to move the detachments of the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth down to unite with and aid General Stuart. I accordingly ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Scott to move from Marlborough to Piscataway, and I proceeded directly down myself on the 3d. On the morning of the 4th of August, I wrote the following letter from Port Tobacco, marked 13 A, to the secretary of war, and, agreeably to the intention therein expressed, proceeded twelve miles below to General Stuart's camp. I there learned, beyond doubt, that the enemy had returned down the river ; and, after assuring the general of support if they again advanced up the river, I returned back again to the city of Washington, directing Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, commanding the regulars, to take up his encampment at a very convenient place two miles from Piscataway, on the road to the Woodyard and Marlborough.

On my arrival at Washington, I found that the requisition made upon the governor of Maryland for three thousand men, to be assembled at Bladensburg, had brought to that place only one company ; but I learned that other detachments were about marching to that place, and, in order that no delay might occur in organizing and equipping them, I ordered Major Keyser, of the thirty-eighth regular infantry, to proceed to Bladensburg, to muster, inspect, and drill the detachments as they came in.

I thence proceeded to Baltimore, to ascertain more precisely the effect of the requisition made on Major-General

the second line. The Annapolis regiment, in the thicket on the left of the road, gave way after a single fire; and the regulars, on the right, followed their example.

Smith for two thousand men from his division. When arrived, I found about one thousand two hundred only assembled. I reviewed and inspected them, and gave Brigadier-General Stansbury orders to endeavor, by the most speedy means, to get in the delinquents and absentees.

I had just learned by a letter from the governor of Maryland, and also from General Smith, that, upon General Smith's application to the secretary of war, he had determined that the two thousand men now called to Baltimore, and which had been detached under a requisition of the secretary of war directly on General Smith of the 20th of April, were to be considered as part of the quota of Maryland under the requisition of the 4th of July. I had drawn a different conclusion, and had so informed both the governor and General Smith in the visits I made to Annapolis and Baltimore about the 20th of July, immediately after receiving the letter from the secretary of war of the 17th July, above exhibited. In order to supply the deficit in my calculation upon this force, I addressed the letter of the 13th of August to the secretary of war, of which a copy, marked 14 A, is here presented; proceeded the same or the following day to Washington by the way of Annapolis; and on the 17th, at Washington, the day following my arrival, received the letter from the secretary of war, of which a copy, marked 5 B, is sent.

I should have stated that, two days after my return to the city of Washington, about the 6th of August, I received two letters from the secretary of war, the one dated the 15th, the other the 17th of July, which, having been addressed to me at Baltimore, had followed me backward and forward from place to place, and, unfortunately, only reached me at this late period; copies of these are herewith sent, marked 6 B and 7 B.

I had, in the meantime, addressed the letter of the 6th of August to the governor of Pennsylvania, a copy of which is sent, marked 1 D; and upon the 8th, on the receiving the letter of the secretary of war of the 15th, I wrote another letter to the governor of Pennsylvania, of which, from haste or much occupation, I did not take a copy, or have mislaid it: it substantially, however, informed him of the number of militia I was authorized to call from him, requesting him to hasten their drafting and organization, and to transmit a list of the officers, from brigadiers down, who would command. Should this letter be deemed material, a copy can be obtained from the governor, and I have written to procure it.

I addressed on the 16th also a similar letter to the governor of Virginia. On the 16th or 17th of August, I received from the secretary of state of Pennsylvania an answer, dated the 11th, of which a copy, marked 2 D, is

The sailors and marines, however, under Barney and Miller, stood their ground manfully, and plyed their big guns with such effect, that the British were driven

herewith sent; and from the adjutant-general of Virginia the answer and enclosures herewith sent, marked E.

On the morning of Thursday, the 18th, intelligence was received from the observatory on Point Lookout, that on the morning of the 17th the enemy's fleet off that place had been reinforced by a formidable squadron of ships and vessels of various sizes.

I immediately made requisitions upon the governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and to various militia-officers, copies of which are herewith sent, marked as follows: to the governor of Pennsylvania, 3 D; to the governor of Maryland, 2 C; to Major-General Smith, of Baltimore, 1 F; to Brigadier-General West, of Prince George's, Maryland, No. 18; to Major-General Van Ness, No. 4; to Brigadier-General Hungerford, Virginia, No. 14; to Brigadier-General Douglas and Colonel Chilton, of Virginia, and Brigadier-Generals Ringgold, Swearingen, Barrack, and Foreman, of Maryland, No. 5.

Besides the letters and correspondence here referred to particularly, a mass of correspondence occurred with various persons relative to my command, and which, as far as I suppose they can have any influence on the investigation, are herewith sent.

That with the governor of Maryland will be found in bundle C, and numbered, in addition to those already mention, from 3 C to 11 C, both inclusive; that with General Smith, in bundle F; and that with other persons, not before referred to, with the numbers before referred to, are exhibited from No. 1 to 53 inclusive. Much other correspondence necessary to be carried on, and which occupied much time, took place; which, however, is not sent, as I deemed them not calculated to illustrate the inquiry, and only calculated uselessly to encumber and embarrass the inquiry. They will be furnished if thought requisite.

I will state as nearly as possible the forces which were in the field under these various demands and requisitions, the time of their assembling, their condition, and subsequent movements.

The returns first made, when I came into command, gave me—

Fort M'Henry, under the command of Major Armistead, non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, for duty.....	194
At Annapolis, in Forts Severn and Madison, under Lieutenant Fay.....	39
At Fort Washington, under Lieutenant Edwards... ..	49
The detachments of the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth, and a small detachment of artillery under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott.....	330
	<hr/> 812

back with severe loss to the very margin of the stream. A second brigade of the enemy now crossed to the rescue of their comrades, and another attack was made,

These corps received no addition, but were gradually diminishing by the ordinary causes which always operate to this effect.

The two thousand Maryland militia who were ordered to assemble at Baltimore, had been drafted in pursuance of a requisition made by the secretary of war on General Smith of the 20th of April; and, as full time had been allowed to make the draft deliberately, they were, as far as practicable, ready to come without delay. Notwithstanding, Brigadier-General Stansbury was unable to bring to Bladensburg more than one thousand four hundred, including officers, and arrived at Bladensburg on the evening of the 22d of August.

From General Stricker's brigade in the city of Baltimore, which had been called out *en masse*, I required a regiment of infantry, the battalion of riflemen, and two companies of artillery—not deeming it practicable to reconcile the people of Baltimore to march a greater number, and leave it without any force, and being strongly persuaded that the exigency would have drawn in time a greater force from the adjacent country. The detachment from Stricker's brigade, under Colonel Sterett, arrived at Bladensburg in the night of the 23d of August, and the total amount was nine hundred and fifty-six.

The detachment which had been stationed at Annapolis, under Colonel Hood, and which had been at the moment transferred by the governor of Maryland to my command, arrived at the bridge at Bladensburg about fifteen minutes before the enemy appeared, and I suppose were from six to seven hundred strong. I have never had any return of it.

The brigade of General Smith, consisting of the militia of the District of Columbia on this side the Potomac, were called out on Thursday, the 18th of August; on Friday, were assembled; and on Saturday, the 20th, they crossed the Eastern-Branch bridge, and advanced about five miles toward the Woodyard. They amounted, I suppose, to about twelve hundred. A return was never had before they separated from my command, as there was not an interval of sufficient rest to have obtained one.

General Young's brigade, from Alexandria, between five and six hundred strong, crossed the Potomac Saturday or Sunday, the 19th or 20th, and took post near Piscataway.

The call for three thousand militia, under the requisition of the 4th of July, had produced only two hundred and fifty men at the moment the enemy landed at Benedict. In addition to the causes hereinbefore mentioned, the inefficacy of this call is to be attributed to the incredulity of the people on the danger of invasion; the perplexed, broken, and harassed state of the militia in St. Mary's, Calvert, Charles's, Prince George's, and a part of

by which, after turning the left flank of the Americans, the rest of the militia were put to flight, leaving Barney and Miller, with their sailors and marines, to

Anne Arundel counties, which had rendered it impossible to make the draft in some of them, or to call them from those exposed situations where they had been on duty two months, under the local calls for Maryland.

Several other small detachments of Maryland militia, either as volunteers, or under the calls on the brigadiers, joined about the day before the action, whose numbers or commanding officers I did not know. They may have amounted to some four or five hundred.

Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, of the Maryland cavalry, under an order of the governor of Maryland, with about eighty dragoons, arrived at the city of Washington on the 16th of August, on his way to join General Stuart, in the lower part of Charles or St. Mary's county.

Under the permission I just then received to accept all the militia then in the field under the state of Maryland, I informed Colonel Tilghman that I had no doubt of the governor's sanction, for which I had applied, and recommended him to halt here. He agreed not only to this, but, by the consent of General Stuart, who happened then to be in the city sick, agreed to take my orders.

Lieutenant-Colonel Laval, of the United States light-dragoons, with a small squadron of about one hundred and twenty, who had been mounted at Carlisle the preceding Monday, arrived at Montgomery courthouse on the evening of the 19th of August, reported himself to the war-office, and received orders to report to me. He moved on the next morning, and crossed the Eastern Branch.

Captain Morgan, with a company of about eighty of the twelfth United States infantry, joined at the Long Old Fields on the evening of the 22d.

Colonel Minor, from Virginia, arrived at the city on the evening of the 23d, with about five hundred men, wholly unarmed, and without equipments. Under the direction of Colonel Carberry, who had been charged with this subject, they received arms, ammunition, &c., next morning, but not until after the action at Bladensburg.

No part of the tenth had yet arrived.

There had been no adjutant or inspector general attached to my command from its commencement. Major Hite, assistant adjutant-general, joined me on the 16th of August at Washington; and Major Smith, assistant inspector-general, on the 19th.

This was the situation, condition, and amount of my force and command.

It will be observed that this detail is continued up to the moment of the battle of Bladensburg; but, as the time at which the different corps respectively joined is stated, it will be readily seen what troops were concerned in the different movements which will now be detailed.

The innumerably multiplied orders, letters, consulta-

bear the whole brunt of the battle. These gallant fellows firmly stood their ground, and foiled every attempt to drive them from it, filling the ditches and strewing

tions, and demands, which crowded upon me at the moment of such an alarm, can more easily be conceived than described, and occupied me nearly day and night from Thursday, the 18th of August, till Sunday, the 21st, and had nearly broken down myself and assistants in preparing, dispensing, and attending to them.

On Thursday evening, Colonel Monroe proposed, if I would detach a troop of cavalry with him, to proceed in the most probable direction to find the enemy and reconnoitre him. Captain Thornton's troop from Alexandria was detailed on this service, and on Friday morning the colonel departed with them. At this time it was supposed the enemy intended [coming up] the bay, as one of his ships was already in view from Annapolis, and his boats were sounding South river. It was Colonel Monroe's intention to have proceeded direct to Annapolis; but, before he had got without the city, he received intelligence that the enemy had proceeded up the Patuxent, and were debarking at Benedict. He therefore bent his course to that place. By his first letter on Saturday, which reached the president that evening, he was unable to give any precise intelligence, except that the enemy were at Benedict in force.

On Saturday, Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, with his squadron of dragoons, was despatched by way of the Woodyard to fall down upon the enemy; to annoy, harass, and impede their march, by every possible means; to remove or destroy forage and provision from before the enemy; and gain intelligence. Captain Caldwell, with his troop of city cavalry, was despatched with the same views toward Benedict by Piscataway, it being wholly uncertain what route the enemy would take if it was his intention to come to Washington.

On Sunday I crossed the Eastern Branch, and joined Brigadier-General Smith at the Woodyard, where Lieutenant-Colonel Scott with the thirty-sixth and thirty-eighth, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kramer with the militia from Bladensburg, had arrived by previous orders. On the road to the Woodyard I received a letter from Colonel Monroe, of which a copy is sent, marked —, and at about eight o'clock in the evening I received another letter from him, of which a copy is sent, marked —; and in a very short time after he arrived himself, and immediately after Colonel Beall, who had seen a body of the enemy, which he estimated at four thousand (without supposing he had seen the whole), enter Nottingham on Sunday evening. Colonel Monroe, being much exhausted, retired to rest. I gave Colonel Beall, on account of his experience, orders to proceed and join Colonel Hood on his march from Annapolis, and take command of the detachment. I occupied the night in writing letters and orders to various officers

the field with the dead bodies of their assailants.

General Ross, observing from the opposite side the frequent repulses of his

and persons; and at daylight ordered a light detachment from General Smith's brigade under Major Peter, the regulars under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and Laval's cavalry, to proceed immediately toward Nottingham to meet the enemy.

I proceeded immediately in advance myself, accompanied by Colonel Monroe and the gentlemen of my staff. I had learned that Colonel Tilghman, with his cavalry, on the advance of the enemy, had fallen back upon Marlborough the evening before, and had, during the night, sent him an order to proceed upon the road from Marlborough to Nottingham, and meet at the Chapel. Having got considerably in advance of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott's and Major Peter's detachment, and also to obtain intelligence, I halted at Mr. Oden's, within half a mile of the junction of the roads from Marlborough and the Woodyard to Nottingham, directing Laval to gain the Marlborough road, post himself at the Chapel, and push forward patrols upon all the roads toward Nottingham. In less than half an hour, and before the detachments of Scott and Peter had come up, intelligence was brought that the enemy was moving on from Nottingham in force toward the Chapel. I immediately proceeded, with the gentlemen who were with me, to gain an observation of the enemy, and came within view of the enemy's advance about two miles below the Chapel. The observation was continued until the enemy reached the Chapel; and Scott and Peter being then near two miles distant from that point, and it being therefore impossible for them to reach the junction of the Marlborough and Woodyard road before the enemy, I sent orders for them to post themselves in the most advantageous position, and wait for me with the body of the cavalry. I turned into the road to the Woodyard, and detached a small party, under Adjutant-General Hite, on the Marlborough road, to watch the enemy's movements on that road and give information. Upon arriving at Oden's, himself or some other person of the neighborhood whom I knew, and on whom I could rely, informed me that there was a more direct road, but not so much frequented, leading from Nottingham to the Woodyard, and joining that on which I then was, and two miles nearer the Woodyard.

A doubt at that time was not entertained by anybody of the intention of the enemy to proceed direct to Washington, and the advantage of dividing their force, and proceeding on two roads, running so near each other to the same point, so obvious, that I gave orders to Scott and Peter to retire, and occupy the first eligible position between the junction of that road and the one we were on and the Woodyard; despatched a patrol of cavalry to observe that road, and give the earliest notice of any advance

men, hurried across the bridge with his reserve, and, combining his whole force, led it on in person to another attack. The militia which covered Barney's flank

of the enemy upon it. I still continued the observation of the enemy myself, and he turned a part of his column into the road to the Woodyard, and penetrated a skirt of wood which hid the junction of the Marlborough and Woodyard road from view, and there halted it, within a quarter of a mile of Oden's house. I hesitated for some time whether to attribute his delay to a view which he may have had of Scott's and Peter's detachments, or to a design to conceal his movement toward Marlborough, the road to that place being concealed by woods from any point of observation which could be gained.

It appeared afterward that his whole force halted there for an hour or upward, and thus continued in an uncertainty as to his intended route. I had, in the meantime, rode back and assisted Peter and Scott to post their detachments in a favorable position, from whence I entertained a hope to have given the enemy a serious check, without much risk to this detachment. Orders had been previously sent to General Smith to post his whole detachment in conjunction with Commodore Barney, who had by this time joined him from Marlborough with about four hundred sailors and marines, and had taken also command of the marines under Captain Miller, who had arrived from the city the night before. I presumed, from the appearance of this force, it was about one hundred or one hundred and twenty. As soon as I had satisfied myself as to the position and disposition of Scott's and Peter's detachments, I advanced again toward the enemy to ascertain his situation and intentions. It had now become certain that he had taken the road to Marlborough; and Colonel Monroe crossed over to that place to join Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, and observe his movements.

I sent an order immediately to Scott and Peter to retire back to General Smith, and the latter to take post at the point where the roads from Washington city and the Woodyard and Marlborough unite. This order was incorrectly delivered or misunderstood, and he took post instead at the point where the roads from the Woodyard and Marlborough to the city of Washington unite. The mistake, however, produced no inconvenience, but, on the contrary, was perhaps better than the position to which I had directed, because it threw my force more between Marlborough and Bladensburg, and also in command of the road by which the enemy did finally advance, which the other position would not have done. Its inconvenience was, that it left open the road to Fort Washington, and rendered General Young's junction, if it should become proper to advance him, hazardous on that road. It further became necessary to retire still farther back; and the only position where the troops could be tolerably accommodated, or posted to advantage, was at Dunlap's, or, as it is generally

having retreated, the British took possession of the heights they had quitted, and poured down a destructive fire upon the unprotected sailors and marines.

called, the Long or Battalion Old Fields. General Smith was therefore ordered to retire to that point with the whole of the troops except the cavalry. Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman and Captain Herbert were charged with hovering upon the enemy on all the roads leading from Bladensburg, from the north, and from Annapolis, to Marlborough. With Laval's cavalry I advanced to the nearest and most convenient positions between the Woodyard and Marlborough, and found the enemy quietly halted at Marlborough. Tilghman's cavalry picked up one or two prisoners who had straggled beyond the enemy's pickets, and my examination of them confirmed me that the enemy did not contemplate leaving Marlborough that day.

After remaining near Marlborough in observation till toward the latter part of the afternoon, I returned to General Smith, where I arrived toward the close of the day. About dark I learned that the president and heads of departments had arrived at a house about a mile in the rear of the camp. I detached a captain's guard to his quarters, advanced the cavalry of Laval on the roads toward Marlborough, with orders to patrol as close upon the enemy as possible during the course of the night; and, after having waded through the infinite applications, consultations, and calls, necessarily arising from a body of two thousand five hundred men, not three days from their homes, without organization or any practical knowledge of service on the part of their officers, and being obliged to listen to the officious but well-intended information and advice of the crowd, who at such a time would be full of both, I lay down to snatch a moment of rest.

A causeless alarm from one of the sentinels placed the whole force under arms about three o'clock in the morning. A short time after sunrise I rode over to the quarters of the president, to inform him and the secretary of war of the state of things. Upon my return, rumors prevailed that the enemy had taken the road to Queen Anne, which was directly leading to Annapolis. I could not, however, suppose that Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman and Captain Herbert would fail to advise me if the fact were so. The rumor, however, gained ground; and just at this time, Mr. Luffborough, of this city, with some fifteen or twenty mounted men, offered himself ready to perform any duties on which I could employ them. I immediately despatched him to ascertain the truth of this report, by penetrating to that road, and also to obtain whatever information he could relative to the enemy. About twelve o'clock he sent me decisive information that the enemy were not on the Annapolis road.

I received constant intelligence that the enemy still remained in Marlborough, and therefore felt no doubt that, if he intended to take the road to Annapolis, any move-

Barney now, with his horse shot dead, himself thrown wounded and helpless on the ground, his ammunition exhausted, and more than a dozen of his best men

ment upon that road was only an advance-party for observation, and preparatory to a general movement; and as the morning advanced, and the information brought still confirmed the impression that the enemy intended no movement from Upper Marlborough, I resolved to endeavor to concentrate the force (which, I hoped, had now considerably accumulated within my reach) down upon the enemy's lines near Marlborough.

I accordingly ordered a light detachment to be sent forward by General Smith, under Major Peter; and having also learned by Major Woodyear, of General Stansbury's staff, that he had arrived the evening before at Bladensburg, I sent orders to him to advance toward Marlborough, and to take post at the point where the Old Fields to Queen Anne crosses the road from Bladensburg to Marlborough, which brought him within four miles of the Old Fields, and within from six to eight of the enemy. I was anxiously waiting to hear of Lieutenant-Colonel Beall's progress with the detachment from Annapolis, and of Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett's from Baltimore.

The president and heads of departments had been on the field since about eight o'clock. I communicated my views and intentions as above detailed, and informed them that I proposed myself to pass over the road from Bladensburg to Marlborough, to meet General Stansbury, to make closer observations upon the road direct from the enemy to Bladensburg, and to establish more thoroughly a concert between Stansbury and Smith's command; to be also nearer to Beall, to give him also a direction toward the enemy on the road leading into Marlborough from the north, if my intelligence should continue to justify it, and to draw down Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett, with his force, as soon as I should ascertain where he was. I accordingly, with a troop of Laval's cavalry, proceeded about twelve o'clock. Upon arriving at the Bladensburg road, I halted, and pushed a patrol of cavalry down toward Marlborough.

In a few minutes after, three of Captain Herbert's troop, who were observing down the same road, arrived with two prisoners, whom they had just seized in a very bold and dexterous manner. The information of these prisoners confirmed the impression that the enemy did not intend to move from Marlborough that day; and, as it was now one o'clock, I felt little doubt of it. After remaining some time for intelligence from the United States dragoons that I had sent down with orders to press down as closely as possible upon the enemy, a slight firing was heard in the direction of the enemy, which I concluded was from the enemy's picket upon this party. A few minutes confirmed this conjecture by the return of a dragoon with this intelligence. A more considerable firing was then,

killed, was persuaded to order a retreat, to save the total slaughter of his brave band. Reluctantly obeying their prostrate leader's command, they finally re-

however, heard, which I concluded to be a skirmishing by Peter's detachment with the enemy, put upon the alert and advance by the firing at the dragoons.

The firing soon after ceased; and, after having sent for the purpose of ascertaining the fact, with directions to follow with intelligence on toward Bladensburg, in which direction I proceeded, with the expectation of meeting General Stansbury, and with the intention to halt him until my intelligence should decide my further proceedings.

I had proceeded within four or five miles of Bladensburg without meeting General Stansbury, when I was overtaken by Major M'Kenney, a volunteer aid with General Smith, who informed me that Peter had skirmished with the advancing enemy, who had driven him back on General Smith, and that the enemy had halted within three miles of the Old Fields; that, agreeably to my direction upon the probability of an attack, General Smith had sent off the baggage across the Eastern Branch, and that himself and Commodore Barney had drawn up the forces ready to receive the enemy, should he advance. On my way toward Bladensburg, I had left orders with Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman's cavalry to continue their observation on the Bladensburg and Marlborough roads, and, in case the enemy should move on that road, to give General Stansbury immediate notice, and fall back on him. In proceeding to the Old Fields, I met Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman himself, and renewed these directions. Captain Herbert was also between General Stansbury and the enemy, with the same instructions.

When Major M'Kenney gave me the intelligence of the advance of the enemy, I despatched an aid to General Stansbury, with directions to him to fall back and take the best position in advance of Bladensburg, and unite Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett with him should he arrive at Bladensburg, as I expected, that evening; and should he be attacked, to resist as long as possible, and, if obliged to retire, to retreat toward the city.

I reached the Old Fields about five o'clock in the afternoon, and found General Smith and Commodore Barney had judiciously posted their men in expectation of the enemy, and were expecting his approach. The head of the enemy's column was about three miles from our position, and five miles from Marlborough. He must have reached that point by or before three o'clock, and his halt there at that period of the day, so short a distance from Marlborough, and apparently only drawn out by my parties pressing upon him, and at a point from whence he could take the road to Bladensburg, to the Eastern-Branch Bridge, or Fort Washington indifferently, or it might be to cover his march upon Annapolis, to which place he had

tired, leaving him in the hands of the enemy, who, struck with admiration at his gallant conduct, treated him with marked courtesy and kindness. "Bar-

ney was a brave officer," was the frank avowal of the British commander.

strong temptations to proceed. His force was very imperfectly known, the opinions and representations varying from four to twelve thousand; the better opinion fixed it from five to seven thousand. If he supposed his force insufficient to proceed to Washington, and further reinforcements were expected, which all information concurred to state, the natural conclusion was that he would seek some place where he could in security refresh his men, and place them in comfortable quarters near a convenient port for his ships, and whence, upon receiving reinforcements, he would be ready to act against the important points of the country. Having, therefore, already accomplished one great object of the expedition—the destruction of Commodore Barney's flotilla—if he was not in a condition to proceed farther into the country, Annapolis offered him a place in all respects such as he would desire. It brought him to a fine port, where his ships could lie in safety; it afforded abundant and comfortable quarters for his men; magazines and storehouses for all his stores and munitions of every description; was capable, with very little labor, of being rendered impregnable by land, and he commanded the water; it was the nearest point of debarkation to the city of Washington, without entering a narrow river, liable to great uncertainty in its navigation from adverse winds, and was at hand to Baltimore; equally threatening these two great points, and rendering it absolutely necessary to keep a force doubly sufficient to resist him—one for the protection of Washington, the other for Baltimore. The squadron which was ascending the Potomac, and had now passed the Kettle-Bottoms, the only obstruction in the navigation of the river, might be only a feint, the more effectually to conceal their intentions against Annapolis, or, what was more probable, was intended to unite with the land-force, and co-operate in a joint attack on Washington. It was therefore strongly believed that the land-force was destined to proceed and take Fort Washington in the rear, where it was wholly defenceless, while it was capable of offering very formidable resistance to the ascent of ships up the river, and, imperfect as it was, perhaps capable of repulsing them altogether. And it was therefore that I sent to General Young, when the force of General Smith fell back to the Old Fields, to take a position so as to protect Fort Washington, and avoid being taken in the rear by the enemy.

If the object of the enemy was to proceed direct to Washington, the road by Bladensburg offered fewer obstructions than that over the Eastern-Branch bridge, although it was six miles farther; and yet, if I had retired toward Bladensburg, I should have been removed so much farther from annoying or impeding the enemy, if he proceeded to Fort Washington, and I should have left the road to Washing-

ton city, by the Eastern-Branch bridge, open to him, which, although I had, as I supposed, left a secure arrangement for its destruction, yet the importance of leaving that bridge as long as possible on account of its great value to us, and the danger that, in the multitude of business which was accumulated on every person during such an alarm, confusion and disorder arising at such a moment, with such raw, undisciplined, inexperienced, and unknown officers and men, rendered it hazardous to trust this direct and important pass unguarded.

It was under all these circumstances that, after waiting for the enemy at the Old Fields till sundown, I determined to retire over the Eastern-Branch bridge, in which Commodore Barney concurred; and his force, with mine, proceeded accordingly.

My reasons for not remaining at the Old Fields during the night were, that if an attack should be made in the night, our own superiority, which lay in artillery, was lost, and the inexperience of the troops would subject them to certain, infallible, and irremediable disorder, and probable destruction, and thereby occasion the loss of a full half of the force which I could hope to oppose, under more favorable circumstances, to the enemy.

The reasons for retiring by the Eastern-Branch bridge were, the absolute security it gave to that pass; the greater facility of joining General Young, and aiding in the protection of Fort Washington; the greater facility of pursuing the enemy should he recede and proceed to Annapolis; and the certainty that I could draw General Stansbury and Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett to me if the enemy advanced too rapidly for me to advance, and unite to support them.

Under the harassing and perplexing embarrassments arising from having a mass of men suddenly assembled, without organization, discipline, or officers of any, the least, knowledge of service, except in the case of Major Peter, or, if possessing it, unknown to me as such, and the wearied and exhausted state in which incessant application and exertion for nearly five uninterrupted days and nights had left me—these views offered themselves to my mind, and determined me to fall back, on Tuesday evening, to the bridge, instead of Bladensburg. Since the event has passed, and if a movement to Bladensburg, had it been made, would not have induced the enemy to pursue another course, it is easy to determine that a retreat to Bladensburg might have been better; but those who undertake to pass a judgment should place themselves back to the moment and situation I was in when I formed the resolution, and it will be very difficult to find it an error; or if one, it is of that sort which is supported, when viewed in perspective, by stronger reasons than those which op-

twelve killed and forty wounded), such had been the rapidity with which they had fled from danger. The British loss was about five hundred, chiefly inflicted

pose it, and is only found to be an error by experience, which so often confounds all reason and calculation.

Upon arriving at the bridge, about eight o'clock, I directed General Smith to halt his men in the most convenient position near the bridge on this side; and I passed over and rode directly to the president's, and informed him of the then state of things. I had expected I should probably have found the secretary of war and other heads of departments there; but they had respectively retired to their homes. I returned toward the bridge, leaving at M'Keowin's hotel the borrowed horse on which I rode. Both those I had with me being exhausted and worn down, and as I knew no one who had a horse in a different situation, I proceeded to the camp on foot. General Smith was not, at the moment, there.

I proceeded on to the bridge, where I found about thirty men with axes, for the purpose of cutting the bridge down, and no other preparation for destroying it made. I proceeded again to the camp; detached a party of volunteers to burn the upper bridge at once; detached a party of regular infantry across the bridge, in advance toward the enemy about half a mile, to prevent him from seizing it by surprise; and posted Burch's artillery to command the pass of the bridge on this side. I learned at the bridge that some persons from the navy-yard had been to the bridge to take some steps for destroying it; and knowing that this was the nearest, and the only place, indeed, from whence I could draw the powder, boats, and combustibles, for the purpose of rendering its destruction sure at any moment, I proceeded, accompanied by Major Cox, of Georgetown, to ascertain what preparations had been made. I arrived there about twelve or one o'clock; saw Colonel Wharton, who referred me to Commodore Tingey, to whom I then proceeded, and aroused him from bed. He informed me that several casks of powder were ready in boats, to be sent from the navy-yard to blow up the bridge when necessary. I begged him to increase the quantity of powder, to furnish a quantity of combustibles also, to be laid upon the bridge, that its destruction, when necessary, in one way or other, might be put beyond doubt. Commodore Tingey undertook to have what I requested provided, sent without delay to the bridge. I returned to the bridge, to see that the different detachments which I had stationed there were upon the alert, and understood the objects for which they were detached; and I thence returned to the camp between three and four o'clock, much exhausted, and considerably hurt in the right arm and ankle from a severe fall which I had into a gully or ditch on my way to the navy-yard. I snatched about an hour or two of sleep, rose, and proceeded to gather my attendants and horses, much exhausted and

by the gallant seamen and marines under Captains Barney and Miller, who, in fact, fought alone the battle of Bladensburg.

worn down by the incessant action of the three preceding days, and proceeded to establish my headquarters at a house near the bridge.

My patrols and videttes not having yet brought me any intelligence of a movement of the enemy, and being still doubtful whether he might not move upon Annapolis, Fort Warburton, or toward the bridge, rather than Bladensburg, I held the position near the bridge as that which, under all circumstances, would enable me best to act against the enemy in any alternative. I learned about this time, with considerable mortification, that General Stansbury, from misunderstanding or some other cause, instead of holding a position during the night in advance of Bladensburg, had taken one about a mile in its rear; and that his men, from a causeless alarm, had been under arms the greater part of the night, and moved once or twice, and that he was at that moment on his march into the city. I instantly sent him an order to resume his position at Bladensburg; to post himself to the best advantage, make the utmost resistance, and to rely upon my supporting him if the enemy should move upon that road. I had, at a very early hour in the morning, detached Captain Graham, with his troop of Virginia cavalry, to proceed by Bladensburg down upon the road toward the enemy, and insure, by that means, timely notice to General Stansbury and myself, should the enemy turn that way. With this addition to the cavalry already on those roads, it became impossible for the enemy to take any steps unobserved. Additional cavalry patrols and videttes were also detached upon all the roads across the bridge, to insure the certainty of intelligence, let the enemy move as he might.

Colonel Minor had also arrived in the city the evening before, with five or six hundred militia from Virginia, but they were without arms, accoutrements, or ammunition. I urged him to hasten his equipment, which I learned was delayed by some difficulty in finding Colonel Carberry, charged with that business; and he had not received his arms, &c., when, about ten o'clock, I received intelligence that the enemy had turned the head of his column toward Bladensburg. Commodore Barney had, upon my suggestion, posted his artillery to command the bridge early in the morning.

As soon as I learned the enemy were moving toward Bladensburg, I ordered General Smith, with the whole of the troops, to move immediately to that point.

The necessary detention arising from orders to issue, interrogations and applications to be answered from all points, being past, I proceeded on to Bladensburg, leaving the president and some of the heads of departments at my quarters, where they had been for an hour or more.

I arrived at the bridge at Bladensburg about twelve

The disgraceful defeat which we have just recorded was the natural result of the divided counsels of our rulers, and their consequent indecision of action.

o'clock, where I found Lieutenant-Colonel Beall had that moment passed with his command, having just arrived from Annapolis. I had passed the line of Stansbury's brigade, formed in the field upon the left of the road, at about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the bridge; and on the road a short distance in the rear of Stansbury's line, I met several gentlemen, and, among the others, I think, Mr. Francis Key, of Georgetown, who informed me that he had thought that the troops coming from the city could be most advantageously posted on the right and left of the road near that point. General Smith being present, Mr. Key undertook, I believe, being sent for that purpose, to show the positions proposed. I left General Smith to make a disposition of these troops, and proceeded to the bridge, where I found Lieutenant-Colonel Beall, as before stated.* I inquired whether he had any directions as to his position. He replied he had been shown a high hill upon the right of the road, ranging with the proposed second line. It being a commanding position, and necessary to be occupied by some corps, I directed him to proceed agreeably to the instructions he had received. I then rode up to a battery which had been thrown up to command the street which entered Bladensburg from the side of the enemy and the bridge, where I found the Baltimore artillery posted, with the Baltimore riflemen to support them. Upon inquiry, I learned that General Stansbury was on a rising ground, upon the left of his line. I rode immediately thither, and found him and Colonel Monroe together. The latter gentleman informed me that he had been aiding General Stansbury to post his command, and wished me to proceed to examine it with them, to see how far I approved of it. We were just proceeding with this view, when some person rode up and stated that the news had just been received of a signal victory obtained by General Izard over the enemy, in which one thousand of the enemy were slain, and many prisoners taken. I ordered the news to be immediately communicated to the troops, for the purpose of giving additional impulse to their spirits and courage. The column of the enemy at this moment appeared in sight, moving up the Eastern Branch, parallel to our position. From the left, where I was, I perceived that, if the position of the advanced artillery were forced, two or three pieces upon the left of Stansbury would be necessary to scour an orchard

* Since writing the above, I have seen General Smith, who informs me that Mr. Key had been examining the grounds with him, and that they were his views that Mr. Key had been stating. He came up at the moment Mr. Key had given me the information. I have been under the impression, till thus corrected, that it was the suggestion of Colonel Monroe and General Stansbury that had suggested that position. The circumstance is immaterial, except for the purpose of literal accuracy when necessary.

More energetic measures should have been adopted at a much earlier period. The military force ought to have been called into the field months before, and

which lay between his line and his artillery, and for another rifle-company to increase the support of this artillery.

These were promptly sent forward by General Smith, and posted as hastily as possible; and it was barely accomplished before I was obliged to give orders to the advanced artillery to open upon the enemy, who was descending the street toward the bridge. All further examination or movement was now impossible; and the position where I then was, immediately in the rear of the left of Stansbury's line, being the most advanced position from which I could have any commanding view, I remained there. The fire of our advanced artillery occasioned the enemy, who were advancing, and who were light-troops, to leave the street, and they crept down under the cover of houses and trees, in loose order, so as not to expose them to risk from the shot: it was therefore only occasionally that an object presented at which the artillery could fire.

In this sort of suspension, the enemy began to throw his rockets, and his light-troops began to accumulate down in the lower parts of the town and near the bridge, but principally covered from view by the houses. Their light-troops, however, soon began to issue out and press across the creek, which was everywhere fordable, and in most places lined with bushes or trees, which were sufficient, however, to conceal the movements of light-troops, who act, in the manner of theirs, singly. The advanced riflemen now began to fire, and continued it for half a dozen rounds, when I observed them to run back to the skirts of the orchard on the left, where they became visible—the boughs of the orchard-trees concealing their original position, as also that of the artillery, from view. A retreat of twenty or thirty yards from their original position toward the left brought them in view on the edge of the orchard. They halted there, and seemed for a moment returning to their position; but in a few minutes entirely broke, and retired to the left of Stansbury's line. I immediately ordered the fifth Baltimore regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett, being the left of Stansbury's line, to advance and sustain the artillery. They promptly commenced this movement; but the rockets, which had, for the first three or four, passed very high above the heads of the line, now received a more horizontal direction, and passed very close above the heads of Shutz's and Ragan's regiments, composing the centre and left of Stansbury's line. A universal flight of these regiments was the consequence. This leaving the right of the fifth wholly unsupported, I ordered it to halt, rode swiftly across the field toward those who had so shamefully fled, and exerted my voice to the utmost to arrest them. They halted, began to collect, and seemed to be returning to their places. An ill-founded

thoroughly organized and disciplined. Little else than panic and defeat could have been reasonably expected of the raw militia of Baltimore, who had been so

reliance that their officers would succeed in rallying them, when I had thus succeeded in stopping the greatest part of them, induced me immediately to return to the fifth, the situation of which was likely to become very critical, and that position gave me the best command of view. To my astonishment and mortification, however, when I had regained my position, I found the whole of these regiments (except thirty or forty of Ragan's, rallied by himself, and as many, perhaps, of Shutz's, rallied, I learn, by Captain Shower and Captain —, whose name I do not recollect) were flying in the utmost precipitation and disorder.

The advanced artillery had immediately followed the riflemen, and retired by the left of the fifth. I directed them to take post on a rising ground, which I pointed out, in the rear. The fifth, and the artillery on its left, still remained; and I hoped that their fire, notwithstanding the obstruction of the boughs of the orchard, which, being below, covered the enemy, would have been enabled to scour this approach and prevent his advance. The enemy's light-troops, by single men, showed themselves on the lower edge of the left of the orchard, and received the fire of this artillery and the fifth, which made them draw back. The cover to them was, however, so complete, that they were enabled to advance singly, and take positions from which their fire annoyed the fifth considerably, without either that regiment or the artillery being able to return the fire with any probability of effect. In this situation I had actually given an order to the fifth and the artillery to retire up to the hill, toward a wood more to the left and a little in the rear, for the purpose of drawing them farther from the orchard, and out of reach of the enemy's fire while he was sheltered by the orchard. An aversion, however, to retire before the necessity became stronger, and the hope that the enemy would issue in a body from the left of the orchard, and enable us to act upon him on terms of equality, and the fear that a movement of retreat might in raw troops produce some confusion and lose us this chance, induced me instantly to countermand the order, and direct the artillery to fire into a wooden barn on the lower end of the orchard, behind which I supposed the enemy might be sheltered in considerable numbers. The fire of the enemy now began, however, to annoy the fifth still more, in wounding several of them; and a strong column of the enemy having passed up the road as high as the right of the fifth, and beginning to deploy into the field to take them in flank, I directed the artillery to retire to the hill to which I had directed the Baltimore artillery to proceed and halt, and ordered the eighth regiment also to retire. This corps, which had heretofore acted so firmly, evinced the usual incapacity of raw troops to make orderly movements in the face of the

short a time summoned to duty: they had no opportunity for acquiring that military instruction essential to self-confidence, or that corporate organization necessary

enemy, and their retreat in a very few moments became a flight of absolute and total disorder.

The direct line of retreat to the whole of this first line being to the hill on which I had directed the artillery to halt, and immediately in connection with the positions of General Smith's corps, which were not arrayed in line, but posted on advantageous positions in connection with and supporting each other, according as the nature of the ground admitted and required, I had not for a moment—dispersed and disordered as was the whole of Stansbury's command—supposed that their retreat would have taken a different direction. But it soon became apparent that the whole mass were throwing themselves off to the right on the retreat toward Montgomery courthouse, and flying wide of this point. The whole of the cavalry, probably from the pressure of the infantry that way, were also thrown wide of the line of retreat toward the right.

After making every effort to turn the current more toward General Smith's command and the city in vain, and finding that it was impossible to collect any force to support the artillery, which I had directed to halt, and finding also that the enemy's light-troops were extending themselves in that direction, and pressing the pursuit, I directed the artillery to continue their retreat on the road they then were toward the capitol, it being impossible for them to get across to the turnpike-road or unite with General Smith's brigade.

The hope of again forming the first line at this point, and there renewing the retreat, or, at all events, of being able to rally them between the capitol and that point, and renewing the contest, induced me, at the moment I directed the fifth regiment to retreat, to request Mr. Riggs, of Georgetown, to proceed to the president and inform him that we had been driven back, but that it was my hope and intention to form and renew the contest between that place and the capitol.

As soon as I found it vain longer to endeavor to turn the tide of retreat toward the left, I turned toward the positions occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Beall, Commodore Barney, and General Smith. By this time, the enemy had advanced up the road; had driven back Lieutenant-Colonel Kramer's command, posted on the right of the road, and in advance of Commodore Barney, after having well maintained his position and much hurt the enemy, and also continued to fire during his retreat. He had come under the destructive fire of Commodore Barney, which had turned him up the hill toward Lieutenant-Colonel Beall, whose detachment gave one or two ineffective fires and fled. Their position was known to me, was very conspicuous, and the extreme right. The enemy, therefore, had gained this commanding position, and was

to mutual trust, without which neither personal bravery nor massive strength will greatly avail in battle against regular troops.

passing our right flank. His force pursuing on the left had also advanced to a line with our left, and there was nothing there to oppose him. To preserve Smith's command from being pressed in front by fresh troops of the enemy, who were coming on at the same time, while they were under the certainty of being assailed on both flanks and the rear by the enemy, who respectively gained them, in which circumstances their destruction or surrender would have been inevitable, I sent (my horse being unable to move with the rapidity I wished) to General Smith to retreat. I am not acquainted with the relative position of the different corps composing his command, and can not, therefore, determine who of them engaged the enemy, nor could I see how they acted; but when I arrived in succession at his different corps, which I did as soon as practicable, I do not recollect to have found any of them that were not in order, and retreating with as little confusion as could have been expected. When I reached the road, I found Commodore Barney's men also retiring on the road, he having been overpowered by those who drove off Beall's regiment about the time I sent the order to retreat.

I still had no doubt but that Stansbury's command and the cavalry would have fallen down upon the capitol by the roads which enter that part of the city from the north, and still solaced myself with the persuasion that I should be able there to rally them upon the city and Georgetown troops, who were retiring in order, and make another effort in advance of the capitol to repulse the enemy.

After accompanying the retreating army within two miles of the capitol, I rode forward for the purpose of selecting a position, and endeavoring to collect those who I supposed, from the rapidity of their flight, might have reached that point. A half a mile in advance of the capitol I met Colonel Minor with his detachment, and directed him to form his men, wait until the retreating army passed, and protect them, if necessary. When I arrived at the capitol, I found not a man had passed that way; and, notwithstanding the commanding view which is there afforded to the north, I could see no appearance of the troops. I despatched an order to call in the cavalry to me there.

In a few moments the secretary of state and the secretary of war joined me; besides that, they had been witnesses to the dispersion of the troops and the exhaustion of those just halted by me. I stated the diminution of my force, and the extent of the positions, which rendered it impossible to place the force I then had in such a position as to prevent the enemy from taking me on the flank as well as front; and that no reasonable hope could be entertained that we had any troops that could be relied

"The course of General Winder," says a friend of the unfortunate commander, "who never lost the confidence of the executive, was that of an officer who felt

on to make a resistance as desperate as necessary, in an isolated building which could not be supported by a sufficiency of troops without. Indeed, it would have taken nearly the whole of the troops to have sufficiently filled the two wings, which would have left the enemy masters of every other part of the city, and given him the opportunity, without risk, in twenty-four hours, to have starved them into a surrender. The same objection equally applied to the occupation of any part of the city.

Both these gentlemen concurred that it would subject my force to certain capture or destruction; and in its reduced and exhausted condition it was wise and proper to retire through Georgetown, and take post in the rear of it, on the heights, to collect my force. I accordingly pursued this course, and halted at Tenleytown, two miles from Georgetown, on the Frederick road. Here was evinced one of the great defects of all undisciplined and unorganized troops. No effort could rouse officers and men to the exertion necessary to place themselves in such a state of comfort and security as is attainable even under very disadvantageous circumstances. Such of them as could be halted, instead of making those efforts, gave themselves up to the uncontrolled feelings which fatigue, exhaustion, and privation, produced; and many hundreds, in spite of all precautions and efforts, passed on and pursued their way, either toward home or in search of refreshments and quarters. After waiting in this position until I supposed I collected all the force that could be gathered, I proceeded about five miles farther on the river-road, which leads a little wide to the left of Montgomery courthouse, and in the morning gave orders for the whole to assemble at Montgomery courthouse.

This position promised us shelter from the rain that began to fall an hour before day; was the most probable place for the supply of provisions, which the troops very much needed; and was a position from which we could best interpose between the enemy and Baltimore, and to which place, at that time, nobody doubted he intended to go by land from Washington.

In pursuance of this view, among the first acts after my arrival at Montgomery courthouse was to direct a letter to General Stricker, who commanded at Baltimore, informing him that it was my intention to gather my force together there, receive what reinforcements I could, show myself to the enemy as strong as possible, hang on his flank should he move to Baltimore, intimidate and harass him as much as possible in his movements, and endeavor always to preserve the power of interposing between him and Baltimore; directing him to re-establish the dispersed command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sterett, multiply his means as much as possible, stop all reinforcements of militia from

that he had been hardly dealt with, and was unfortunate, not through his own fault. He took an active part in the military operations against the enemy at Bal-

Maryland, Pennsylvania, or elsewhere, and present himself to the enemy at the crossing of the Patapsco in as imposing a form as possible.

This letter I sent by Captain Aisquith, whom I found at Montgomery, with fifteen or twenty others, the only part of the Baltimore detachment which had not returned home.

The first object was, in the absence of quartermaster and contractor, to make efforts to provide quarters and refreshments for my men. A few provisions were found there, belonging to the contractor, and a person temporarily appointed to issue, and the most active men of the place called upon and authorized to get in provisions.

The next object was, to obtain a return of the different corps, which, from causes that can easily be understood among undisciplined men and unskilful officers, proved abortive before we moved next day. The arrival of several detachments of reinforcements; the reports of officers bringing on detachments, who wanted orders and instructions; and the multiplied complaints of men and officers crowded together in small quarters, or entirely out of doors in a rainy, tempestuous day; the calculations and arrangements necessary for ulterior operations, and to meet the demands and wants of the great force which my calls were likely to produce—may be supposed to have been as much as could be borne by the efforts and attention of one man, which he was obliged to encounter for the want of a skilful or even organized staff of any kind.

No regular details for service of any kind could be performed, and all the duties of this description were necessarily performed by the voluntary zeal of those corps who could not be borne down or discouraged by difficulties. My efforts were devoted to endeavor to prepare the detachment to move down toward the city, and hang upon and strike at the enemy whenever an opportunity occurred. The next morning, however, before a return of the corps could be had, and their situation known, I received intelligence that the enemy had moved from Washington the preceding night, and was in full march for Baltimore. I instantly put my command under arms, multiplied and strengthened my patrols to gain intelligence, and advanced as rapidly as was practicable to Baltimore. When the forces arrived at Snell's bridge, on the upper branch of the Patuxent, I had concluded that, if the enemy was, as we had still reason to believe, proceeding to Baltimore, it would be most advisable for me to proceed directly thither, to lend the whole force of my power, as commander of the district, to call out and bring into activity the resources of the place, and also because it was likely to become the most important station of the command. I accordingly left the command with General Stansbury, senior brigadier,

and on the 22d of September was ordered to the army on the Niagara frontier, where his services were deemed of importance. He repaired thither with the

dier, and proceeded that night to Baltimore. On the road I met an express from Major-General S. Smith, who delivered me a letter, in which he informed me that he had been called out into service, and had assumed the command according to his rank; and, by the time I reached Baltimore, I also learned that the enemy was proceeding to Marlborough, and not toward Baltimore.

If I had had longer time, or to repeat the action of Bladensburg, I could correct several errors, which might materially have affected the issue of that battle. The advanced force ought to have been nearer to the creek, along the edge of the low ground, where they would have been skirted with bushes, and have avoided the inconvenience of the cover which the orchard afforded the enemy. The edge of the low grounds on the right of the road ought to have been lined with musketry, and a battery of cannon also planted in the field on the right of the road, directly fronting the bridge; and if Commodore Barney's heavy artillery, with his more expert artillerists, had occupied the position which the advanced artillerists did, and these posts been obstinately defended, the enemy would not have crossed the river at that point, but would have been obliged to have made a circuit around to his right, and have crossed above and at the upper end of the town; or, if the whole force had been posted at the position of the second line, with all the advantage which it afforded, and had acted with tolerable courage and firmness, the event might have been different: but no advantage of position is proof against groundless panic, and a total want of discipline, skill, and experience.

On the night of my retreat to the city, I sent Assistant-Adjutant-General Hite down to General Young, to inform him of the movement, and to direct him to take the best position to secure Fort Washington and his junction with me; or, in case the enemy should interpose between him and me, to have his boats ready to transport his men across the river; or, if he could not do that, to fall down the river and unite with General Stuart, and harass the enemy in the rear; and, above all, to be alert, and keep a vigilant guard upon every avenue of approach, to prevent a surprise. I also sent by Major Hite directions to the commanding officer of Fort Washington to advance a guard up to the main road upon all the roads leading to the fort; and, in the event of his being taken in the rear of the fort by the enemy, to blow up the fort and retire across the river.

The distance of General Young, and the necessity of retaining a position near the fort as long as the designs of the enemy remained uncertain, rendered it impossible to have the assistance of his force at Bladensburg.

There was not a bridge on the road which the enemy

utmost celerity. . . . The state of affairs on the frontier, however, gave him no opportunity to vindicate his fame at the head of regular troops; and he returned to Washington, to urge the inquiry, by a competent military tribunal, of his conduct in the command of the tenth military district. He had not ceased to demand this vindication from the moment he found that attempts had been made, 'and persevered in,' to misrepresent his actions and injure his reputation. At his urgent solicitation, a court of inquiry, of which Major-General Winfield Scott was president, was ordered on the 21st of January, 1815; and their report not only acquitted him with the highest honor, but established the propriety of the views he had given to the war department when he took command of the tenth military district, and of his subsequent conduct, by the highest military authority. The

pursued, from his debarkation to Washington, the destruction of which would have retarded his advance ten minutes. I believe, in fact, that the bridge at Bladensburg is the only one; and the facility with which that stream is everywhere fordable above the bridge, rendered useless the destroying it. Indeed, I believe that, had artillery been posted as advantageously as it might have been, and well served, the bridge would have acted as a decoy to the enemy, to lead him into danger, and have been useful to us.

Those who have that happy intrepidity of assurance in their own capacity to see with certainty, in all cases, the

president approved the report; and on the 12th of March, General Winder was again assigned to the command of the tenth military district, and enjoyed the continued confidence of the government. He declined, however, to remain in the army, and returned to civil life, and the enjoyment of the respect and consideration of his fellow-citizens. His practice at the bar was extensive; he was elected to the senate of Maryland; and, upon offering himself as a candidate for Congress ten days before the election (and after many of his friends had pledged themselves to his opponent, Mr. McKim), was within four votes of being elected. The demonstrations of public respect upon his death, as exhibited in the funeral honors paid to him on the 24th of May, 1824, exceeded those which had ever been accorded to a private citizen of the commonwealth."*

means by which they could have avoided the errors of others, and by which past calamities might always have been averted, will find my condemnation easy. Those who are disposed to measure difficulties by the limits of human capacity, and who will impartially place themselves in my situation, will find it difficult to decide that any errors have been committed which might not have been equalled or surpassed by any other commander, or that the calamities which have followed could have been averted or mitigated.

WILLIAM H. WINDER.

* A Sketch of the Events which preceded the Capture of Washington by the British. Philadelphia, 1849.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Flight of the Militia.—A Rally and Retreat.—Occupation of Germantown.—A Wearing Enemy.—Movements at Washington.—Destruction of Stores and Vessels at the Navy-Yard.—Consternation of the Inhabitants.—The General Scamper.—Adventures of Mrs. Madison.—An Errant Lord.—“French John.”—A Precious Portrait.—Meeting with Mr. Madison.—A Safe Escort.—A Sleepless Night.—A Trying Journey.—Vexed Dames.—“The British are coming!”—Approach of the Enemy.—Entrance of Admiral Cockburn.—A Reckless Shot.—Burning of the Capitol.—The President’s House.—Feasting at an Enemy’s Expense.—Cockburn at Supper.—Light of a Burning Palace.—A Night of Dismay.—A Scrupulous General.—A Coarse Admiral.—Fire.—Explosion.—Havoc.—A Tempest.—Dispersion of the British.—Power of the Storm.

1814. THE unorganized and undisciplined American troops fled in dismay. The Maryland militia never rallied again, but went scattering about the country until they reached their homes. Those of Washington, joined by a Virginia regiment, commanded by Colonel Minor (which had been delayed so long at the capital, waiting for a supply of muskets and flints, that when it marched it was only to meet the troops in flight), rallied for awhile within two miles of the city. General Winder, however, ordered them to fall back to Washington. Here Armstrong, the secretary of war, proposed that the troops should occupy the capital, and await the coming of the enemy; but this proposition was rejected, and a further retreat was ordered to the heights of Germantown.

The British, in the meantime, wearied with their long march and the day’s conflict, and exhausted by the excessive heat, did not pursue the fugitives. “The victors,” said Admiral Cockburn, “were too weary and the vanquished too swift.” The worn-out soldiers lay down upon the field of battle,

and there reposed till the evening, when they took up their march for Washington.

As the enemy approached, the secretary of the navy issued his orders for the destruction of the vessels and stores at the navy-yard. The inhabitants remonstrated; Captain Creighton protested, and offered to defend the public property from attack; and even the women entreated that it might be saved. The order, however, was peremptory; and the new sloop-of-war *Argus*, the schooner *Lynx* (both afloat), the frigate *Columbia* (on the stocks), barges and gun-boats, storehouses and workshops, and a large quantity of naval stores, were set fire to, illuminating, by the wide-extended blaze, the approach of the enemy.

The inhabitants were in great consternation. “The unanimous effort,” says Ingersoll, “was to escape anticipated and exaggerated horrors. ‘Save the women and children!’ was the entreaty of some; but, as in such panics, self predominated over the ethics of kindred and proprieties of decorum. Women in convulsions, children wild with fear, and men para-

lyzed with it; slaves and servants escaping; carts bearing off whatever could be saved, in mere delirious panic: such was the scene." Some of the public officers and clerks crammed valuable records and documents into letter-bags, and carried them to places of concealment; but most of the officials thought only of their personal safety, and joined in the general scamper.

Mrs. Madison had been left by her husband in the presidential mansion, while he followed General Winder to the field of battle. Her errant lord, however, kept her duly informed of the progress of events by frequent bulletins written on horseback with a pencil. He seems to have had early forebodings of the mis-

Aug. 23. fortunes of our troops; and, on the day before the conflict, he wrote that the enemy appeared stronger than had been reported, and that it was not improbable they would reach Washington, with the intention of destroying it. She accordingly received timely notice to be ready to enter her carriage at a moment's warning, and fly the city. Her preparations were therefore duly made. Collecting the cabinet papers, she packed as many trunks with them as would "fill one carriage," but gave up all hopes of saving her private property, as no wagons could be obtained to carry it away. The colonel, with a hundred men, who had been stationed in the enclosure as a guard to the house, had fled; and the four artillerists had abandoned the two guns which had been planted at the front door, leaving Mrs. Madison to the sole protection of her servants, one

of whom, "French John," displayed notable fidelity and activity, and a degree of martial ardor, which must have put to the blush some of his "superiors." The belligerent Frenchman offered to spike the cannon at the gates, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British should they enter the mansion. This sanguinary scheme, however, was defeated by the positive objections of his gentle mistress.

Mrs. Madison spent another day in a state of anxious alarm, looking momentarily for the approach of her errant husband. "I have been," she says, in a letter to her sister, "turning my spyglass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discern the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own firesides!" This was at noon on the day of the disastrous flight of the American troops. At three o'clock in the afternoon she hears the sound of cannon, and soon learns the sad events at Bladensburg. "Mr. Madison comes not: may God protect him!" Frightened messengers hurry in, to bid her fly. A wagon is at last procured, and, being filled with the plate and other valuables, is rapidly driven off, but whether "it will reach its destination, the bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine." Charles Carroll enters the mansion, and finding Mrs. Madison waiting to secure a portrait of General Washington, painted by Stuart, which was screwed to the wall,

chides her for delaying her departure for such an object. She, however, is determined to save "the precious portrait;" and, finding the process of unscrewing "too tedious for those perilous moments," orders "French John," aided by the Irish gardener, to break the frame and take out the canvas. This done, and the picture deposited in the hands of Mr. Jacob Barker, of New York, who chanced to come in, Mrs. Madison, disguised in "other female attire than her own," springs into her carriage and drives off to Georgetown. There she eagerly searches for her husband, but, not finding him, orders her frightened Jehu to drive back to Washington. On the road she meets her errant lord, who, with his secretary of state (Mr. Monroe), and his attorney-general (Mr. Rush), is on his return from a hasty call at the president's house, which he reached soon after his wife had fled, and was now again a wandering fugitive.

Mrs. Madison, having secured her husband, keeps him by her side, and the whole party drive together to the banks of the Potomac, where they arrive as the shades of evening begin to gather, and the anxious gentlemen are ferried over in safety to the Virginia shore, in the only boat left, which is so small that each has to pass singly, very much as in the famous puzzle of "the fox, the goose, and the corn."

In the meantime, a messenger comes from the British general, offering a safe escort to "the president's lady," and making a proposal for a ransom of the public buildings, one of which is courteously declined and the other spurned with in-

dignation. Mrs. Madison, having seen her husband safely on the other side of the Potomac, drives back to Georgetown, in search of some of her female friends, and again resumes her flight, to overtake the president, with whom she has agreed on a roadside tavern in Virginia, sixteen miles from Georgetown, as the place of meeting. Along a road encumbered with baggage-wagons and the thronging fugitives, her carriage makes but slow progress, and at nightfall she and her companions are obliged to avail themselves of the hospitality of a planter's house. Here she passes a sleepless night, sitting at an open window, and looking with tearful eyes upon the flames of the burning capitol, and a heart disquieted by the riot of the disorderly militia, the confusion of the passing crowds of fugitives, and solicitude for her absent husband.

The next day, Mrs. Madison continues her trying journey, passing through a country filled with panic-stricken people, and reaches the tavern previously agreed upon, where she is refused admission by a throng of fugitive ladies, who, forgetful of the hospitalities they had so often and so lately received from her, insisted that she should not be allowed to enter, since she was the president's wife, and responsible with him for the war and its calamities! The howl of a coming storm, however, silenced for a while the noisy clamor of the vexed dames; and "mine host," taking advantage of the sudden lull within, opened his doors to protect Mrs. Madison and her ladies from the gathering tempest without.

Aug. 24.

The president and his companions did not arrive until evening, when, drenched with wet and famished with hunger, they were, with a surly consent, allowed to enter the tavern. Nor was the much-vexed chief magistrate yet at his ease; for at midnight the cry that the British were coming drove him from his comfortable conjugal wing to seek a place of concealment, in the midst of that tempestuous night, in the neighboring woods.

As the enemy approached Washington, late in the day of the action at Bladensburg, the army remained within a short distance of the city; and General Ross, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn, and guarded by two hundred soldiers, entered in advance with a flag of truce, prepared to offer terms. Some reckless person, in the neighborhood of a house known as Mr. Gallatin's, fired upon the British commander, and killed his horse. The soldiery were immediately ordered to destroy the building, and to put to the sword all who were found within. The command was obeyed at once, and the house reduced to ashes.

The rest of the troops now marched in, and without further delay proceeded to burn and destroy. The capitol, the treasury-building, the war-office, Washington's house, and a bridge, were soon in flames. The capitol was first battered with cannon, and then set on fire. Its strong walls resisted the flames, but the interior was burned, with many valuable state-papers and the library—an act of vandalism which even the British writers have not ventured to defend.

From Capitol hill, where the invaders encamped, a detachment was sent forward along Pennsylvania avenue to destroy the president's house. A British officer, who is believed to have drawn freely upon his imagination, describes with humorous exaggeration the feast prepared, as he declares, by the president, for the entertainment of the American officers, in anticipation of victory, but which was eaten by their enemies in realization of it:—

“When the detachment sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house entered his dining-parlor, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the side-board; plate-holders stood by the fireplace, filled with dishes and plates;* knives, forks, and spoons, were arranged for immediate use: in short, everything was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, while in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate;† and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. These preparations were beheld by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at

* An unusual provision at all times in the United States, and especially on a hot August day.

† An open hickory-wood fire and Dutch oven?

least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and, having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them."

The British general, in the meantime, entered the neighboring lodging-house of Mrs. Suter, and, quietly announcing his name, invited himself to the landlady's hospitalities with a "Come, madam, to sup with you." The boisterous Cockburn soon after followed, riding his mule through the front door into the hall, and dismounting at the dining-room, where he joined General Ross and his military officers at a frugal meal prepared by the unwilling American dame, blowing out the candles as he took his seat, and declaring that he preferred the light of the burning palace.

The whole night was one of confusion and dismay. The streets, illumined by the conflagration of the public buildings, were crowded with soldiers and senators; men, women, and children; horses, carriages, and carts, loaded with household furniture—all hastening to escape a city which it was believed was doomed to total destruction by the rude British soldiery. The sensitive Ross, disquieted by scruples in regard to the Vandal violence to which he had reluctantly consented,

and troubled by fears for the security of his army, isolated in the midst of a hostile country, retired to his encampment on Capitol hill. The coarse and brutal admiral passed the night in congenial debauchery at a brothel, and terminated a day of riot with lust.

At early dawn next morning a detachment of British troops was sent abroad to complete the destruction begun on the previous night. **Aug. 25.** The fort and arsenal at Greenleaf Point were now beset by the destroyers; but, while busy with torch and cannon, retribution came in an explosion, by which many of the British were mangled or killed. A soldier had carelessly thrown a burning brand into a well, which, being filled with powder (placed there by the garrison on their flight, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy), blew up and caused the fatal catastrophe. With the destruction of the fort and arsenal were consumed a large quantity of ammunition, ordnance-stores of all kinds, and two extensive ropewalks.

Thus ended the ruin by the hand of the enemy, when "the sky grew suddenly dark, and the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant in the place came on. Roofs of houses were torn off by it and whisked into the air like sheets of paper; while the rain that accompanied it resembled the rushing of a mighty cataract, rather than the dropping of a shower. The darkness was as great as if the sun had long set, and the last remains of twilight had come on, occasionally relieved by flashes of vivid lightning through it, which, together with

the noise of the wind and the thunder, the crash of falling buildings, and the tearing of the roofs as they were stripped from the walls, produced the most appalling effect." This lasted for nearly two hours without intermission, during which time many of the houses spared by the destructive hand of the enemy were blown down, and thirty of their soldiers, with some of the inhabitants, buried beneath the ruins. The British column was as

completely dispersed as if it had received a total defeat; some of the men flying for shelter behind walls and buildings, and others falling flat upon the ground, to prevent themselves from being carried away by the tempest. Such was the violence of the wind, that two pieces of cannon on Capitol hill were fairly lifted from the ground on which they stood, and were hurled to a considerable distance to the rear!*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Sated with Ruin.—Retreat of the British.—A Sailor on Horseback.—Revenge on a Newspaper.—Destruction of the C's.—Delay of the Fleet.—The Night-Retreat.—Precautions.—Disposition of the Sick and Wounded.—Visit to a Battle-Field.—Horror of the Scene.—A Rapid March.—A Ghostly Bivouac.—An Attack.—Embarkation of the British.—The Enemy's Squadron on the Potomac.—Fall of Fort Washington.—Capitulation of Alexandria.—A Load of Booty.—Return of President Madison and Secretary Armstrong.—Unpopularity of the Secretary.—His Retirement.—A Vicarious Sacrifice.—British Marauders.—Resistance on the Potomac.—Fatal Wound of Sir Peter Parker.—The British Fleet on the Coast of New England.—Extensive Seizures.—Neutrality of Nantucket.—Cape Cod ransomed.—Movements of Cockburn and Ross.—Sailing up the Patapsco.—Landing of the British at North Point.—A Skirmish.—Fall of General Ross.—A Sad Scene.—Colonel Brooke in Command.—Defences of Baltimore.—Retreat.—Bombardment.—The Star-spangled Banner.

1814. THE British, having sated themselves with ruin and devastation, and becoming alarmed at the fancied gathering of an indignant people to drive the invaders from their country, determined to retreat with all haste to the seaboard. Admiral Cockburn, however, would not consent to leave the capital till he had gratified his personal revenge upon the *National Intelligencer*. Mounting a "white, untamed, long switch-tail brood mare, followed by a black foal neighing after its dam," the rude sailor went swaying in his uneasy seat about the long ave-

nues of Washington, until he reached the office of the hated newspaper. Here, as his fellows destroyed the type, the admiral looked on with revengeful glee, and cried out, "Be sure that all the C's are destroyed, so that the rascals can have no further means of abusing my name as they have done!"

The anxious Ross, in the meantime, was urging on the preparations for a retreat, and waited only for the **Aug. 25.** night, that under the cover of

* Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army, &c. By an Officer. Philadelphia, 1821.

its darkness it might be accomplished in safety, for he was in instantaneous fear of an attack. The much-dreaded indignation of the country was, however, still paralyzed by panic; and those who should have banded together in a united phalanx to expel the daring intruders, were as yet scattered in disorderly confusion. The reciprocal fear can not be better illustrated than by the fact that, while the enemy were destroying one end of the bridge over the Potomac, to prevent an attack from Virginia, the Virginians were equally active in pulling down the other, to protect themselves from the British in Washington! The admiral began now to share in the uneasiness of General Ross, in consequence of the delay in the arrival of the frigates which had sailed up the Potomac, with the view of reaching Washington in season to co-operate with the army.

The retreat having been resolved upon, every precaution was taken to effect it in secret. During the day an order was issued that none of the inhabitants should be seen in the streets after eight o'clock

Aug. 25. in the evening. The third brigade, which formed the rear of the army, and was posted in the outskirts of the city, began the retreat. The artillery followed; afterward, the second brigade; and then the light brigade, which, being kept to cover the retreat, did not move until the last. All the horses of the various officers had been employed to drag the guns; and not a man was allowed to ride, lest a neigh or the trampling of the hoofs should excite suspicion. The encampment-fires were trimmed and

made to blaze brightly, and fuel enough left to keep them burning; and thus, at half-past nine o'clock at night, the last of the British troops moved off in the most profound silence. Not a word being spoken, and not a single individual permitted to step out of his place, they passed so quietly through the streets, that they cleared the town without any alarm being given. The sick and the wounded were left behind, together with the American prisoners, to whose care the former were confided, and especially to Captain Barney, "a trust which he received with the utmost willingness, and discharged with the most praiseworthy exactness."

The retreating British, with constant fears of pursuit, made a hurried march. As they reached the ground upon which the battle of the previous day had been fought, the moon arose, and exhibited in all their horror the unburied dead scattered about, completely naked (for they had been stripped even of their shirts), and bleached to an unnatural degree of whiteness by the violent storm of rain to which they had been exposed.

Turning from this scene of horror, the troops pushed rapidly on, halting only an hour in the village of Bladensburg, and then marching the whole night until the next morning. **Aug. 26.** Numbers, however, having already fallen behind, overcome by fatigue, it was found necessary to pause, when the tired soldiers threw themselves upon the ground almost in the same order that they had marched. In less than five minutes there was not an unclosed eye in the whole division. The entire army resembled a

heap of dead bodies on a field of battle, rather than living men; and the sentinels, who, in enforced wakefulness, were compelled to keep their posts, seemed like so many ghosts, as they paced the ground in almost inanimate regularity.

On rising again to renewed life, the army continued its retreat, without being harassed, except by a band of spirited citizens of Marlborough, who, under the command of the martial Doctor Bean, fell upon the stragglers, killing some and capturing others. Believing themselves now beyond the reach of danger, the British marched more leisurely; and, after reposing during the nights on the way, finally reached St. Benedict's at the close of the **Aug. 29.** third day after leaving Bladensburg. Next morning, the whole force re-embarked in the flotilla of boats kept ready for its reception, and was soon conveyed to the fleet lying in the Patuxent river.

In the meantime, the squadron of British vessels in command of Captain Gordon, of the royal navy, had proceeded up the Potomac. On the second day **Aug. 27.** after the enemy's force had retreated from the capital, Captain Gordon appeared off Fort Washington, between Mount Vernon and Alexandria. After a slight bombardment, aided by an explosion of their magazine, the garrison abandoned their post, and left the fort to be taken possession of by the enemy.

On the 29th of August, the British squadron, by buoying, succeeded in passing up to Alexandria, which capitulated without striking a blow, and yielded up to the enemy twenty-one merchant-ves-

sels, loaded with sixteen thousand barrels of flour, a thousand hogsheads of tobacco, a number of bales of cotton, and a miscellaneous variety of other valuable plunder. Thus laden with booty, the English captain sailed back, and by his skill and activity succeeded in regaining the Chesapeake without being stayed in his course; although Porter, Perry, and Rogers, combined their efforts in endeavoring, by the aid of fire-ships, and small batteries on shore, to prevent his escape.

When the foe had fairly disappeared, President Madison returned from the Virginia wayside tavern, and the secretary of war from the farmhouse, where they had sought refuge after the battle of Bladensburg, and, meeting on the road, entered Washington in company. General Armstrong found himself the object of almost universal reproach. The other members of the cabinet received him with undisguised aversion, and insisted that the president should compel him to resign. The people hooted him in the streets, and the militia refused to obey his orders. Madison was finally prevailed on to insist upon Armstrong's withdrawal from Washington. The unpopular secretary accordingly retired to Baltimore, whence he sent his resignation, declaring that the president had shamefully yielded to the "humors of a village mob." The people required a victim as a propitiation to the dishonored glory of the country, and the president and cabinet were not averse to give up the secretary as the vicarious sacrifice for their own sins.

The British naval forces, in the meanwhile, continued their depredations, car-

rying on hostilities which an English writer says "resembled the expeditions of the ancient Danes against Great Britain, rather than a modern war between civilized nations." On one of these occasions, Captain Sir Peter Parker sailed up the Chesapeake in his frigate, the *Menelaus*, and, after having laid waste plantations and villages, led his sailors and marines

Aug. 30. to take by surprise at midnight Colonel Reed, who with several hundred militia was encamped on a plain a few miles from the Potomac. Sir Peter found that his approach had been discovered, and met with an unexpected resistance. He was the first to suffer, having been wounded by a shot which severed the femoral artery, and caused him to bleed to death. His men now retreated to the river, carrying off their dead commander, without effecting anything "to console them for their loss."

The British squadron on the coast of New England was not less busy in its work of mischief. Eastport, Castine, and Machias, were seized, and a proclamation issued, claiming to take possession of all the country east of the Penobscot river. The island of Nantucket saved itself by a stipulation for neutrality, and the inhabitants of Cape Cod saved their property by the payment of a heavy ransom. The whole eastern commerce of the country was thus ruined; and, with our men-of-war blockaded and useless, nothing more effective in defence could be devised than putting out the lamps of the lighthouses, and removing the buoys, to prevent further approach of the thronging ships of the enemy.

The force under General Ross continued for some days in repose upon the vessels lying in the Patuxent, contemplating with grim satisfaction the scene of havoc and ruin which they had wrought. The houses upon the banks of the river were universally despoiled and thoroughly deserted. Not an American white man was to be seen; but here and there a negro-slave, trusting to British sympathy, could be discerned hoeing in the fields of maize, or tending flocks of sheep grazing upon the grassy plains.

At length, however, the whole fleet got under way, and stood toward the Chesapeake. The destination of the force was now understood to be Sept. 6. Baltimore; and, being joined by Admiral Cockburn and his squadron, the entire armament moved up the bay, under a full press of sail for the Patapsco river, spreading consternation on every hand. The inhabitants of the towns were flying from their homes; carts and wagons, laden with furniture, were hurrying along the roads; horsemen galloped along the shore, as if watching the fearful moment when the boats should be hoisted out and the troops quit the ships; and alarm-guns were fired and beacons lighted at every point on the banks of the river.

On reaching the mouth of the Patapsco, a force of thirty-five hundred men was landed at North Point, and Sept. 12. a march immediately made for Fort M'Henry, situated on the west side of the entrance to the harbor, about two miles from the city of Baltimore. Some of the men-of-war, with the remainder of the troops, cautiously felt their way up

the shallow river, to aid with their broadsides in the attack upon the fort and the city.

The troops landed at North Point were led on by General Ross in person, attended by Admiral Cockburn. While the column was moving on, these two officers pushed forward with the advance-guard, when they were brought to a stand by General Stricker, who, with a corps of three thousand militia, had been posted at Bear creek, a short distance from North Point. A sharp skirmish immediately ensued. The sound of the musketry was borne quickly back to the main body of the enemy; and soon a mounted officer came galloping to the rear, ordering the troops to quicken their pace, for the advance-guard was hotly engaged. As the column marched rapidly forward to the rescue, there came another officer at full speed, with horror and dismay on his face, and calling aloud for a surgeon. A sense of some terrible calamity spread throughout the ranks; but, before the men could whisper to each other their vague surmises, the reality, in all its fullness of horror, burst upon them. The general's horse, without its rider, and with the saddle and housings stained with blood, came plunging on. In a few moments the column passed the ground where Ross lay, by the side of the road, under a canopy of blankets, in the agonies of death. He had been shot in the side by a rifleman, and lived only long enough to utter the name of his wife, and to commend his family to the protection of his country. Every soldier turned his eyes upon his dying young leader, and an involuntary

groan rose from rank to rank, from the front to the rear of the column. He was beloved by all for his gentle courtesy and kindness, and trusted in for his skill. The British government, with characteristic generosity, did not fail to appreciate the achievements of the fallen commander. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and his descendants were authorized thenceforward to style themselves, on the family escutcheon, "*Ross of Bladensburg*."

The command of the enemy now devolved upon Colonel Brooke, who immediately led on the whole force, and, after a gallant resistance from General Stricker's advanced militia, succeeded in driving them from the ground. The loss on both sides, in killed and wounded, amounted to several hundreds. The British troops now halted upon the field of battle, and, having lighted their fires and posted their guards, lay down to sleep under the canopy of heaven. The conflict had lasted for an hour and twenty minutes, and the spirit with which the American militia behaved was in striking contrast to the imbecility and cowardice of those who so shamefully fled at Bladensburg.

Before break of day on the following morning the troops were again formed in marching order, and, as soon as ^{Sept. 13.} the first dawn of light appeared, began to move. The American militia, ten thousand strong, composed of Baltimore citizens, and some volunteers from Maryland and Pennsylvania (among those from the latter state being James Buchanan, now president of the United States, then a private in the ranks), were pre-

pared to receive the invaders. Upon the neighboring heights intrenchments had been raised, batteries of artillery planted, and the thronging militia now stood firmly at their posts, determined to defend their city.

As the British approached, they were aghast at the formidable preparations to receive them; and their leader resolved to wait until the evening, when he hoped, with the aid of a bombardment from the frigates, to attack with success a position which he dared not assault with his land-force alone. He accordingly halted, and bivouacked his troops on the ground, in the midst of a torrent of rain, without even blankets to protect the soldiers, who, in order to lighten their march, had left them behind.

On Colonel Brooke discovering that the ships of the squadron had not been able to approach sufficiently near to the city to effect much by bombarding it, he determined to retreat, and accordingly, a few hours after midnight, secretly led back his force from the American works without accomplishing anything.

* Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there
Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceal'd, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

. In the meantime, the British fleet had slowly made its way up the Patapsco, but only succeeded in reaching a point within remote cannon-shot of Fort M'Henry. A tremendous fire was now opened upon the fortress, but without producing any unfavorable impression, either upon the strength of the work or the resolute spirit of its defenders. The Sept. 13. furious but ineffective bombardment was kept up until the morning of the 14th, when the enemy sailed down the bay.

During this night of anxiety and terror to every citizen of Baltimore, Francis Key, an inhabitant of the city, lay with a little vessel under the guns of the British admiral's frigate, where he had been ordered to remain, after having gone out to effect an exchange of prisoners, among whom was one of his friends. Watching anxiously his country's flag through the long and fearful night, and seeing it still proudly floating next morning, he was inspired to write "*The Star-spangled Banner*," a song which, conceived in the full heat of patriotic fervor, did not fail to strike the national sympathy and become universally popular.*

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

CHAPTER XL.

Expedition of Sir George Prevost.—Its Object.—General Macomb in Command at Plattsburg.—Despairing Prospects.—The Hopeful Macomb.—His Energy.—Force of the Americans.—Slow Approach of the British.—Arrival of Prevost at Plattsburg.—Disputing the Ground.—Prevost erecting Batteries.—Suspense.—Command of Lake Champlain.—Getting the Start of the Enemy.—The American Squadron.—Forming the Line.—Commodore M'Donough.—His Life and Character.—M'Donough awaiting the Enemy.—The British coming.—Arrival in the Bay.—Their Force.—A Party of Pleasure.—M'Donough before the Battle.—Prayer.—Opening Fire.—A Brisk Cannonade.—A Favorable Omen.—M'Donough sights the First Gun.—A Confident Enemy.—A Tremendous Broadside.—Havoc on the Saratoga.—A Momentary Pause.—Renewal of the Fire.—General Engagement.—The Crippled Chubb strikes.—The Finch follows Suit.—Pertinacious Galleys.—The Galleys at Bay.—A Skilful Manceuvre of M'Donough.—The Confiance tries to follow the Example.—Her Failure.—The Confiance strikes.—The Battle of Lake Champlain won.—Losses.—A Naval Hero.—The Movements on Land.—Retreat of the British Troops.

1814. ON the day before the British made their vain attempt upon Baltimore, a still more formidable land-force of the enemy, having marched Sept. 11. from Canada, and appeared before Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, had hastily retreated; while the English fleet on the lake had attacked the American naval force under M'Donough, lying in the bay, and been signally beaten.

Early in September, Sir George Prevost, the governor-general of Canada, led across the frontier twelve thousand veteran British troops, many of whom had served under Wellington in Spain, with the supposed purpose of invading the United States, and subjugating the northern territory from the Canadian frontier to Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

General Macomb, as will be recollected, had been left by Izard, in August, in command at Plattsburg, with only three thousand men, of whom a large portion were invalids. So hopeless seemed the position to the despairing Izard, that he declared, upon taking up his march with

the main body of the army to Sackett's Harbor, that "the lately-erected works at Plattsburg and Cumberland Head would, in three days after his departure, be in possession of the enemy." The carrying of these weak posts was the first object of General Prevost, which, with the aid of the British fleet on Lake Champlain, he did not doubt would be of easy accomplishment.

Macomb was, however, of a more sanguine temper than Izard; and, notwithstanding the formidable force of the invaders, he did not despair of being able to repel them. Calling strenuously upon the governors of New York and Vermont for aid, General Macomb soon had over three thousand militia under his standard, in addition to his regulars, who, although amounting to the same number, were reduced to less than two thousand effective men, in consequence of sickness.

The approach of General Prevost was, fortunately, slow; and, with his great force and lumbering artillery and baggage, he did not reach Plattsburg until

Sept. 7. several days after crossing the frontier. In the meantime, Macomb was diligent in strengthening his works, and took care to harass and delay the advance of the British by sending out detachments, which disputed every inch of ground with them. Majors Appling and Wool, Captain Sproul, and General Moers, distinguished themselves by their vigorous efforts in carrying out the orders of their chief, but were forced to retire before the overwhelming numbers of the enemy and take refuge in Plattsburg, before which Prevost at last arrived, and began to erect his batteries.

Macomb, finding the northern shore of the rocky and rapid Saranac (on which river the town stood) untenable, withdrew his whole force to the southern bank, and, destroying the bridge, awaited the enemy's attack. The British commander, however, remained in suspense, anxiously expecting the arrival of the English squadron.

The Americans and the English had, for some months, been struggling to secure the command of Lake Champlain. As this depended entirely upon the relative strength of the naval force, both parties began vigorously to construct armed vessels. The Americans, under the spirited and energetic young M'Donough, got the start of their competitors, and were able to sail out from the depot on Otter creek, and anchor in the bay of Plattsburg, before the British squadron made its appearance.

THOMAS M'DONOUGH, the hero of Lake Champlain, and one of the most gallant among our naval commanders, was born

in 1786, in the county of Newcastle, Delaware, on a farm called "*The Trapp*." His father was an eminent physician, and in the year 1775 received the appointment of major in Colonel John Haslett's regiment, which was raised by the state of Delaware, but did not long continue in the service. After the close of the Revolutionary struggle, he was appointed to a judgeship, which office he held until his death, in 1795. His eldest son, James, was with Commodore Truxton in the engagement between the Constitution and the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, in 1799, at which time he lost a leg, rendering it necessary for him to retire from the service.

Thomas obtained a midshipman's warrant and entered the navy in 1798, three years after the death of his father. After serving some time on the American coast, he sailed with the fleet on a cruise in the Mediterranean, where, with other young officers, he rendered himself conspicuous in the war with Tripoli. He was noted for his gravity of character and sobriety of demeanor; while he proved himself, on every occasion of trial, to be possessed of the most dauntless spirit. When Decatur proposed to burn the Philadelphia, which had been captured and remained in possession of the Tripolitans, such was his confidence in the spirit and conduct of young M'Donough, that he chose him as one of his officers in the expedition. He proved himself worthy of the trust, and the companionship in service of the gallant Decatur.

The following incident, which occurred during the cruise in the Mediterranean,

displays in a striking manner his firmness and decision of character: An American merchant-brig came into port while Captain Smith, of the *Siren*, was on shore, and anchored ahead of that vessel. A short time after, a British frigate, then lying in the harbor, sent a boat on board the brig, and took from her one of her men. M'Donough, who was first-lieutenant of the *Siren*, observing the occurrence, promptly manned his gig with an armed crew, and, overtaking the British boat, just as she was pulling alongside the frigate, seized upon the man who had been impressed, and took him into his own boat. So prompt and daring was the act, that the British, though superior in numbers, were struck aghast, and did not offer the least resistance. As soon, however, as the commander of the English frigate was informed of the fact, he hastened on board the *Siren*, and angrily demanded of M'Donough how he dared to take a man from his boat.

"The man is an American seaman, and under the protection of the flag of the United States, and it is my duty to protect him," calmly but resolutely answered M'Donough.

"By God, I don't care for your American flag! If you don't give up the man, I'll bring my frigate alongside, and blow you to the devil!"

"That you may do; but, as long as my vessel floats, you shall not have the man," was the resolute answer.

"You're a hair-brained youth, and will repent of your rashness. If I had been in the boat, you would not have dared to take the man, I'm d—d if you would!"

"I should have tried, at any rate."

"What, sir! would you venture to interfere, if I were to impress the men from that brig?" said the British officer, defiantly, as he pointed to the American vessel.

"You have only to try it, sir," replied the resolute M'Donough.

The enraged English commander returned to his frigate, manned and armed a boat, and threateningly pulled off again toward the American brig. M'Donough did likewise. The Englishman, however, on a sober, second thought, changed his purpose, and, taking a round-about turn, pulled back to his ship, and thus the affair ended. M'Donough's cool and resolute conduct proved to the satisfaction of his opponent that he was not to be trifled with, and the English commander thought it more prudent to avoid a collision with so firm and spirited an antagonist as the American lieutenant.

Although, during the latter part of his life, M'Donough was feeble from ill health and hard service, he was in his youth one of the most vigorous and active officers in the navy, and famous as an expert swordsman. While the *Siren* was lying in the harbor of Syracuse, in Sicily, M'Donough was detained on shore one night till the ship's boats had returned to the squadron. He then hired a boat; but finding three men, instead of the usual complement of two, going in it, and aware that robberies and assassinations were of nightly occurrence, he suspected them of some evil design, and refused to allow them to row him to the ship, whereupon they drew their poniards and attacked him. By his

vigilance and activity he succeeded in wounding two of his assailants, while the third took to his heels. M'Donough pursued the latter to the roof of the barracks, whence he threw himself, with the loss of his life.

M'Donough, with a virtue as resolute as his spirit, won not only the respect but the admiration of officers and men. His heroism had a moral element, which elevated it far above that which is so often attributed to brute animal courage.

Though in action and moments of trial the heroic qualities of M'Donough found expression in a loftiness and animation which indicated all the dignity of his character and the fire of his spirit, yet his ordinary manner and appearance were in harmony with his mildness of temper and gentleness of heart. His fair complexion, light hair and eyes, and his health, which was feeble in his latter years, gave him a look which hardly betokened the grand qualities of the man. His stature, however was tall, his air dignified, and the expression of his face resolute though genial. His moral purity always remained as clear from the least breath of evil as his religious principle stood firm against every shock of disbelief. M'Donough was not only a brilliant hero, but an humble Christian.

No incident of importance occurred in the life of Captain M'Donough between the Tripolitan war and that which commenced with Great Britain in 1812. He was then, at the early age of twenty-eight, appointed to the command of the small naval force on Lake Champlain, for the purpose of protecting our frontiers.

This was justly regarded as an important point of defence, as there was reason to believe that, if the enemy had been successful in the attempt at Baltimore, an attack would have been undertaken upon New York by the British fleet then on our coast, and upon Albany by the army under General Prevost.

The American squadron on the lake consisted of the Saratoga, a ship of twenty-six guns and two hundred and twelve men, commanded by M'Donough in person; the Eagle, a brig of twenty guns and one hundred and fifty men, Captain Henley; the Ticonderoga, a schooner of seventeen guns and one hundred and ten men, Lieutenant Cassin; the Preble, a sloop of seven guns and thirty men, Lieutenant Charles Budd; and ten galleys, six of which were large and four small gunboats.

Captain M'Donough anchored his vessels in a line parallel to the shores of the bay, extending north and south, and opposite to the mouth of the Saranac river, upon which Plattsburg is situated. The Eagle lay farthest to the north, next the Saratoga, then the Ticonderoga, and lastly the Preble. The galleys were arranged in the intervals between the larger vessels and behind, forming a second line. A barrier was thus stretched across the bay, so that the British vessels could neither pass to the north, by Cumberland Head, on the one side, without coming within reach of the guns of the American squadron; nor, on the other, to the south, in consequence of the nearness of the last vessel of the line to a shoal extending out from Crab island. With his vessels

thus skilfully disposed, the young M'Donough calmly awaited the approach of the enemy.

As the sun rose on that Sunday morning, the American guard-boat came pul-
 Sept. 11. ling back, with the announce-
 ment that the enemy's vessels were coming. M'Donough immediately ordered his decks cleared for action, and made preparations for fighting while his fleet thus lay at anchor. As eight bells struck, the topmasts of the British squadron passed rapidly above the land; and soon vessel after vessel doubled Cumberland Head, and sailed into the bay. The British fleet was of greater force than the American. The *Confiance*, the flagship of Captain Downie, the commander of the whole, was a large vessel, with the gun-deck of a heavy frigate, mounting thirty long twenty-fours and seven other guns, and having a crew of more than three hundred men. The next in size was the *Linnet*, Captain Pring, a brig of sixteen long twelves, and a crew of one hundred men. There were besides two sloops—the *Chubb*, Lieutenant M'Ghee, and the *Finch*, Lieutenant Hicks—each with a full armament, and a crew of forty men. A dozen galleys completed the enemy's force, which amounted in all to sixteen vessels, with a total armament of ninety-six guns and a thousand men. The Americans had fourteen vessels, mounting eighty-six guns and containing eight hundred and fifty men.

The first vessel that came round Cumberland Head was a sloop, containing a party of English visitors, who, confident of a British victory, had come to behold

its accomplishment. On coming into the bay, they kept at a wary distance, and did not take part in the conflict. As the enemy's vessels rounded the head, one after the other, they formed into a line abreast, and headed in toward the American squadron.

M'Donough, with everything ready for the struggle, occupied those few moments of suspense just previous to battle, during which the feelings of all are naturally impressed with awe, by reading the prayer of the Episcopal service appointed to be read before a fight at sea against an enemy: "O most powerful and glorious LORD God, the Lord of hosts, that rulest and commandest all things; Thou sittest in the throne judging right, and therefore we make our address to thy Divine Majesty in this our necessity, that thou wouldest take the cause into thine own hand, and judge between us and our enemies. Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us; for thou givest not alway the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few. O let not our sins now cry against us for vengeance; but hear us thy poor servants begging mercy, and imploring thy help, and that thou wouldest be a defence unto us against the face of the enemy. Make it appear that thou art our Saviour and mighty Deliverer, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

As the British came on, the *Eagle*, at the head of the American line, opened fire with a broadside of her long guns, though in the beginning at too great a distance to produce any effect. The enemy's galleys answered with a brisk can-

nonade. M'Donough withheld his fire until he found that the Eagle's shot began to tell, when he prepared to bring the Saratoga's broadside likewise to bear against the approaching foe. At this moment a young cock, which had escaped from the coop, alighted upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings, and crowed. The crew of the Saratoga, inspirited by this favorable omen, welcomed it with three hearty cheers.

Finding his enemy now close enough, M'Donough himself sighted a long twenty-four pounder, and the first shot of the Saratoga was fired, striking the *Confiance* in the bows, and passing along the whole deck, killing and wounding several men, and carrying away the wheel. The English squadron still advanced; as Captain Downie, confident in his superior force, felt sure that, if he could only get his vessels in proper position, his own large ship would decide the day in his favor. The *Confiance*, however, had suffered so much already, that she was obliged to check her forward course, and anchor at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the American line. The *Linnet* also soon after anchored in a favorable position forward of the Eagle's beam. The *Chubb* kept under way, with the purpose of trying to rake the American line; and the *Finch*, with the gun-boats, got abreast of the *Ticonderoga*.

Downie, in the *Confiance*, though exposed to a hot fire, did not discharge a gun until his vessel was fairly secured at anchor. He now, however, opened a tremendous fire from all his guns almost at the same instant, and aimed directly at

the *Saratoga*. Forty men, among whom was Lieutenant Gamble—nearly a fifth of M'Donough's whole crew—were killed by this single broadside! The deck of the *Saratoga* was now so encumbered with the dead and the dying, that it was found necessary to remove the hatches, which had been fastened down to prepare for action, and to pass the killed and wounded below. The awful crash caused a momentary panic on board, but soon the little *Saratoga* resumed her fire as gallantly as ever.

In the meantime, all the vessels of the two squadrons spiritedly took part in the battle. The *Chubb*, while manœuvring near the head of the American line, received a heavy broadside from the *Eagle*, which crippled her, and she drifted down toward the *Saratoga*, which vessel, with a well-aimed shot, forced her to strike immediately, when she was taken possession of. The *Finch* also was driven off by the severe cannonade of the *Ticonderoga*, and floated down the stream in such an unmanageable condition that she grounded on the shoal of Crab island, and was obliged to strike to the invalids of the hospital there, who took possession of her.

The British galleys strove desperately to close with the American vessels; and, having forced the *Preble* to cut her cables, and retreat to a safe distance near the shore, they concentrated their efforts upon the *Ticonderoga*. They came again and again, and at times so close as to reach within a boat-hook's length of the schooner, and with their crews rising from their oars, ready to spring on board. The



commander of the Ticonderoga, however, paced the taffrail amid showers of canister and grape, and directed the discharges of bags of musket-balls and light missiles with such effect, that the galleys were kept at bay.

The Eagle now suffered so greatly from the Linnet, which had got the advantage of position, that she slipped her cables, and, moving down under topsails, anchored between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga. The Linnet was thus enabled to direct her fire, together with the Confiance, upon the Saratoga, which, however, received some aid from the Eagle in her new position.

The Saratoga now was so injured by the fire of the enemy, that she had not a single gun left of her starboard battery. While lying thus in the midst of the battle, without being able to return a shot, she would have been surely overcome, had not Captain M'Donough, by means of the kedge-anchors and hawsers, skillfully brought his vessel round, and presented to the enemy his larboard guns. While effecting this manœuvre, the Confiance strove to do the same, but failing, suffered so terribly from the fresh broadsides of the Saratoga, that she was forced to strike.

Thus, in two hours and a quarter from the beginning of the action, the battle of Lake Champlain was won, for the conquest of the Confiance was victory over the rest. The Linnet, however, held out for a quarter of an hour longer, when she hauled down her flag after a heavy broadside from the Saratoga. The galleys had been scattered during the last struggle;

and when they discovered that the larger vessels had struck, they hauled down their colors. At this moment not a single English ensign was seen of the whole sixteen or seventeen which a few hours before had flown so defiantly over the lake.*

* "At nine," says M'Donough, in his own modest and graphic account of the victory, "the enemy anchored in a line ahead, at about three hundred yards distant from my line; his ship opposed to the Saratoga; his brig to the Eagle, Captain Robert Henley; his galleys, thirteen in number, to the schooner, sloop, and a division of our galleys; one of his sloops assisting their ship and brig; the other assisting their galleys; our remaining galleys were with the Saratoga and Eagle.

"In this situation, the whole force on both sides became engaged; the Saratoga suffering much from the heavy fire of the Confiance. I could perceive at the same time, however, that our fire was very destructive to her. The Ticonderoga, Lieutenant-Commandant Cassin, gallantly sustained her full share of the action. At half-past ten, the Eagle, not being able to bring her guns to bear, cut her cable, and anchored in a more eligible position, between my ship and the Ticonderoga, where she very much annoyed the enemy, but unfortunately leaving me much exposed to a galling fire from the enemy's brig.

"Our guns on the starboard side being nearly all dismounted or unmanageable, a stern-anchor was let go, the lower cable cut, and the ship winded with a fresh broadside on the enemy's ship, which soon after surrendered. Our broadside was then sprung to bear on the brig, which surrendered about fifteen minutes afterward. The sloop which was opposed to the Eagle, had struck some time before, and drifted down the line. The sloop that was with their galleys had also struck. Three of their galleys are said to be sunk; the others pulled off. Our galleys were about obeying with alacrity the signal to follow them, when all the vessels were reported to me to be in a sinking state. It then became necessary to annul the signal to the galleys, and order their men to the pumps. I could only look at the enemy's galleys going off in a shattered condition, for there was not a mast in either squadron that could stand to make sail on. The lower rigging, being nearly shot away, hung down as though it had just been placed over the mast-heads.

"The Saratoga had fifty-five round-shot in her hull; the Confiance one hundred and five. The enemy's shot passed principally just over our heads, as there were not twenty whole hammocks in the nettings at the close of the action, which lasted without intermission two hours and twenty minutes.

"The absence and sickness of Lieutenant Raymond Perry left me without the assistance of that excellent officer. Much ought fairly to be attributed to him for his great

In this bloody battle, the *Saratoga* had twenty-eight men killed and twenty-nine wounded, which amounted to more than a fourth of her entire crew; the *Eagle*, thirteen killed and twenty wounded; the *Ticonderoga*, six killed and six wounded; the *Preble*, two killed; and the galleys, three killed and three wounded. The *Saratoga* was hulled fifty-five times, and the *Eagle* thirty-nine. Twice during the action the *Saratoga* was set on fire by hot shot from the *Confiance*, but the flames were promptly extinguished by the exertions of the crew.

The enemy suffered still more severely. The *Confiance* was reported to have had forty-one killed and eighty-three wounded, although this estimate is supposed to be less than the truth. The *Linnet*, too, is believed to have had many more than the ten killed and the fourteen wounded, which was the whole number stated by the British. The loss of the *Finch*, put down at only two wounded, is likewise thought to have been under-estimated.

The enemy's galleys had also suffered greatly, but their real loss was never ascertained. These small vessels succeeded in escaping capture after they had struck, though they apparently waited, after the battle, to be taken possession of. Hearing the report of a gun, which had been accidentally fired from the *Confiance* by the American boarding-officer, and taking it for a signal, they moved, without a flag flying, slowly off, one after the other, and made their escape. M'Donough could

care and attention in disciplining the ship's crew, as her first-lieutenant. His place was filled by a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Peter Gamble, who, I regret to inform you, was killed early in the action."

not pursue them with his larger vessels, for not one had a mast which could bear a sail; and the American galleys could not be spared, for their crews were wanted to work at the pumps, in order to keep the rest of the squadron from sinking.

By this victory, Captain M'Donough justly earned the fame of one of the greatest of our naval heroes. The country showed its appreciation of his eminent services by liberal expressions of praise and the bestowal of festive honors. Public receptions and feasts were everywhere proffered him, but, with characteristic modesty, they were generally refused. Congress voted him their thanks, with an appropriate medal, and promoted him to a post-captaincy. Medals and swords were also presented to the under-officers, with three months' extra pay to the petty officers, seamen, and marines. The state of New York gave M'Donough a thousand acres of land, and the state of Vermont two hundred, situated in full view of the lake, and near the scene of his victory.*

During the conflict on Lake Champlain, the British troops, **Sept. 11.** under Sir George Prevost, bombarded the American forts from the opposite side of the river Saranac; and a brigade strove to ford the stream, with the view of attacking the rear of General Macomb's

* The legislature of New York also gave him a splendid sword, the presentation of which took place at Hartford. But the most flattering testimonial which he received was the gift of a sword (costing thirteen hundred dollars) from the officers and seamen whom he had commanded in the Mediterranean. For several years previous to his death, Commodore M'Donough resided at Middletown, in Connecticut, where he had married Miss Shaler, a lady of a highly respectable family in that place. He survived her but a few months, and died of a consumption, November 10, 1825, in the fortieth year of his age.

position. Misled, however, by a guide, and missing the ford, the enemy lost their way in the woods. While thus perplexed and delayed, exulting shouts rose from the lake. The commanding officer halted and sent back a messenger to headquarters, to learn the cause. He soon returned, with information that all the British ships were taken, and with orders from General Prevost to march back the

troops to the camp with the utmost speed. With the shouts from lake, river, town, and surrounding hills, which proclaimed the American victory, and sounded dismally in their ears, the dejected veterans of Great Britain hastened to obey the orders of their commander; and, Sept. 12. having joined the main body, the whole force of the enemy fled in dismay to Canada.

CHAPTER XLI.

Effect of M'Donough's Victory.—The Commissioners at Ghent.—Tardiness of Great Britain.—Great Preparations for Defence.—Action of the Several States.—The President and Cabinet at Washington.—The ruined Capitol.—Meeting of Congress.—Madison's Appeal.—An Empty Treasury.—A Waning Credit.—Ruinous Loans.—Financial Schemes.—Bankruptcy of the Country.—Resignation of Secretary Campbell.—Appointment of Dallas.—A National Bank.—The Plan.—Defeated Measures.—Bad News from Ghent.—Arrival of the British Commissioners.—The American Commissioners.—How they lived.—A Wily Proposal.—Unguarded Courtesy.—No Submission.—Negotiations in Progress.—Anxious Listeners.—Resources.—Extraordinary Prices of Cotton and Tobacco.—Spirit of Speculation.—Indignation of the English Press.—Price of Rappee.—Height of Folly.—Demands of the British Commissioners.—Indignant Refusal.—No Hope of Peace.—Treason at Home.—Effect upon Madison.—Hartford Convention.—Exaggerations.—Mysterious Revelations.—A King of New England!—The Inactive Izard.—Fort Erie abandoned.

1814. WHILE the victory of M'Donough on Lake Champlain consoled the sensitive honor of the nation, there was yet throughout the country a natural feeling of anxiety, engendered by the apparent indisposition for peace, and the immense preparations made by Great Britain, in the fullness of her mighty resources, for continuing the war. The American commissioners, appointed to treat for peace, had been kept long in suspense at Ghent, waiting for the arrival of the British ambassadors, who, by their tardiness, seemed in no haste to come to terms.

In the meantime, the whole population of our extended seacoast were aroused to arms to defend their homes and property from the impending dangers. One hundred and twenty thousand militia had been enrolled, and the chief seaports were busy in constructing fortifications, and making other preparations for defence. The states, convinced of the powerlessness of the general government, were thus providing for their own protection.

The president and his cabinet, however, and the federal legislature, temporarily recovering from the shock of the British invasion, had reassembled at Washington.

While the ruins of the capitol were still smoking, Congress met in the patent office, the only public building **Sept. 19.** which had been left by the ruthless destroyers. Mr. Madison, thoroughly impressed with the dangers which threatened the country, did not attempt to conceal them, but declared in his message: "It is not to be disguised that the situation of our country calls for its greatest efforts. Our enemy is powerful in men and money, on the land and on the water. Availing himself of fortuitous advantages, he is aiming, with his undivided force, a deadly blow at our growing prosperity, perhaps at our national existence." With a patriotic trust, however, in the spirit and resources of his country, he spoke in hopeful anticipation of its ability and willingness to resist the formidable enemy. "From such an adversary," said the president, "hostility in its greatest force and its worst forms may be looked for. The American people will face it with the undaunted spirit which in our Revolutionary struggle defeated his unrighteous projects. His threats and barbarities, instead of dismay, will kindle in every bosom an indignation not to be extinguished but in the disaster and expulsion of such cruel invaders."

With an empty treasury and a waning credit, the federal government might appeal touchingly to the sentiment of patriotism of the country, but still fail in providing it with those substantial means by which alone it could be made effective in action. There were only nine millions of dollars in the treasury, while there was a debt of twenty-five millions immediate-

ly due. But one half of a late loan of six millions had been taken, and that at the ruinous rate of twenty per cent. discount. This being accepted by the secretary of the treasury, had obliged him, in accordance with the contract with previous lenders, to place the present on equally favorable ground. Therefore, to obtain two and a half millions in money, he was forced to pay out in United States stock four millions, two hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars. The coming year presented a still more unfavorable prospect. Eight millions was the whole estimate of the revenue, while the expenses, even if the war should cease, would not amount to less than thirteen millions, thus leaving a deficit of five. A financial panic, moreover, added its financial embarrassments to the pecuniary difficulties of the government. All the banks throughout the country, with the exception of those of New England, had stopped payment. Campbell, the secretary of the treasury, overwhelmed with the difficulties of his position, escaped by the resignation of his office, and was succeeded by the sanguine and self-reliant Alexander Dallas, of Pennsylvania. He boldly met the emergency of an empty treasury and a declining credit by the measure proposing to establish a national bank, on the condition that it loaned the government thirty millions of dollars. This project, being strenuously opposed, was defeated, and the wants of the government could only be provided for by additional imposts, to the amount of eleven and a half millions, and a new issue of treasury-notes, payable to bearer, receivable for

taxes and public lands, and redeemable in six months. The regular army, at the same time, was filled up to sixty-two thousand four hundred and forty-eight men, and other measures proposed for its increase, which were, however, defeated by the strenuous opposition of some of the states, on the ground of their unconstitutionality.

While Congress was thus debating upon the means of carrying on the war, news came from the commissioners at Ghent which seemed to dash all hope of immediate peace. The American commissioners, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, James Bayard, and Albert Gallatin, who had been kept waiting so long at Ghent, were at last joined by the English commissioners—Lord Gambier, a naval officer; Henry Goulburn, the subsequent chancellor of the exchequer; and William Adams, an admiralty lawyer of repute. The five American representatives, by making a common fund of their several salaries and outfits, which amounted to the handsome sum of a hundred thousand dollars, were enabled to establish themselves in a hotel with unusual magnificence for United States foreign ministers. The authorities and distinguished residents of Ghent vied with each other in entertaining the American commissioners with dinners and balls, and the time lost in waiting for the British ambassadors was compensated by a liberal supply of social enjoyment.

On the arrival of the English commissioners, when all the American were temporarily absent with the exception of Mr. Bayard, this gentleman, with an unguard-

ed courtesy, yielded to the wily proposal that the British hotel should be the place of meeting for carrying on the negotiations. When, on the next day, the rest of the American commissioners returned, and were told by Mr. Bayard of his arrangement, they expressed their indignant surprise. "Meet," exclaimed Mr. Adams, "the English ministers, who have kept us here so long waiting the condescension of their coming, in the face of all Ghent—meet them at their bidding, at their own hotel, to be the laughing-stock of this city, of London, and of Europe! Never!"—"Never!" re-echoed Mr. Gallatin. "I would rather break up the mission, and go home."—"But," interposed Mr. Bayard, "the arrangement has been made, and we are promised to it."—"Not at all," replied Mr. Adams; "you may be, not I, nor we. It would be a submission to English encroachment to which, for one, I will not submit." It was now unanimously agreed to withdraw Mr. Bayard's too-ready concession; and, upon communicating with the British commissioners, another place of meeting was fixed upon.

While the negotiations were in progress, Ghent was filled with eager listeners to catch every whisper, in order to discover whether the result would be the continuance of war or the establishment of peace. The merchants were especially on the alert to seize upon every rumor, which could not fail to affect their sensitive interests. Tobacco and cotton, those great American staples, were in the balance, and they rose and fell with every breath of news. The war had elevated

their prices to an unexampled height. Cotton was selling at sixty cents a pound. A declaration of peace could not fail to produce an immediate decline, for which every prudent trader was naturally eager to be prepared. The English commercial world desired peace, but sought even consolation in the continuance of war. A merchant at Liverpool thus wrote to his correspondent at Savannah: "It is extremely probable that, during the winter, we shall take possession of some American districts, whence supplies of cotton may be brought." The successful raid upon Washington was then known in England, and preparations were in progress for the further invasion of the southern territory of the United States. Sir Edward Pakenham had been appointed to the command left vacant by the fall of General Ross; and, with large reinforcements of troops, Great Britain was threatening to continue the war with increased vigor.

The English press seemed indignant that the negotiations at Ghent should awaken such interest, and with absurd and impotent reproaches rebuked the sensitive temper of the merchants for allowing itself to be agitated by the rumors of peace or war with so insignificant a country as the United States. "To such a pitch," wrote a London editor, "has the spirit of speculation on the insignificant negotiations at Ghent been carried, that it is not saying too much to assert that the whole funded property of the British empire takes its relative value from the varying prices of tobacco. If you want to know the price of stocks,

it is first necessary to know the price of rappee. How comes it such importance is attached to American affairs, when we have only America to drub into honesty and peace, to which, at a period of our being engaged in a controversy a thousand times of greater magnitude, was scarcely paid the slightest regard? That the rise and fall of tobacco, by Yankee speculation from Ghent, should have so great effect on our money-market, is the height of folly."

At the very first session, the British commissioners imperiously made such demands as called from the Americans an indignant refusal. Great Britain claimed a fixed and permanent territory at the North, to be given up to its Indian allies, and left as a barrier for the protection of Canada! Moreover, the United States were required to renounce the right to keep armed vessels and establish military posts on the lakes, and acknowledge the right of the British to that part of Maine, lying between New Brunswick and Canada, of which they had lately taken possession. The American commissioners, giving a unanimous and decided negative to these imperious demands, wrote to the president, "There is not, at present, any hope of peace."

In the meantime, while the anxious Madison was alarmed by the increasing dangers from the enemy abroad, he was not less agitated by suspicions of treason at home. "He looks miserably shattered and wo-begone," wrote Wirt, after a visit to the president. "In short, he looks heart-broken. His mind is full of the New-England sedition. He introduced

the subject, and continued to press it, painful as it obviously was to him. I denied the probability, or even the possibility, that the yeomanry of the North could be induced to place themselves under the protection of England, and diverted the conversation to another topic. But he took the first opportunity to revert to it, and convinced me that his heart and mind were painfully full of the subject.”*

The source of President Madison’s anxieties was no more than the memorable Hartford convention, where, in December, delegates appointed by the legislatures of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, with a partial representation from Vermont and New Hampshire, met, according to their own declaration, “for the purpose of devising and recommending such measures for the safety and welfare of these states as may consist with our obligations as members of the national Union.”

Excited partisanship and anxious patriotism, however, perverted the objects of the Hartford convention to purposes of treason. A correspondent of the government had, moreover, greatly alarmed Madison by some mysterious revelations about the existence of a secret committee at Boston, whose purpose was declared to be the establishment of a monarchy in New England, and the crowning of the duke of Kent (brother of George IV. and father to the future Queen Victoria) as king!

* Quoted by Hildreth.
156

The friends of the administration denounced the convention at Hartford in the severest terms, and branded it with odium, as giving encouragement to the common enemy. The proceedings of the convention, however, were not as objectionable as many anticipated; “its most important measure being the recommendation of several amendments to the constitution, and a statement of grievances, many of which were real, but which necessarily arose out of a state of war. As the news of peace arrived soon after the adjournment of that body, the causes of disquiet were removed; but party feelings had become deeply embittered, and to this day the words ‘*Hartford convention*’ are, with many, a term of reproach.”*

In the meantime, Madison received no consolation from the conduct of the war on the frontier of Canada. The reluctant Izard, having reached Fort Erie after General Brown had so gloriously rescued himself and his little garrison, could not be prevailed upon to attack the British under Drummond, though urged by every officer and soldier in the American camp; but, after facing his antagonist for several weeks, he finally blew up the fort, and recrossed the Niagara Nov. 5. to the American side. Fort Niagara, too, although within the boundaries of New York, was left in possession of the enemy, without another attempt to recover it. The American troops now went into winter-quarters at Buffalo, Batavia, and Black Rock.

* Willson.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Constitution, under Captain Stewart.—A Cruise.—A Chase.—Prizes.—A Lucky Escape.—Return of the Constitution.—The Constitution again on a Cruise.—Prizes in the Bay of Biscay.—Sight of a Seventy-Four.—Capture of the Cyane.—A Chase.—Close Pursuit.—Striking of the Levant.—The Constitution at Port Praya.—A Strange Sail.—A Fog.—Two more Strangers.—Heavy Men-of-War.—Prompt Resolution of Stewart.—No Regard for Neutrality.—Cutting the Cable.—The Constitution standing out.—Skilful Seamanship.—Ten Knots.—A Chase.—Escape of the Cyane.—Chase of the Levant.—Captured by the Enemy.—Escape of the Constitution.—Her Return to the United States.—Commodore Decatur in Command of the President and Squadron.—Attempt to get to Sea.—The President on the Bar.—Off again.—Chased by Four Men-of-War.—Close Pursuit.—A Bold Expedient.—Successful Struggle with the Endymion.—Striking of the President.—The Losses.—Decatur released from Captivity.—The Peacock, Hornet, and Tom Bowline.—Capture of the Penguin.—The Peacock and the Nautilus.—American Privateers.—Dartmoor Prison.

1814. FOR a long time, not an American flag had waved from a national ship on the ocean, until the Constitution succeeded in eluding the fleets of the enemy hovering on our coasts, and getting to sea. When Commodore Bainbridge gave up the command of the Constitution, after his glorious victory over the Java, Captain CHARLES STEWART succeeded him.

In the winter of 1814, the Constitution made a short cruise to the southward. On her return, she fell in with *La Pique*, a British ship of thirty-six guns, which, however, effected her escape by going through the Mona passage during the night. The *Picton*, a fourteen-gun British schooner, was less fortunate, and, together with several small prizes, was taken by the Constitution before reaching the American coast.

While bound homeward, Captain Stewart was chased by two English frigates, the *Junon* and the *Tenedos*, but succeeded in bringing his ever-lucky ship safely into Marblehead. Soon after, the Con-

stitution went to Boston, where she was so closely watched by the enemy's cruisers that she was not enabled to get to sea again till near the close of the year.

Sailing out of Boston, the Constitution ran off Bermuda, subsequently cruised in the neighborhood of Madeira, and then made her way into the bay of Biscay. While in sight of the Rock of Lisbon, she captured two prizes, one of which was burned, and the other sent into the port. An enemy's seventy-four, which had sailed out from Lisbon expressly to meet the Constitution, was caught sight of, but she soon disappeared.

On the 20th of February, two British ships-of-war made their appearance, one a large sloop and the other a small frigate. Manœuvring skilfully, Captain Stewart succeeded in getting to the windward, and bringing the two vessels to action. It was a clear, moonlight night when the fight began, and a hot fire from all three was opened, and continued unceasingly for a quarter of an hour. That of the enemy, however, soon

slackened ; and while they were wearing ship, the Constitution wore also, and, crossing the stern of the larger vessel, raked her, and soon forced her to strike. She proved to be the Cyane, Captain Falcon.

In the meantime, the smaller vessel had run off to leeward, to repair damages ; and now hauling up to stand by her consort, she awaited the approach of the Constitution, which was coming down after her. Finding her antagonist too heavy, after receiving a raking broadside, and discovering that her consort had been taken, the English frigate tried to escape. The Constitution made all sail in chase, keeping up a constant fire from her bow-chasers. The two vessels were so close, that the crashing of the enemy's planks at each shot could be distinctly heard on board the American ship. The little frigate was suffering too severely to hold out long, and accordingly she soon struck. The prize was the Levant, of eighteen guns, commanded by the Honorable Captain Douglas. This brilliant victory was achieved off the island of Madeira.

Manning his two prizes, and placing them under the command of his own officers, Captain Stewart took them into Port Praya. Here occurred an incident thus graphically described by Mr. Cooper, in his naval history : " A vessel was engaged as a *cartel*, and more than a hundred of the prisoners were landed, with a view to help fit for sea. Saturday, March 11, 1815, a little after meridian, while the cutter was absent to bring the cartel under the stern of the

frigate, Mr. Shubrick, then the first-lieutenant of the Constitution, was walking the quarter-deck, when his attention was attracted by a hurried exclamation from an English midshipman that a frigate was in the offing. A severe reprimand, in a low tone, from one of the English captains, followed ; and, on looking over the quarter, the subject of this little interruption was ascertained. The sea was covered with a heavy fog, near the water, and there was a good deal of haze above ; but, in the latter, the sails of a large ship were visible. She was on a wind, looking in-shore, and evidently stretching toward the roads. Examining the stranger, Mr. Shubrick went below, and reported the circumstances to Captain Stewart. This officer, believing that the strange sail would prove to be an English frigate or an Indiaman, directed the lieutenant to return on deck, call all hands, and get ready to go out and attack her. As soon as this order was given, the officer took a new look at the stranger, when he discovered the canvas of two other ships rising above the bank of fog, in the same direction. These vessels were evidently heavy men-of-war, and Captain Stewart was immediately apprized of the fresh discovery. That prompt and decided officer did not hesitate an instant concerning the course he ought to take. Well knowing that the English would disregard the neutrality of any port that had not sufficient force to resist them, or which did not belong to a nation they were obliged to respect, he immediately made a signal for the prizes to follow, and ordered the Consti-

tution's cable to be cut. In ten minutes after this order was issued, and in fourteen after the first ship had been seen, the American frigate was standing out of the roads, under her three topsails.

"The cool and officer-like manner in which sail was made and the ship cast, on this occasion, has been much extolled, not an instant having been lost by hurry or confusion. The prizes followed with promptitude. The northeast trades were blowing, and the three vessels passed out to sea, about gun-shot to windward of the hostile squadron, just clearing East Point. As the Constitution cleared the land, she crossed her topgallant-yards, boarded her tacks, and set all the light sails that would draw. The English prisoners, on shore, took possession of a battery, and fired at her as she went out. As soon as the American ships had gained the weather-beam of the enemy, the latter tacked, and the six vessels stood off to the southward and eastward, carrying everything that would draw, and going about ten knots.

"The fog still lay so thick upon the water as to conceal the hulls of the strangers, but they were supposed to be two line-of-battle ships and a large frigate, the vessel most astern and to the leeward being the commodore. The frigate weathered on all the American ships, gaining on the Levant and the Cyane, but falling astern of the Constitution; while the two larger vessels, on the latter's lee-quarter, held way with her. As soon as she was clear of the land, the Constitution cut adrift two of her boats, the enemy pressing her too hard to allow of their being hoisted in. The Cyane was gradually

dropping astern and to leeward, rendering it certain, if she stood on, that the most weatherly of the enemy's vessels would soon be alongside of her; and at ten minutes past one, Captain Stewart made a signal for her to tack. This order was obeyed by Mr. Hoffman, the prize-master; and it was now expected that one of the enemy's ships would go about and follow him, a hope that was disappointed. The Cyane, finding that she was not pursued, stood on until she was lost in the fog, when Mr. Hoffman tacked again, anticipating that the enemy might chase him to leeward. This prudent officer improved his advantage, by keeping to leeward long enough to allow the enemy to get ahead, should they pursue him, when he squared for America, arriving safely at New York on the 10th of April following.

"The three ships of the enemy continued to chase the Constitution and Levant. As the vessels left the land the fog cleared, though it still lay so dense on the immediate surface of the ocean as to leave Captain Stewart in doubt as to the force of his pursuers. The English officers on board the Constitution affirmed that the vessel that was getting into her wake was the *Acasta*, forty, Captain Kerr, a twenty-four pounder ship; and it was thought that the three were a squadron that was cruising for the President, *Peacock*, and *Hornet*, consisting of the *Leander*, fifty, *Sir George Collier*; the *Newcastle*, fifty, *Lord George Stuart*; and the *Acasta*, the ships that they subsequently proved to be. The *Newcastle* was the vessel on the lee-quarter of the Constitution; and by

half-past two the fog had got so low, that her officers were seen standing on the hammock-cloths, though the line of her ports was not visible. She now began to fire by divisions, and some opinion could be formed of her armament by the flashes of her guns through the fog. Her shot struck the water within a hundred yards of the American ships, but did not rise again. By three o'clock, the *Levant* had fallen so far astern, that she was in the very danger from which the *Cyane* had so lately been extricated; and Captain Stewart made her signal to tack also. Mr. Ballard immediately complied; and seven minutes later the three English ships tacked, by signal, and chased the prize, leaving the *Constitution* standing on in a different direction, and going at the rate of eleven knots."

The *Levant* ran back into Port Praya, followed by all the enemy's ships, which, disregarding the neutrality of the port, fired upon her, and forced her to strike her flag. The *Constitution* returned in safety to the United States, where she arrived after peace had been declared. Thus the "Old Ironsides"—as she was fondly termed by the sailors—after her glorious deeds and many hair-breadth escapes, survived to our day, floating ever from her mast-head the American flag.

Commodore Decatur, with all his alertness of enterprise, being unable to elude the blockade of the enemy, and get the *United States* and *Macedonian* out of the river Thames, in Connecticut, where they were shut in by the British cruisers, was transferred to the command of the frigate *President* at New York. In addition

to the *President*, of forty-four guns, Decatur had a force consisting of the *Peacock*, of eighteen, Captain Warrington; the *Hornet*, of eighteen, Captain Biddle; and the *Tom Bowline*, a store-vessel. With these he proposed to proceed to the East Indies, with the hope of committing great havoc among the opulent British merchantmen in that quarter.

Decatur accordingly dropped down to Sandy Hook with the *President*, and attempted to get to sea during the night of January 14th, with the hope of eluding in the darkness the powerful 1815. squadron of the enemy blockading New York. His other vessels were left to follow, as opportunities might offer. The *President*, heavily laden with stores for a long cruise, was so deep in the water, that she struck on the bar, and lay beating heavily for an hour and a half. Though she was greatly damaged, it was found impossible to return; and the only alternative was, to strive to make an offing before morning, in order to avoid being discovered by the numerous British cruisers on the coast.

At daybreak, however, the *President* found herself chased by four ships, one on each quarter and two astern. From the injury she had received, or from her depth in the water, the 1815. American frigate sailed but poorly, although some of her stores were thrown overboard to lighten her; and the *Endymion*, one of the enemy's vessels in chase, a large forty-gun frigate, carrying twenty-four pounders, began perceptibly to close in the course of the forenoon. About three o'clock, the enemy had the

advantage of a fresh breeze, before which he was coming rapidly, while the President at the same moment was baffled with a light wind. When the Endymion had got within reach, she opened fire with her bow-guns, which were returned by the stern-chasers of the President. The former, with the advantage of position, was doing great damage by cutting away with her shots the sails and rigging of the latter, at which she aimed.

Decatur, persuaded that his ship was seriously affected in her sailing, resolved now upon the bold expedient, characteristic of his daring disposition, of exchanging vessels with the enemy. He would lay the Endymion aboard, master her crew in a hand-to-hand struggle, take possession, hoist his flag, and sail away with her, leaving his own crippled vessel to the rest of the enemy, fast coming up. The Endymion, however, warily shunned every effort to close on the part of Decatur, who accordingly could do nothing but try and cripple her. The two frigates thus continued moving off before the wind, side by side, and firing heavily at each other, for two hours and a half. Finally, the Endymion's sails and rigging were so cut up, that she lost her headway, and began to fall astern.

Jan. 15. It was now nightfall, and the President made all haste to continue her course, as the rest of the British squadron were in sight. Decatur could have readily forced his late antagonist to strike her flag, but, in completing his victory, he would have lost all chance of escape himself.

As the night advanced, however, the

enemy's ships continued to close; and at eleven o'clock the Pomone, of thirty-eight guns, had got on the weather-bow of the President and poured in a broadside. The Tenedos, of equal force, was fast closing on the quarter; and the razee Majestic, a third, was within gun-shot distance. Decatur, thus overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers and force, found all further resistance to be vain, and accordingly submitted.

The President, during this long conflict, lost twenty-four in killed and fifty-six in wounded, some of whom suffered, after Decatur had struck, by the continued and unresisted fire of the enemy. The Endymion's loss was eleven killed and fourteen wounded.

The President was carried to Bermuda, where Decatur and his officers were soon discharged on parole; and being, in accordance with the usual practice, tried by court-martial on their arrival in the United States, they were honorably acquitted for the loss of their ship.

The Peacock, Hornet, and Tom Bowline, did not follow the President until eight days after she had sailed, when, taking advantage of a strong northwester, they put to sea in the face of the thronging enemy, and succeeded **Jan. 22.** in reaching the island of Tristan d'Acunha, lying off the Brazilian coast, which had been appointed by Commodore Decatur as the place of rendezvous. The Peacock and the Tom Bowline were driven off the land by bad weather. The Hornet, however, arriving later, came into the harbor; but, before she had let go **Mar. 23.** her anchor, a strange sail was

discovered, when Captain Biddle went out again in chase. On overtaking her, she proved to be an enemy's vessel-of-war, and the Hornet fired a broadside. A severe struggle ensued; but the Englishman, finding himself no match for the skilful firing of his antagonist, strove to board her. Closing with his bowsprit between the main and mizzen rigging of the Hornet, he was in good position to effect his purpose; but the crew could not be prevailed upon to follow the first-lieutenant, who made a gallant attempt to lead on his men. The American sailors were at hand to repel the enemy, should they attempt to board; and when the Englishman failed to come, it was with difficulty that Captain Biddle could check his men from springing upon the enemy's decks. He, however, knowing his advantage with his guns, resolutely repressed the ardor of his crew, and forbade a man to stir. In the meantime, the Hornet's guns were raking her antagonist; and, as the vessels separated with a lift of the heaving sea, an officer on board the English ship cried out that she had surrendered.

At this instant, Captain Biddle, springing upon the taffrail, to inquire if the enemy submitted, was shot by a musket-ball, which passed through the flesh of his neck, and inflicted a severe but fortunately not mortal wound. The Hornet's men, indignant at this act, immediately returned a volley of musketry, and shot the two marines who were seen to fire their pieces at Biddle. The Hornet now wore round, and was about to fire a fresh broadside into her antagonist, when a score or more were observed upon her

decks, throwing up their hands, imploring quarter, and crying out that they had struck.

The prize proved to be the Penguin, an eighteen-gun brig, in size and metal fully equal to the Hornet. The Penguin was completely riddled with shot; her foremast and bowsprit were gone, and her mainmast was tottering. Her loss amounted to fourteen killed and twenty-eight wounded; that of the Hornet to only one man killed and ten wounded. Though somewhat cut up in rigging and sails, the Hornet came out of the conflict without a round-shot in her hull, or any injury to her spars, beyond which had been caused by being afoul of the enemy.

Having scuttled his prize, Captain Biddle returned to Tristan d'Acunha, where he found the Peacock and the Tom Bowline. The latter vessel was turned into a *cartel*, and, with the English prisoners, sent to San Salvador, in Brazil; and the Hornet and the Peacock sailed out again, to proceed on the original cruise to the East Indies. They had not gone far when they were chased by an English line-of-battle ship. The Peacock, having the advantage of position, succeeded in eluding her pursuer. The Hornet, however, was so hard pressed, that she was obliged to throw overboard her stores, all the boats, most of her shot, and every gun but one, in order to lighten her and quicken her speed. She thus, though struck by three shots from the Englishman, who got within a mile of her, finally succeeded in leaving him far astern, and making her escape into San Salvador, where Captain Biddle heard of the peace, and thence

returned to the United States, arriving at New York on the 30th of July, 1815.

The Peacock, in the meantime, continued her cruise, and fell in with an armed East-Indiaman, the Nautilus, of fourteen guns, and captured her. Captain Warrington gave up the vessel a few days subsequently, on hearing that peace had been declared a few days before the Nautilus had struck to him. In the engagement the Peacock had met with no loss. The Nautilus, however, had six killed and eight wounded. Captain Warrington now returned to the United States with his vessel.

“Thus terminated at sea,” says Alison, unable to conceal his admiration of American naval skill and gallantry, “this memorable contest, in which the English, for the first time for a century and a half, met with equal antagonists on their own element; and in recording which, the British historian, at a loss whether to admire most the devoted heroism of his own countrymen, or the gallant bearing of their antagonists, feels almost equally warmed in narrating either side of the strife; and is inclined, like the English sailors who were prisoners in the hold of the French vessel that combated in the

bay of Algesiras, to cheer with every broadside which came in, for it was delivered, in descent at least, from English hands.”

Not only did the government vessels, by their brilliant successes, sustain the national character for skill and courage, but the numerous American privateers, which hovered over every sea, added no less by their spirited exploits to the nautical fame of the country. The whole number of the enemy's vessels taken or destroyed by our men-of-war and privateers was estimated at seventeen hundred and fifty. The British estimated their captures of American vessels at sixteen hundred and eighty-three.

The number of prisoners in the hands of the enemy exceeded that of the British taken either by our naval vessels or land-forces. The Dartmoor prison-house, in England, was crowded with our countrymen, whose sufferings have been often narrated in all the fullness of their horror. The severe military repression of a natural attempt at escape, during which several of the American prisoners were shot down, added to the indignation felt throughout the United States at the cruelty of the British jailers.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Andrew Jackson in Command of the Southern Military District.—The Spaniards in Florida.—Abettors of the Enemy.—Protest of Jackson.—An Urgent Appeal.—Impatience.—Jackson on his own Responsibility.—A British Emissary.—Attempt of Nichols.—The Pirate Lafitte.—Fort Bowyer in Danger.—Strengthened by Jackson.—Gallant and Successful Defence of Fort Bowyer.—Jackson before Pensacola.—Summons.—A Flagrant Act.—A Panic-stricken Governor.—British Vessels in the Bay.—Bad Faith.—Explosion.—Escape of the British Vessels.—Jackson in Possession of Pensacola.—He returns to Mobile.—Marches to New Orleans.—Condition of the Town.—Character of the Inhabitants.—Pirates in the Street.—Recreant Citizens.—Energy of Jackson.—Effect upon the People.—Defenceless Position of New Orleans.—Defences by Land and Water.—Expected Reinforcements.—Arrival of the British.—American Gun-Boats.—The Flotilla captured by the Enemy.—No Holyday Work.—Alarm at New Orleans.—Coolness and Confidence of Jackson.—Addresses to the People.—Gentleness.—Martial Law.

1814. ANDREW JACKSON, now a major-general in the United States army, was given the command of the southern military district, with the especial duty of protecting the coasts near the mouth of the Mississippi. While yet occupied at Fort Jackson in arranging the terms of a treaty with the conquered Creeks, he became convinced that the Spaniards, then in possession of Florida, were actively co-operating with the British and the Indians in their hostility to the United States. An English vessel had been allowed by the Spanish authorities to land at Apalachicola arms and British agents, who were busy in exciting the savages to war.

Jackson immediately wrote to Secretary Armstrong, at Washington, protesting against this conduct of the Spaniards, who, while professing peace, were actively abetting the enemy in their hostile acts. Eager, moreover, to strike a blow at these false pretenders to neutrality, he entreated permission to move at once against Florida. "Will you only say to me," he

wrote, "‘Raise a few hundred militia’—which can be quickly done—‘and, with such regular force as can be conveniently collected, make a descent upon Pensacola and reduce it’? If so, I promise you the war in the South shall have a speedy termination, and English influence be for ever destroyed with the savages in this quarter."

This urgent appeal could not be resisted at Washington, and a favorable answer was returned; but, by some means or other, it was delayed six months on its way to Jackson. He waited impatiently at Mobile, whither he had advanced, for the sanction of the government, until a British flotilla arrived at Pensacola and landed a body of troops, commanded by Colonel Nichols, who at once began to rally under him the fugitive Creeks, with the view of carrying on the war against the United States from Spanish territory. Jackson now no longer hesitated to act on his own responsibility; and, with an urgent appeal to the governor of Tennessee for more troops, he determined, as

soon as reinforced, to march immediately against the offending Spaniards.

In the meantime, the British officer, Colonel Nichols, was actively engaged, in connivance with the Spanish authorities, in carrying out his purposes. Having first issued a proclamation, full of exaggerated boasts of his strength, and promises of advantage to the natives and to the Spanish, French, Italian, and British residents of Louisiana, and citizens of Kentucky, Nichols with his motley force advanced to attack Fort Bowyer, on the eastern point of the bay of Mobile, and about thirty miles from the city. He had made overtures, but without success, to Lafitte, the famous leader of the piratical buccaneers who lurked in Barataria bay and other hiding-places in the gulf of Mexico, with the hope of engaging him, by the promise of the pay and rank of a British officer, to co-operate in an attack upon New Orleans. Lafitte, however, had a Frenchman's aversion to the English, and, being more favorably disposed toward the Americans, offered his services to Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana, who took the occasion to root out the whole horde of pirates at Barataria. Nichols, disappointed of an alliance with the buccaneers, was obliged to forego his attempt upon New Orleans, and confine himself for the present to a more restricted plan of operations.

As soon as General Jackson arrived at Mobile, he became conscious of the importance of Fort Bowyer, and, ordering its fortifications to be strengthened, placed Major Lawrence in command of the post, with a garrison of one hundred and thir-

ty men. Soon afterward, four **Sept. 12.** British armed vessels appeared off the point in Mobile bay upon which the fort was situated. Six hundred Indians and a hundred and thirty British marines, led on by Colonel Nichols, were at once landed. The men-of-war moved up and took their position in a line of battle near the fort, and the land-force at the same time marched to the rear.

Batteries having been established, a simultaneous attack began from shore and bay. After a severe cannonade on all sides, a pause ensued, when **Sept. 15.** one of the enemy's vessels, the *Hermes*, with her flag shot away and her anchor gone, was seen drifting under the guns of the fort. The Americans now poured upon her a destructive fire, which swept her decks. She soon became unmanageable, and was set on fire. In the meantime, the American flag floating from the fort had been shot away, and the British troops on shore advanced with a shout to make an assault, but were driven back by a well-aimed discharge of cannon and musketry from the little garrison.

The three remaining vessels of the enemy now hauled off, leaving the *Hermes* in flames, which continued to burn until midnight, when her magazine catching fire, she blew up with a tremendous explosion. The whole loss of the Americans in their gallant defence was four killed and four wounded; while that of the enemy was seventy killed and one hundred and sixty wounded.

General Coffee having arrived with reinforcements from Tennessee, Jackson determined, on his own responsibility, to

march against Pensacola. Accordingly, setting out, he appeared before that place with four thousand men, and summoned

Nov 6. it to surrender. The officer who bore the flag, with a proposal of terms, was fired upon and forced to return. This outrage had been committed under the Spanish flag; but it was ascertained that the British colors had been flying with it until the day before, when they had been hauled down, to conceal the fact of co-operation of the Spanish authorities with the enemy. Jackson restrained his natural impetuosity, and, instead of at once punishing the flagrant act opposed to every principle and practice of civilized warfare, gave the Spanish governor an opportunity of explanation, by sending a captive Spaniard to him with a demand for it.

An answer soon came from the governor, who declared himself not responsible for the outrage committed, and expressed a readiness to receive any messenger that the American general might send. The officer who had been fired upon was accordingly despatched again, with the demand that the forts Barrancos, San Rosa, and San Michael, which protected Pensacola, should be immediately surrendered, to be garrisoned and held by the United States until Spain, by furnishing a sufficient force, might be able to guaranty the neutrality of Florida.

Nov. 7. A decisive answer of non-compliance with these terms being returned, Jackson immediately advanced with his army, surrounded the city, and, possessing himself of the batteries at the point of the bayonet, his men were ready

to throng into the streets, when the Spanish governor was seen in a great state of alarm, bearing a flag. On being allowed to come up, he in faltering words begged for mercy, and promised to consent to whatever terms were demanded. Jackson insisted upon a surrender of the forts, which was immediately acceded to by the panic-stricken governor.

The British vessels, in the meantime, were firing from their position in the bay upon the American troops as they approached the town. A discharge of artillery from the shore, however, soon drove them away to a safe distance.

Notwithstanding the governor's promise, the fort San Michael still held out, and its Spanish commandant did not strike his flag until he beheld upon a neighboring height a bristling battery of American cannon, which Jackson had placed there to enforce his demand. The Barrancos fort, likewise, instead of being surrendered, was blown up, at the instigation of the British; and an American detachment, sent forward to ascertain the cause of a loud explosion which had been heard in that direction, found it in ruins, and the British vessels, hitherto protected by its guns, rapidly making their escape out to sea.

Nov. 8. After remaining two days only at Pensacola, General Jackson again marched back to Mobile—rebuking the Spanish governor, however, as he left, in these terms: "As the Barrancos and the adjacent fortresses have been surrendered to and blown up by the British, contrary to the good faith I had reposed in your promises, it is out of my power to pro-

tect and guard your neutrality, as otherwise I should have done. The enemy has retreated; the hostile Creeks have fled for safety to the forest; and I now retire from your town, leaving you to re-occupy your forts and protect the rights of your citizens."

Jackson, fully persuaded that New Orleans was the special object of the immense armament which the British were known to be assembling in the West Indies for a descent upon our southern coasts, determined at once to push on to that city with all the force that he could command.

Dec. 1. On arriving at New Orleans, Jackson found it in a state which would have disheartened a less resolute spirit than his. The whole population, white and black, of Louisiana, at that time, hardly amounted to one hundred thousand, scattered for the most part over a wide territory, and absorbed in the labors of agriculture. New Orleans itself contained but twenty thousand people, more than half of whom were blacks. The whites formed a mongrel population, made up of French, Spaniards, and adventurers from all parts of the world. The character of its miscellaneous inhabitants may be inferred, when among them the brothers Lafitte, the notorious pirates, and their confederates, were seen walking about publicly in the city, where they had their friends and acquaintances, and their depots of goods, in which they sold almost openly the booty they had obtained by unlawful enterprise.*

Jackson found that little reliance was

* Nolte.

to be placed upon such a heterogeneous body of citizens. There were but few who felt any attachment to the government under which they lived. Many believed that the country could not be successfully defended against the powerful armaments of Great Britain, and, prompted by their fears or stimulated by their corrupt desires, were ready at any moment to surrender or sell the city to the coming invaders.

Claiborne, governor of Louisiana, had been urged by General Jackson to use every effort to rally the inhabitants of the territory to the defence of their homes. The call was made, but met with a feeble response. The resolute Jackson, however, was not to be balked. "Whoever is not for us is against us," he wrote to the governor. "Those who are drafted must be compelled to the ranks or punished. It is no time to balance; the country must be defended: and he who refuses to aid, when called on, must be treated with severity. To repel the danger with which we are assailed requires all our energies and all our exertions. With union on our side, we shall be able to drive our invaders back to the ocean. Summon all your energy, and guard every avenue with confidential patrols, for spies and traitors are swarming around. . . We have more to dread from intestine than open and avowed enemies; but, vigilance on our side, and all will be safe. Remember, our watchword is '*Victory or death!*' We will enjoy our liberty, or perish in the last ditch." Jackson did not fail even to appeal to the "noble-hearted, generous, free men of color;" and they, with

a more patriotic fervor than the whites, quickly responded by banding themselves into a distinct corps, and offering their services.

Jackson's personal presence and activity at New Orleans, however, inspired its diverse inhabitants with a more unanimous sentiment of patriotism, and stirred them to greater efforts for the defence of their city. Several companies of citizen-militia were formed, consisting of French and American residents, and enrolled. The services of Lafitte and his piratical band were even accepted in the emergency, with a promise of pardon for their past crimes, for which some of them were already in prison, awaiting trial.

New Orleans, from its position, was exposed to attack from several quarters. Situated on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, it might not only be approached by the various mouths of that river, but, with the lakes and bayous on one side connecting with the waters of the gulf of Florida, it could also be reached without entering the Mississippi. Jackson, unconscious of which would be taken by the enemy, strove to protect every approach to the city. The various forts upon the river were strengthened, and measures taken to defend the entrance to Lakes Borgne and Ponchartrain. The *Rigoletto*, as is called the communication between these, was protected by the *Petit-Coquille* fort; while five gun-boats, under Lieutenant Jones, were stationed in Lake Borgne. These craft, together with a few others of the same kind—the schooner *Carolina*, of fourteen guns, and the ship *Louisiana*, of fourteen, a late provision—con-

stituted the whole naval force which, under the command of Commodore Patterson, existed for the defence of the various approaches.

When Jackson had pushed on rapidly to New Orleans, he had brought with him only a few regulars, but ordered **Dec. 1.** General Coffee to follow with his brigade of militia in all speed. Other detachments from Kentucky and Tennessee, which had been rapidly enrolled at Jackson's urgent request, were likewise marching to reinforce him. While he was thus anxiously awaiting these additions to his force, and busily inspecting the defences on the river, he received the first intelligence of the arrival of the British, and the anchoring of their fleet at Cat and Ship islands, off the entrance to Lake Borgne.

Lieutenant Jones, in command of the gun-boats, immediately sailed out to reconnoitre the strength of the foe. Finding it even greater than was anticipated, he gave up all hope of resisting an approach with his small naval force, except at the narrow channel which leads from Lake Borgne into Lake Ponchartrain. Here he accordingly strove to take his position, but in consequence of the wind was obliged to anchor on the west side of Malheureux isle.

The British, finding that it was impossible to make good a landing without first getting rid of Jones's flotilla, which commanded the lake, resolved at "all hazards and at any expense to take it." They accordingly despatched from their large fleet fifty open boats, each of which was armed with a carronade in the bow, and

manned with volunteers from the different ships-of-war.

Dec. 15. Lieutenant Jones awaited the approach of the British, gallantly determined to resist them to the utmost, though he had but two hundred men to oppose to the twelve hundred of the enemy. After a resolute struggle of an hour, during which two attempts to board were repelled, and both Jones and Parker, his second in command, were severely wounded, the Americans were at last overpowered by the thronging enemy; not, however, until several hundred men were killed, and a number of their boats sunk. The British now returned to their fleet, with the consciousness that the conquest of New Orleans, after all, was not such easy, holyday work as they had confidently anticipated.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of New Orleans were in a state of great alarm. Jackson, however, while by his restless energies he strove to provide for every emergency, succeeded in calming the agitation of the people by the cool fortitude of his bearing and the cheerful confidence of his words. Drawing up his little force, he reviewed it, and reminded the troops in inspiring phrase that they

were about to fight for all that could render life desirable—"for your property and lives," he said; "for that which is dearer than all, your wives and children; for liberty, without which, country, life, and property, are not worth possessing. Even the embraces of wife and children are a reproach to the wretch who would deprive them, by his cowardice, of those inestimable blessings." To the women and children, who were crying with terror in the streets, he said that, while he was in command, the enemy should never enter the city. To the friends about him he spoke in the same confident tone, although in more homely phrase: "The red-coats will find out whom they have to deal with! I will smash them, so help me God!"* This self-reliance of their commander soon inspired the whole people, and filled them with a hopeful expectation of a successful resistance to the British invaders.

Jackson not only secured general confidence by the resoluteness of his words and bearing, but established his power over the inhabitants by proclaiming martial law, and thus holding them at the control of his will.

* Nolte.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The British Force at New Orleans.—Sir Alexander Cochrane.—General Keene.—The Fleet standing up Lake Borgne.—Grounding of the Ships.—Landing on Pea Island.—Description of the Island.—Suffering of the Troops.—Mortality among the Negroes.—Confident Anticipations.—Favorable Rumors.—Rich Booty.—Sailing to Bayou Bienvenu.—Surprise of an American Picket.—Landing of Troops.—March to Villery's Plantation.—Position of the Enemy.—A Sail on the River.—A Sleepless Night.—Movements of General Jackson.—An Express to General Coffee.—Prompt Obedience.—Jackson's Resolution.—The American Force.—Jackson marches against the Enemy.—The Caroline dropping down the River.—First Sight of the British.—Tactics.—The Struggle.—Broad-sides of the Caroline.—"This for the Honor of America."—Suffering of the Enemy.—Under the Dike.—A Dismal Night.—A Fearful Yell.—A Blaze of Musketry.—Repulse of the British.—Retirement of Jackson.—A Good Position.—Defences.—A Dismal Dawn in the Enemy's Camp.—British Reinforcements.—The Ship Louisiana.—Arrival of Sir Edward Pakenham.—A Joyful Christmas.—Blowing up of the Caroline.—Escape of the Louisiana.—New Operations of the Enemy.—The Advance.—Hopes of Victory.—Halt in View of the American Lines.—The American Position and Defences.—Activity of Jackson.—Cotton-Bales.—A Merchant defending his own Cotton.—Awaiting the Enemy.

1814. THE British force which now threatened an attack upon New Orleans consisted of fifty sail, with six thousand or more combatants on board, and the most abundant supplies of ammunition, artillery, and military and naval stores. Sir Alexander Cochrane was the admiral of the fleet; and General Keene, a young and dashing officer, was the commander of the land-forces.

After the American gun-boats, under Lieutenant Jones, were forced to give way, the British fleet left its anchorage off Cat and Ship islands, and stood up Lake Borgne, but was soon checked in its progress by the shallowness of the water. Ship after ship grounded, and the troops were put on board the lighter vessels. These, however, in their turn, sticking fast, the men were transferred to small boats, and thus conveyed to Pea island, a desert place at the head of the lake, consisting chiefly of swampy land, intersected by pools and creeks, covered with wild-fowl, and abounding in alliga-

tors. Here the British soldiers suffered greatly from the heavy rains during the day and the severe frosts of the night. Many of the wretched negroes who had been brought from Jamaica, and banded together into a regiment of blacks, fell fast asleep, and perished before morning. No fresh provisions could be obtained in any quarter; and salt meat, ship-biscuit, and rum, brought from the fleet, formed the only diet of the troops.

Yet, in spite of every discomfort, not a whisper of complaint was heard in the ranks of the invaders. All looked forward to the future with confident anticipation of success, and, with the hope of the ample reward in store for them, the grievances of the present were forgotten. These cheerful expectations found encouragement in the reports of some Spanish fishermen, who declared that there were not five thousand soldiers in the whole territory, to defend it; that New Orleans was in a panic; that the principal inhabitants had gone, and that those

who were left were ready to join the invaders, who could not fail to obtain an immediate and bloodless conquest. The rich booty and the abounding delights, moreover, which awaited them in a city of wealth and beauty, were dilated upon; and the licentious soldiery, thus stimulated by an eager desire for rapine, willingly bore up under all their sufferings, with the prospect of soon revelling in wanton enjoyment.

The troops having been all landed on Pea island, a division, amounting to two thousand four hundred men, with two pieces of cannon, were conveyed in small boats, under the guidance of the Spanish fishermen, to the inlet called the Bayou Bienvenu. Here, at the entrance, was stationed an American picket-guard, which, however, was taken by surprise and easily captured. The enemy now found no resistance, and landed on the banks of the bayou. The whole place appeared one huge marsh, covered with reeds. Here the troops might have remained in concealment until the arrival of reinforcements; but so confident was the British general of an easy triumph, that he at once began his march toward New Orleans, and did not halt until he reached Villery's sugar-plantation. Here he captured a company of militia, and took up his position, being about nine or ten miles south of the city.

The enemy were now on the left bank of the Mississippi, from whose rushing waters they were only separated by the road and the *levée* or embankment by which the country is protected from overflow. About them stretched the wide expanse

of a sugar-plantation, in one of the fields of which they took up their position, near the mansion of the planter, his out-houses, and the huts of his negro-slaves. General Keene chose for his headquarters one of the dwellings, and the soldiers pitched their tents in the open field.

When night began to close, and the evening meal was over, the wearied men prepared to sleep. At half-past seven o'clock, however, a vessel

Dec. 23.

was seen coming down the river. She continued to approach till she arrived opposite the British camp, when she dropped her anchor and leisurely furled her sails. The stranger was hailed again and again, but no answer being returned, an alarm spread through the enemy's camp, and there was no further thought of sleep during that night.

In the meantime, the alert Jackson had been full of activity, preparing for this expected landing of the British invaders. On the 15th of December, immediately after the gallant but futile resistance of the gun-boats, he had sent express after express to hasten the coming of General Coffee and his brigade. "You must not sleep," wrote the impatient Jackson, "until you reach me, or arrive within striking distance. Your accustomed activity is looked for. Innumerable defiles present themselves, where your services and riflemen will be all-important. An opportunity is at hand to reap for yourself and brigade the approbation of your country."

General Coffee proved himself worthy of Jackson's confidence. As soon as he received the urgent appeal, he pushed on

with eight hundred of his best-mounted men, and with such speed, that he accomplished a hundred and twenty miles in two days, arriving within four miles of New Orleans on the 20th of December. Colonel Hinds, with his Mississippi dragoons, was no less prompt to obey the summons; and having, in four days, rode two hundred and thirty miles, he soon reported himself at headquarters. Jackson, in his eagerness, sent a steamboat up the Mississippi, to expedite the arrival of General Carroll, who, with the rest of the Tennessee militia, was detained on the river by the wind and weather. While Carroll was urged to come with all speed, since the lakes were already in possession of the foe, and his landing daily expected, Jackson wrote—"But I am resolved, feeble as my force is, to assail him, on his first landing, and perish sooner than he shall reach the city." With all thus stimulated to the utmost activity by the energetic general, he soon found himself in command of five thousand men, of whom, however, only one thousand were regulars.

The landing of the British troops, and their march to the banks of the Mississippi, were no sooner announced to Jackson, than he determined at once to attack them. Generals Coffee and Carroll, who had arrived and encamped within four miles of the city, were immediately summoned to headquarters. Leaving Carroll's division in the rear, to protect the approaches to New Orleans in that direction, Jackson marched with the rest of the troops (consisting of Coffee's brigade, the regulars, the Mississippi dragoons, and the

city militia, numbering in all about fifteen hundred men) to meet the enemy. At the same time, the schooner *Caroline* was ordered to drop down the river and anchor opposite to the British camp. This was the vessel which, with Commodore Patterson on board, and Captain Henley in immediate command, had created the alarm which had so suddenly aroused the enemy from their fancied security.

General Jackson caught his first sight of the British just at the close of day. The camp-fires clearly revealed **Dec. 23.** the enemy's position, with their left on the bank of the Mississippi, and their line stretching thence across the field. General Coffee was detached, with his six hundred mounted riflemen, to take a circuitous route and endeavor to turn their right, and thus press them toward the river, where they were exposed to the broadsides of the *Caroline*. In the meantime, Jackson led the rest of his troops along the road on the bank of the Mississippi toward the British left.

The first broadside from the *Caroline* was agreed upon as the signal for a general onset. This was now fired; but, although the discharge was made at the time arranged, it was before Coffee was able to gain the position for which he was striving. A confused conflict now ensued, the incidents of which are best described in the words of a British officer, who was a witness of the occurrences he relates:—

"The *Caroline* having swung her broadside toward us, we could distinctly hear some one cry out in a commanding voice, 'Give them this for the honor of Amer-

ica! The words were instantly followed by the flashes of her guns, and a deadly shower of grape swept down numbers in the camp. Against this deadly fire we had nothing whatever to oppose. The artillery which we had landed was too light to bring into competition with an adversary so powerful; and, as she had anchored within a short distance of the opposite bank, no musketry could reach her with any precision or effect. A few rockets were discharged, which made a beautiful appearance in the air; but the rocket is an uncertain weapon, and these deviated too far from their object to produce even terror among those against whom they were directed. Under these circumstances, as nothing could be done offensively, our sole object was to shelter the men as much as possible from this iron hail. With this view, they were commanded to leave the fires, and to hasten under the dike (the *levée* or raised embankment of the Mississippi). Thither all accordingly repaired, without much regard to order and regularity; and, laying ourselves along wherever we could find room, we listened in painful silence to the pattering of grapeshot among our huts, and to the shrieks and groans of those who lay wounded beside them.

“The night was now as dark as pitch, the moon being but young and totally obscured with clouds. Our fires, deserted by us, and beat about by the enemy’s shot, began to burn red and dull; and, except when the flashes of those guns which played upon us cast a momentary glare, not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. In this state

we lay for nearly an hour, unable to move from our ground, or offer any opposition to those who kept us there; when a straggling fire of musketry called our attention toward the pickets, and warned us to prepare for a closer and more desperate strife. As yet, however, it was uncertain from what cause this dropping fire arose. It might proceed from the sentinels, who, alarmed by the cannonade from the river, mistook every tree for an American; and, till this should be more fully ascertained, it would be improper to expose the troops, by moving any of them from the shelter which the bank afforded. But these doubts were not permitted to continue long in existence. The dropping fire having paused for a few moments, was succeeded by a fearful yell; and the heavens were illuminated on all sides by a semicircular blaze of musketry.”

This arose from the onset of General Coffee, who, having dismounted his men and turned their horses loose, had come suddenly upon the British. The latter, having retired from the fire of the *Caroline*, were closer to him than he expected. Coffee immediately pressed forward until he reached a position near enough for his riflemen to aim with effect, when he ordered a general fire. It was too severe and destructive to be withstood: the enemy gave way, and retreated—rallied and formed—were charged, and again retreated. They were thus driven from every position which they strove to maintain.

On gaining a grove of orange-trees, protected by a ditch and a fence, the

British held their ground, and for a moment checked the onset of Coffee and his riflemen. These latter, however, came up again to the charge, and drove the enemy from their cover, who, retreating to another position, were once more forced to retire. Finally pushed back close to the river, and crouching under the *levée*, they were so securely covered, that all further effort to assail them was abandoned.

In the meantime, General Jackson had led on the rest of the troops; but, from the darkness of the night, and the irregularity of the advance in consequence of the nature of the ground, some confusion took place. His plan of uniting his force with that of Coffee, and thus surrounding the enemy, consequently failed; but he succeeded in driving back that part of the British line which he met, and compelling it to seek safety under cover.

The confusion in the enemy's ranks is best told in the words of the officer whom we have already quoted, who declares that, "to describe this action, is altogether out of the question, for it was such a battle as the annals of modern warfare can hardly match. All order, all discipline, were lost. Each officer, as he was able to collect twenty or thirty men round him, advanced into the middle of the enemy, when it was fought hand to hand, bayonet to bayonet, and sword to sword, with the tumult and ferocity of one of Homer's combats."

Jackson, collecting his men, withdrew them to a position in front of the enemy, with a determination to renew
Dec. 24. the engagement the next morning. He, however, changed his resolu-

tion on finding that the ground he held was admirably suited for defence, and decided upon making a firm stand where he was, and there resisting the approach of the enemy to the city.

General Jackson's force was now encamped within five miles of New Orleans and four of the British camp, on a narrow plain, flanked on the right by the Mississippi, on the left by a cypress-swamp, and in front by a canal. This position, it was readily perceived, could be made almost impregnable by skill and labor, and to supply these Jackson now bent all his energies.

The dawn, after that night's struggle, broke dismally upon the enemy's camp. The conflict had raged from eight o'clock until three in the morning. Five hundred British troops had fallen. The field presented a hideous scene of carnage. Those who had been shot through the head or heart lay as if in sleep, sad to look upon, for it was the sleep of death, into which the jovial comrade or warm friend of yesterday had sunk for ever! Many had been killed by bayonet-stabs, sabre-cuts, and blows from the butt-ends of muskets. These, with the savage and ghastly expressions of their countenances rigidly fixed in death, startled the living. Friends and foes lay together in small groups, and it was not difficult to tell the very hand by which some had fallen. So close had been the struggle, that an English and an American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body.

The Caroline still lay in the river, with her broadside threatening the enemy's

camp. The soldiers yet crouched under the *levée*, fearful of moving a step from their cover; and here they lay for hours, worn out with fatigue and want of sleep, and shivering in the cold air of a frosty morning, without being able to light a fire or to prepare a morsel of food. No sooner did a man venture to steal out from his shelter, than the vigilant guns of the *Caroline* immediately poured forth a deadly shower of grape, and thus forced the enemy to skulk back to their hiding-place.

The sound of the firing during the action of the previous night had reached the boats, twenty miles away from the entrance to the bayou, while conveying the rest of the British troops from the fleet on Lake Borgne. The rowers were
Dec. 24. aroused to fresh exertion, and, before the ensuing night, the reinforcements had landed and were in position on the late field of battle. Those, however, who had been in the engagement, were still kept crouching under the bank of the Mississippi, from dread of the threatening guns of the *Caroline*, a dread which was now greatly heightened by the arrival of the ship *Louisiana*, which had come down the river and anchored about a mile above the schooner. It was not until night that it was found possible to relieve these poor fellows, when they were cautiously removed to a position covered by the negro-huts and mansion of the sugar-plantation which the enemy occupied.

In the morning, General Keene was
Dec. 25. relieved from his weight of anxious responsibility by the arrival

of Sir Edward Pakenham, who, having been appointed, on the death of General Ross, to succeed him in the command of the British land-forces in America, had hurried to his post. The new leader was greeted with a hearty cheer from the whole camp, and the Christmas-day thus opened merrily, with a hopeful anticipation of better times.

Pakenham, who was a brother-in-law of the duke of Wellington, had served under that famous general, and won renown in the Peninsular campaigns. Promptly bending to his work, the new commander at once began to examine the position of affairs. Finding that no advance could be made while his army was under the guns of the American vessels in the Mississippi, his first operation was to bring down at night to the brink of the stream nine fieldpieces, two howitzers, and a mortar. Mounting these upon a battery that was thrown up opposite to the *Caroline*, a heavy cannonade of red-hot shot was opened upon her at dawn of day.

Dec. 26. She was soon set on fire, when her men took to their boats and escaped to the shore, and in about an hour she blew up. The fire of the battery was now about to open upon the *Louisiana*, when, making all sail, and getting out her boats to tow, she succeeded in stemming the rapid current of the Mississippi, and making her escape toward New Orleans.

General Pakenham, having thus removed these obstacles to his progress, now made every preparation for an advance against Jackson's position. Dividing his army into two columns, he gave General Gibbs the command of the right

and General Keene the left. Stores, ammunition, and heavy guns, were landed from the fleet on the lake, and brought up; and batteries were erected on the shore, to guard against the return of the Louisiana, or any opposition from the river.

The whole army now moved forward, in high expectation of success. The men, in gay spirits, bandied rude jests with each other, and, thoughtless of the chances of death, talked only of the anticipated enjoyments of victory. Thus they moved merrily on for four or five miles, until they came in sight of the formidable position of the Americans.

Jackson had not lost a moment. Incapable of fatigue himself, he suffered no one to lag in effort. His men were kept constantly at work; and such was his own unceasing activity, that it is said he never slept for four days and nights! The canal in front of his position was deepened and widened; the *levée* was cut through, about a hundred yards below, and a broad stream of water, some three feet in depth, let in, to impede the approach of the enemy's infantry. A strong mud-wall was raised from the earth thrown out in widening and deepening the canal. American ingenuity, with characteristic readiness of expedient, suggested the use of cotton-bales; and a vessel in the stream, laden with her cargo, and ready to sail for Europe, was at once, by the order of Jackson, despoiled of her rich burden. Thus

* Nolte.

“cotton of the best sort, worth from ten to eleven cents,” was heaped up and covered with mud, to strengthen the walls and redoubts. One of the foreign owners, who, with spade in hand was, under the irresistible compulsion of the occasion, bearing his share in the labors of the day, recognised his “mark,” and loudly grumbled at this disposition of his property. “If this is your cotton, sir, you at least will not think it any hardship to defend it!” was the answer he received.*

On the opposite side of the Mississippi similar defences were raised by General Morgan, who, with a detachment of Louisiana militia, and some of the Kentuckians, who had at last arrived, was directed to guard against any attack which might be made in that quarter through the bay of Baratavia, without entering the river.

Jackson, having completed his breastworks, mounted five heavy pieces of cannon, secured by the crew of the burnt Caroline, and formed his troops, now reinforced by the Kentuckians who had arrived to the number of twenty-two hundred and fifty, under the command of General Adair, although more than half were without arms, and were necessarily ineffective. Thus prepared, the Americans resolutely awaited the approach of their British assailants.

* There has been a good deal of controversy in regard to the question whether cotton-bales were used or not. The fact, as stated to the author by an officer at the battle of New Orleans, is, that the cotton was used in the first instance, but, having been ignited by the fire of the enemy, was finally removed.

CHAPTER XLV.

Confident Advance of the British.—A Sudden Change of Feeling.—A Deadly Sweep.—Panic and Confusion.—Retirement of the Enemy.—A Regular Siege.—The Soldiers at Work.—Intrenchments.—Sugar-Hogsheads.—The British forced to abandon Works and Guns.—Baffled Rage.—New Plans of General Pakenham.—Cutting a Canal.—All Hands at Work.—Enormous Labor.—Plan of Assault.—Jackson more anxious about Friends than Enemies.—The Legislature closed.—A Warm Session.—Firing the City.—Security of the American Line.—Battery on the Other Side of the Mississippi.—Assault.—Failure of the Canal.—British Detachment under Colonel Thornton.—Impatience of Pakenham.—No Ladders.—Conduct of Colonel Mullins.—Opening of the American Fire.—The Havoc.—Advance of the British.—A Check.—A Continued Volley.—The Carnage.—Wavering Troops.—Pakenham at the Head of his Men.—Dismounted.—Pakenham killed.—General Gibbs mortally wounded.—Death of Colonel Rennie.—Flight of the British.—Continued Slaughter.—Operations of Colonel Thornton.—The Assault.—Thornton's Success.—His Recall.—The Losses.—Humiliation.—Retreat of the British.—Their Difficulties and Sufferings.—The March through the Bogs.—Embarkation.—General Lambert in Command.—“Beauty and Booty.”—Fall of Fort Bowyer.—News of Peace.—The Treaty.—Joy of the Country.

1814. DRIVING the American pickets before them, the British fearlessly advanced to the attack; but, as they gained a bend in the road, and beheld the muzzles of Jackson's guns pointed at them through the embrasures of the formidable walls of mud and cotton, they became at once conscious of their danger. **Dec. 28.** A deadly fire immediately opened upon them from the batteries on both sides of the Mississippi. Scarcely a ball passed over or fell short of its mark; but all, striking full into the midst of the ranks, made terrible havoc. The shrieks of the wounded, the crash of firelocks, and the deafening roar of the American cannon, produced great panic and confusion. The infantry were forced to retire from the road, and seek a cover in the neighboring fields.

The British next brought up their artillery; but in half an hour, two field-pieces and a mortar being dismounted, and many of the gunners killed, it was

found necessary to abandon all further attempts on that day.

Sir Edward Pakenham now gave up all hope of taking the American position by a *coup de main*, and found that the only alternative was to approach Jackson's formidable works as if they were regular fortifications. Withdrawing his troops, therefore, to a position less exposed to the cannonade constantly kept up by the American guns, the British commander spent three days in landing heavy ordnance, bringing up ammunition, and preparing for the siege. On the third night, one half of the army marched **Dec. 31.** to the front, passing the pickets, and halted about three hundred yards from the American line. Here most of the men threw down their firelocks, and with spade and pick worked vigorously in throwing up a chain of works, while their comrades stood armed and ready to defend them in the event of a surprise. Before morning, six batteries were

completed, and mounted with some thirty pieces of heavy cannon. The storehouses and barns of the neighboring plantations being filled with hogsheds of sugar, these were rolled out and placed on end, to strengthen the parapets of the batteries; and thus this valuable product, worth many thousands of dollars, was employed instead of earth.

But these laborious efforts proved of no avail; for the next morning, on opening their batteries, the enemy received in return such a cannonade from the American guns, that, though for several hours they put forth their full strength, they were obliged in the afternoon to cease their fire, and abandon their works and artillery.

These repeated disappointments greatly vexed the British. Each soldier gave vent to his baffled rage, resembling "the growling of a chained dog, when he sees his adversary, and can not reach him." Complaints were heard, but not a man hinted at a retreat; while all were eager to bring matters to the issue of a battle, at any sacrifice of lives.

The spirited Packenham, though hitherto thwarted in every attempt, was still ready to try any other expedient, however desperate. He therefore resolved to divide his force, sending one division across the Mississippi, to seize upon the American works commanded by General Morgan, and turn the guns of the Americans on that side against themselves; while retaining the other division of his troops to make, at the same moment, a general assault upon the whole line of Jackson's defences.

In order to effect this design, it was necessary to get boats to convey the troops across the river; and the only ones to be obtained were those belonging to the fleet, on the bayou, which was separated from the Mississippi by the neck of land upon which the army was then encamped. Packenham therefore determined to cut a canal, of sufficient width and depth to admit of the passage of the ships' boats from the bayou *Bienvenu* to the river. The whole army was immediately set to work upon this arduous undertaking.

"The fatigue undergone during the prosecution of this attempt," says the officer whose narrative has already been quoted, "no words can sufficiently describe; yet it was pursued without repining, and at length, by unremitting exertions, they succeeded in effecting their purpose by the 6th of January."

The arrival of General Lambert with a reinforcement of sixteen hundred men and two thousand sailors and marines from the fleet, augmented the British force to over eight thousand, and greatly strengthened their hopes of success.

Packenham now, on the night of the 7th of January, made all his dispositions for the assault of the morrow, which he had "fixed upon as the day decisive of the fate of New Orleans." General Keene, with one division of the army, was to make a demonstration on the American right; General Gibbs, with another, was to force the left; and General Lambert, with the third, was to remain in reserve, and act as circumstances might require.

Colonel Thornton, with one regiment,

and a corps of marines and sailors, numbering in all fourteen hundred men, was ordered to the shore of the Mississippi, in the rear of the camp, to be ready to take the boats to be brought through the artificial canal, and pass over to the opposite bank and assault Morgan's position. To Colonel Williams and his regiment was assigned the important duty of preparing the scaling-ladders and fascines, and having them in readiness to fill up the canal and mount the walls.

General Jackson, in the meantime, was fully prepared for the British, and seemed much less anxious about their hostile operations than about the dangerous designs of some of the inhabitants of New Orleans. Fulwar Skipworth, the speaker of the senate of Louisiana, having inquired of Major Balter, Jackson's aid, whether there was any truth in the statement that the general, rather than surrender to the enemy, would burn New Orleans and retire up the river, it was naturally suspected that the legislature contemplated a capitulation with the British, to save the city. Jackson at once ordered Governor Claiborne "closely to watch the conduct of the legislature, and the moment the project of offering a capitulation to the enemy should be finally disclosed, to place a guard at the door, and confine them to their chamber. The governor, in his zeal to execute the command, and from a fear of the consequences involved in such conduct, construed as imperative an order which was merely contingent; and, placing an armed force at the door of the capitol, prevented the members from convening, and their schemes from matur-

ing."* Upon being invoked, by a special committee of the legislature, to declare what his course would be, should the enemy force him from his position, the general replied: "If I thought the hair of my head could divine what I should do, forthwith I would cut it off! Go back with this answer: say to your honorable body that, if disaster does overtake me, and the fate of war drives me from my line to the city, they may expect to have a very warm session." To his secretary† he did not hesitate to answer, when asked, after his victory, what he intended to have done, had he been forced to retire—"I should have retreated to the city, fired it, and fought the enemy amid the surrounding flames."

Though the British had pursued their plans with cautious secrecy, Jackson discovered the fact of their digging the canal in the rear of the camp, and inferred their purpose of assaulting his works on the other side of the river. He accordingly sent an additional detachment to reinforce General Morgan. His own defences were in admirable order, and he was eager for a contest which he believed would result in the triumph and terminate the hardships of his soldiers. At all points of his line Jackson felt secure. On his right, by the river, were posted the regulars, with a redoubt on the *levée*. General Carroll, with his division of Tennessee militia, supported by Adair and a part of the Kentuckians, defended the centre; while the extreme left, extending into the cypress-swamp, was held by General Coffee and his Tennessee riflemen.

* Eaton's Life of General Jackson.

† Eaton.

Comodore Patterson had erected a battery on the opposite shore of the Mississippi, to strengthen General Morgan's position; and the Louisiana was anchored in the stream, some distance above. A second line of defences was established about two miles in the rear of the one which Jackson occupied, facing the enemy. At this second line the unarmed troops of Kentucky were stationed; and, in case of being driven from the first, the general proposed to fall back, and still resist the advance of the British to the city. All intercourse between the two lines, except through confidential officers, was forbidden, lest the unprepared condition of those in the rear should become known to his own men in front, and thus dispirit them; or to the foe, who might thence derive encouragement.

Jan. 8. Early in the morning, the signal-rocket was fired from the British camp, for the assault to begin. The canal, in the rear of their position, to connect the bayou and the river, was dug; but, on attempting to get the boats through during the night, the channel was found choked with the mud which had fallen from the soft banks, and only a few of the smaller craft reached the Mississippi. Colonel Thornton, who headed the detachment to be thrown across the river, was thus obliged to leave the greater portion behind, and to take with him only three hundred and fifty men. With muffled oars, and in the darkness of the night, he pushed secretly across, and succeeded in landing on the opposite side without resistance. The day broke, however, and the signal-rocket shot up

in the air, before he reached the battery and works commanded by Morgan.

General Packenham had, in the meantime, moved his main body in advance toward Jackson's line of defences. Here he waited with impatience to hear the sound of the first fire from Thornton, on the other side of the river; and, in the dawning light of the morning, he rode about the field upon which his army was gallantly arrayed. The British general now found that his plans were not only thwarted by the delay of Thornton, but still more seriously by the neglect of Colonel Mullins, of the forty-fourth regiment, to whom had been assigned the duty of bringing up the scaling-ladders and the fascines. Without these it was almost impossible to cross the canal or scale the walls. Packenham galloped up to Colonel Mullins, and with great indignation ordered him to return with his regiment for the ladders. They came back to the field, but when it was too late to plant them, and they were only scattered about by the soldiers in the panic that ensued.

While the British troops thus stood pausing, the American fire opened and mowed them down by hundreds. Packenham now impatiently gave the word to advance, and his men rushed to the assault, without waiting for the tardy coming up of the regiment with the fascines and the scaling-ladders. As they pushed on, the English batteries, which had been again established, poured forth showers of balls, bombs, and Congreve rockets. The Americans were on the alert, and they no sooner had their assailants in full view, than they gave three

cheers, which were followed by a blaze of cannon and musketry that lighted up the whole line. The enemy's front was levelled at once, and his advance suddenly checked. The American artillery continued to pour forth its destructive showers in rapid succession, and the muskets and rifles were discharged without intermission. As one party fired their pieces, another succeeded; and thus, alternately loading and firing, it seemed like one incessant volley. Some of the brave fellows of the enemy continued to advance in spite of the murderous fire, and succeeded in gaining the canal in front of the American works, but they could venture no farther; and here they remained under cover until the end of the battle, when they were taken prisoners.

Exposed to a sweeping fire from the works in front, from the riflemen in the swamp, and also from the batteries on the other side of the river, the British were being cut down by whole companies together. They bore up spiritedly, however, for some time, until the carnage becoming too fearful for human endurance, the troops began to waver. General Pakenham, seeing his ranks thus broken, strove to rally them. Riding toward the regiment which had been ordered back for the ladders and fascines, and had returned to the ground, though in great confusion, he called out lustily for their colonel, who, however, could not be found.

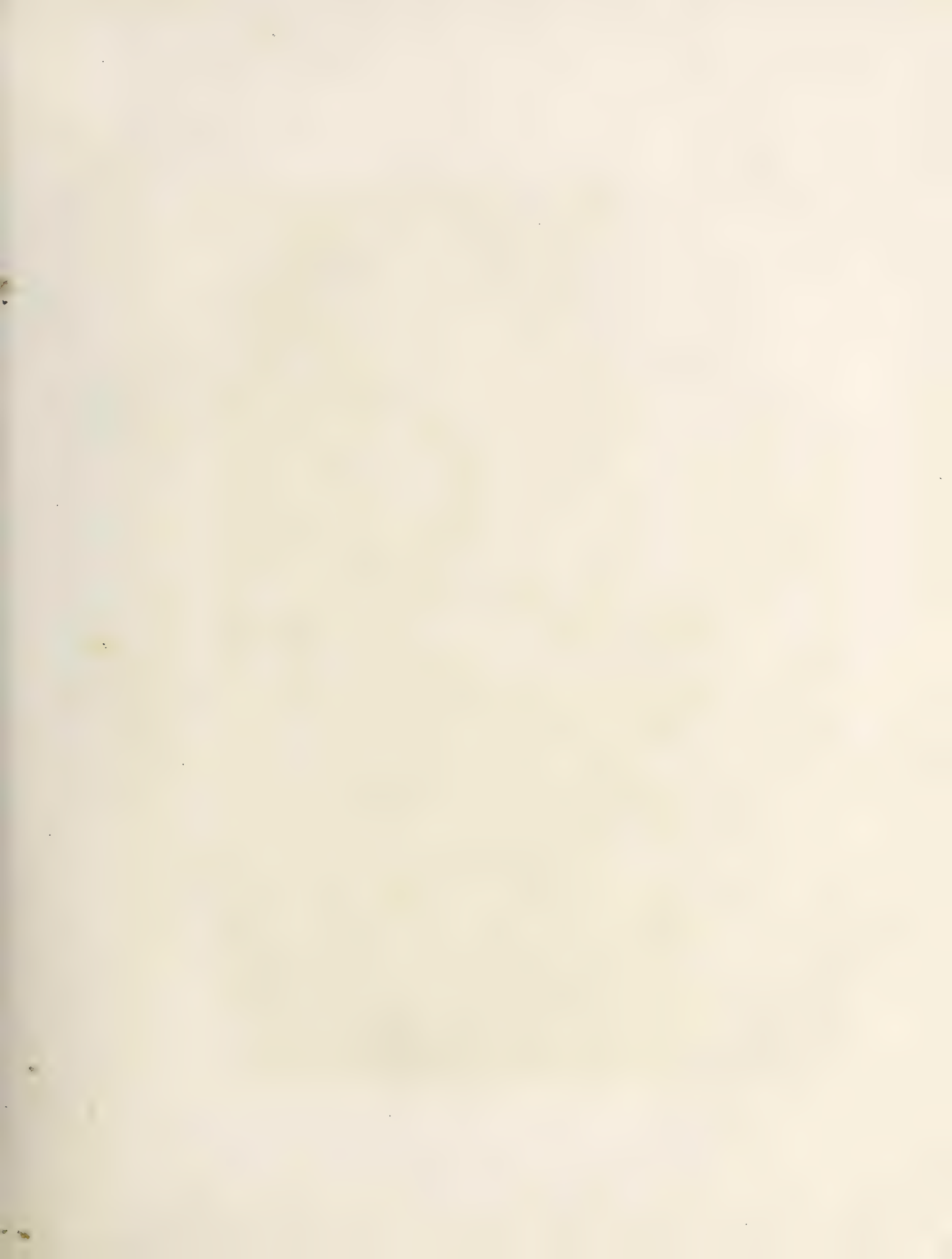
Pakenham at once put himself at the head of the forty-fourth, when a musket-ball struck and wounded him slightly in the knee, and killed his horse. Calling

for another, he mounted and again headed the regiment, when a second ball struck him, and he dropped lifeless into the arms of his aid-de-camp. While endeavoring to rally the troops, General Gibbs was mortally wounded and General Keene severely, and were borne from the field.

Colonel Rennie, with a considerable force, had succeeded in advancing, under the cover of some chimneys standing in the field, close to an unfinished redoubt on the American right by the Mississippi. Though enfiladed by Patterson's battery on the opposite side of the river, and met directly in front by the fire from the redoubt, Rennie gallantly pushed on, and, passing the ditch, sprang upon the wall, sword in hand, and shouted to his troops to follow. He had hardly spoken, when he fell, shot dead by a rifle-ball. His men began to throng over the wall, forcing the Americans back by the pressure of greater numbers. The enemy, however, were soon compelled to yield this momentary advantage by a deliberate fire from the New-Orleans corps of riflemen, who opened upon them, and at every discharge brought to the ground the objects of their aim.

Forced to retreat, the British fled back in confusion, terribly galled by the American fire as they went. The route along which they advanced and retired was strewn with their dead. The terrible slaughter continued, as the cannon unceasingly swept the field, until the enemy sought refuge by crouching in a distant ditch.

Meanwhile, the British detachment under Colonel Thornton, which had crossed





Warriors of the Five Civilized Tribes, 1846. (From the collection of the Library of Congress.)

1846

the river, met with better success. The enemy had hardly landed, when they beheld the rocket thrown up as a signal for the beginning of the assault. They immediately formed in column, and pushed on in all speed to regain the lost time. The Kentuckians, scattered thinly along a mill-race, strove to resist their advance; but, after a warm struggle, they were forced to give way and retreat to General Morgan's line. The British continued to push on until they reached an orange-grove, where they halted, to survey Morgan's intrenchments. The regulars now extended their files so as to stretch across the entire American line; the sailors were formed in column, to storm the battery; and the marines posted in the rear of the centre, to act as a reserve.

With this disposition of his force, Colonel Thornton began the assault. The Kentuckians, not yet recovered from the confusion of their retreat, were the first to encounter the fierce onset of the foe, when they soon gave way and abandoned their position. The Louisiana militia, after firing a few shots, followed their example. Commodore Patterson, who commanded the battery, finding Morgan's right flank about to be turned, ceased his fire with which he was sweeping the field on the other side of the river, and turned his guns upon the nearer enemy. Discovering, however, that the Kentucky and Louisiana militia were in full flight, and that it was impossible to maintain his ground, he spiked his cannon, destroyed his ammunition, and retired from his post when it was no longer tenable.

But Colonel Thornton was not allowed

long to enjoy his victory; for the disaster on the opposite side of the river was soon made known to him by a messenger, who came with orders for an immediate return. Thornton now retired, and, re-embarking his force, pushed across the Mississippi, and rejoined his vanquished comrades.

The loss of the British, in the fatal assault on General Jackson's line, amounted to nearly three thousand; while that of the Americans was only six killed and seven wounded.*

As soon as the British fugitives could again be gathered and encamped in order, a flag of truce was despatched to General Jackson, with proposals to bury the dead. Two days were accordingly conceded for the purpose, and the mournful duty began. "Prompted by curiosity," says one of the British officers, "I mounted my horse and rode to the front; but of all the sights I ever witnessed, that which met me there was beyond comparison the most shocking and the most humiliating. Within the small compass of a few hundred yards were gathered together nearly a thousand bodies, all of them arrayed in British uniforms. Not a single American was among them; all were English; and they were thrown by dozens into shallow holes, scarcely deep enough to furnish them with a slight covering of earth."

The enemy were now greatly puzzled to discover a safe means of retreat, for all further attempt to contend against the

* Eaton gives three thousand seven hundred as the whole effective force of Jackson on the left bank, and nine thousand as that of the enemy.

Americans was given up in despair. It was deemed impossible to return as they had come, for the boats were not sufficiently numerous to carry them all away in one body, and it was considered too hazardous to divide their force. It was accordingly determined, after sending the wounded, the baggage, and stores, by the bayou, to march the troops across the marsh to the borders of Lake Borgne, and thence embark them on board the ships.

To effect this, it was necessary to construct a road, which proved to be a work of enormous labor. Large quantities of reeds were collected, bound together, and laid upon the quagmire; and the broad ditches, which frequently intersected the morass, were bridged over by means of large branches of trees brought with immense trouble from the woods bordering on the Mississippi. This road, bad as it proved to be, took the large working-parties and the engineers nine days to complete.

In the meantime, the Americans, having again established their batteries on the opposite side of the river, kept up a continual fire upon the enemy's camp. "We never closed our eyes in peace," says the British officer whom we have so often quoted, "for we were sure to be awakened before many minutes elapsed, by the splash of a round-shot or shell in the mud beside us. Tents we had none, but lay, some in the open air, and some in huts made of boards, or any material that could be procured. From the first moment of our landing, not a man had undressed, except to bathe; and many

had worn the same shirt for weeks together. Besides all this, heavy rains now set in, accompanied with violent storms of thunder and lightning, which, lasting during the entire day, usually ceased toward dark, and gave place to keen frosts. Thus were we alternately wet and frozen — wet all day, and frozen all night."

Having at last finished their road and completed their preparations for departure, the British troops, as night set in, began their painful and **Jan. 18.** dejected retreat toward Lake Borgne. Trimming the camp-fires, in order to conceal their movement, regiment after regiment stole away in the dark. The most profound silence was observed; not a man opening his mouth, except to issue an order, and then speaking in a whisper. Not a cough or any other noise was heard from the head to the rear of the column, and each soldier stepped with the utmost care, to avoid the slightest sound from a footfall.

As soon as the troops got beyond the highway, and began to enter the marsh, they were at once made aware of the incompleteness of the road which had cost them so many days of painful labor. The treading of the advanced corps beat the reeds to pieces, and sank them into the yielding marsh. Those who followed had to flounder through the mud and mire as best they could. At every step the men sank up to the knees, and often to the breast, while some of the poor wretches were engulfed for ever in the treacherous bog. The force finally reached the bank of the lake, and embarked on board the fleet.

“General Jackson,” says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, “behaved with humanity and generosity to all his prisoners, which did him as great honor as his conduct in the defence. We do not hesitate to call him a great man. Unappalled by the landing of a formidable army of British veterans, he infused fresh courage into the hearts of his countrymen, naturally brave; the danger was great, but the Americans under him had no fear even of such a foe; strong as their position was, ‘a mile-long line full of men,’ it was found impregnable, not because of ‘cotton-bags’ only and parapets, but because of patriots deadly, with steady hands, keen eyes, and stern hearts—invincible where they stood—unerring marksmen, whatever were their numbers—with a commander endowed with a genius for war, and in all respects equal to the glorious duty he had taken upon himself in his country’s cause.”

The British army, now commanded by General Lambert, sought to console itself for the loss at New Orleans of the “beauty and booty”^{*} offered, it is said, by the unfortunate Pakenham, as a provocative to the lustful passions of his soldiers, by an attack upon Mobile. The enemy’s fleet continuing to cruise about the gulf of Florida, General Lambert landed a large body of his troops, and, mindful of the previous failure of the attempt on Fort Bowyer by sea, resolved to attack it by a regular siege on land.

Feb. 8. The operations were accordingly begun, and in two days heavy batteries were planted within thirty yards

of the works. Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence was now summoned to surrender; and, with his meager garrison, finding it impossible to resist the immense force which threatened him, he gave up his post on honorable terms, and on the 12th of February evacuated it. On the 14th, news arrived from England of peace with the United States, which was received by the British with no less joy than it was welcomed by the Americans.

Feb. 11. On the arrival of the British sloop-of-war *Favorite*, on Saturday night, at New York, with an English and an American messenger, bearing the treaty of peace concluded at Ghent, in the month of December, 1814, and ratified by the British government, the citizens could not contain their delight. The news spread throughout the city, and thence over the country, with great rapidity, and caused a universal expression of joy. In Boston, the announcement was received with the ringing of bells; messengers were despatched in every direction to spread the glad tidings; the schools received a holyday, and the whole population congratulated each other on the termination of a war from which they had so greatly suffered. “The blockaded shipping, rotting forlorn at the wharves, got out all their flags and streamers; and before night, once more the hum of commerce sounded, ship-carpenters and riggers were busy at work, cargoes were being shipped, and crews engaged.”^{*}

“Thus ended,” says Ramsay, “the first considerable war in which the nation had been engaged since the adoption of that

^{*} The watch-word said to have been given by Pakenham.

^{*} Hildreth.

constitution which secured to them the blessing of a mild and comparatively efficient form of government; and promised, by its impartial influence, to render them a united and happy people. During the long period of peace which was enjoyed after its formation, the hopes of those wise and illustrious men, by whom it was projected, were fully realized. No year elapsed without adding, in an unexampled degree, to the wealth and population of the country; and the rare instance was exhibited of the union of practical liberty and social happiness with the advantages of a mild climate and prolific soil. It only remained to be seen whether the frame of the political bark was calculated to withstand the storms of hostility, or was only suitable to the smooth and unruffled ocean of peace. The result

may be considered, upon the whole, as decisive of the question, and as calculated firmly to establish the strength and permanency of our republican institutions. It is true, indeed, that the conduct of the war exhibited, in many instances, a degree of imbecility and a want of skill which afforded a striking contrast to the energy and activity of monarchical governments; and it is no less certain that the conflicts of opposing factions threatened, at one time, the destruction of the national fabric. It may, however, be considered as highly probable that in no future war will the strength of the confederacy be so severely tried; and it may therefore be fairly argued that, having passed this ordeal, the capacity of the republic to sustain the shock of hostility has been fully determined."

APPENDIX TO THE WAR OF 1812.

No. I.

AN ACT TO INTERDICT THE COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE, AND THEIR DEPENDENCIES, AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act, the entrance of the harbors and waters of the United States and of the territories thereof, be, and the same is hereby interdicted to all public ships and vessels belonging to Great Britain or France, excepting vessels only which may be forced in by distress, or which are charged with despatches or business from the government to which they belong, and also packets having no cargo nor merchandise on board. And if any public ship or vessel as aforesaid, not being included in the exception above-mentioned, shall enter any harbor or waters within the jurisdiction of the United States, or of the territories thereof, it shall be lawful for the president of the United States, or such other person as he shall have empowered for that purpose, to employ such part of the land and naval forces, or of the militia of the United States, or the territories thereof, as he shall deem necessary, to compel such ship or vessel to depart.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That it shall not be lawful for any citizen or citizens of the United States or the territories thereof, nor for any person or persons residing or being in the same, to have any intercourse with, or to afford any aid or supplies to any public ship or vessel as aforesaid, which shall, contrary to the provis-

ions of this act, have entered any harbor or waters within the jurisdiction of the United States or the territories thereof; and if any person shall, contrary to the provisions of this act, have any intercourse with such ship or vessel, or shall afford any aid to such ship or vessel, either in repairing the said vessel, or in furnishing her, her officers and crew, with supplies of any kind, or in any manner whatever, or if any pilot or other person shall assist in navigating or piloting such ship or vessel, unless it be for the purpose of carrying her beyond the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, every person so offending shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than one hundred dollars, nor exceeding ten thousand dollars; and shall also be imprisoned for a term not less than one month, nor more than one year.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That from and after the twentieth day of May next, the entrance of the harbors and waters of the United States, and the territories thereof, be, and the same is hereby interdicted to all ships or vessels sailing under the flag of Great Britain or France, or owned in whole or in part by any citizen or subject of either; vessels hired, chartered, or employed by the government of either country for the sole purpose of carrying letters or despatches, and also vessels forced in by distress, or by the dangers of the sea, only excepted. And if any ship or vessel sailing under the flag of Great Britain or France, or owned in whole or in part by any citizen or subject of either, and not excepted as aforesaid, shall, after the said twentieth day of May next, arrive either with or without a cargo, within the limits of the United States or of the territories thereof, such ship or vessel, to-

gether with the cargo, if any, which may be found on board, shall be forfeited, and may be seized and condemned in any court of the United States or the territories thereof, having competent jurisdiction; and all and every act and acts heretofore passed, which shall be within the purview of this act, shall be, and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That from and after the twentieth day of May next, it shall not be lawful to import into the United States or the territories thereof, any goods, wares, or merchandise whatever, from any port or place situated in Great Britain or Ireland, or in any of the colonies or dependencies of Great Britain, nor from any port or place situated in France, or in any of her colonies or dependencies, nor from any port or place in the actual possession of either Great Britain or France. Nor shall it be lawful to import into the United States, or the territories thereof, from any foreign port or place whatever, any goods, wares, or merchandise whatever, being of the growth, produce, or manufacture of France, of any of her colonies or dependencies, or being of the growth, produce, or manufacture of Great Britain or Ireland, or of any of the colonies or dependencies of Great Britain, or being of the growth, produce, or manufacture of any place or country in the actual possession of either France or Great Britain: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to affect the cargoes of ships or vessels wholly owned by a citizen or citizens of the United States, which had cleared for any port beyond the cape of Good Hope, prior to the twenty-second day of December, one thousand eight hundred and seven, or which had departed for such port by permission of the president, under the acts supplementary to the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That whenever any article or articles, the importation of which is prohibited by this act, shall, after the twentieth of May, be imported into the United States or the territories thereof, contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act, or shall, after

the said twentieth of May, be put on board of any ship or vessel, boat, raft, or carriage, with intention of importing the same into the United States, or the territories thereof, all such articles, as well as all other articles on board the same ship or vessel, boat, raft, or carriage, belonging to the owner of such prohibited articles, shall be forfeited; and the owner thereof shall moreover forfeit and pay treble the value of such articles.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That if any article or articles, the importation of which is prohibited by this act, shall, after the twentieth of May, be put on board of any ship or vessel boat, raft, or carriage, with intention to import the same into the United States, or the territories thereof, contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act, and with the knowledge of the owner or master of such ship or vessel, boat, raft, or carriage, such ship or vessel, boat, raft, or carriage, shall be forfeited, and the owner and master thereof shall moreover each forfeit and pay treble the value of such articles.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That if any article or articles, the importation of which is prohibited by this act, and which shall nevertheless be on board of any ship or vessel, boat, raft, or carriage, arriving after the said twentieth of May next, in the United States, or the territories thereof, shall be omitted in the manifest, report, or entry of the master, or the person having the charge or command of such ship or vessel, boat, raft, or carriage, or shall be omitted in the entry of the goods owned by the owner or consigned to the consignee of such articles, or shall be imported or landed, or attempted to be imported or landed, without a permit, the same penalties, fines, and forfeitures, shall be incurred, and may be recovered, as in the case of similar omission or omissions, landing, importation, or attempting to land or import, in relation to articles liable to duties on their importation into the United States.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That every collector, naval officer, surveyor, or other officer of the customs, shall have the like power and authority to seize goods, wares, and merchandise, imported contrary to the intent and meaning of

this act, to keep the same in custody until it shall have been ascertained whether the same have been forfeited or not, and to enter any ship or vessel, dwellinghouse, store, building, or other place, for the purpose of searching for and seizing any such goods, wares, and merchandise, which he or they now have by law, in relation to goods, wares, and merchandise, subject to duty; and if any person or persons shall conceal or buy any goods, wares, or merchandise, knowing them to be liable to seizure by this act, such person or persons shall, on conviction thereof, forfeit and pay a sum double the amount or value of the goods, wares, and merchandise, so concealed or purchased.

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That the following additions shall be made to the oath or affirmation taken by the master or person having the charge or command of any ship or vessel arriving at any port of the United States, or the territories thereof, after the twentieth of May, viz.: "I further swear (or affirm) that there are not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, on board [*insert the denomination and name of the vessel*], any goods, wares, or merchandise, the importation of which into the United States, or the territories thereof, is prohibited by law: And I do further swear (or affirm) that if I shall hereafter discover or know of any such goods, wares, or merchandise, on board the said vessel, or which shall have been imported in the same, I will immediately, and without delay, make due report thereof to the collector of the port of this district."

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That the following addition be made, after the twentieth of May, to the oath or affirmation taken by importers, consignees, or agents, at the time of entering goods imported into the United States, or the territories thereof, viz.: "I also swear (or affirm) that there are not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, among the said goods, wares, and merchandise, imported or consigned as aforesaid, any goods, wares, or merchandise, the importation of which into the United States, or the territories thereof, is prohibited by law:

And I do further swear (or affirm) that if I shall hereafter discover or know of any such goods, wares, or merchandise, among the said goods, wares, and merchandise, imported or consigned as aforesaid, I will immediately, and without delay, report the same to the collector of this district."

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That the president of the United States be, and he hereby is authorized, in case either France or Great Britain shall so revoke or modify her edicts as that they shall cease to violate the neutral commerce of the United States, to declare the same by proclamation; after which the trade of the United States, suspended by this act, and by the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and the several acts supplementary thereto, may be renewed with the nation so doing: *Provided*, That all penalties and forfeitures which shall have been previously incurred, by virtue of this or of any other act, the operation of which shall so cease and determine, shall be recovered, and distributed, in like manner as if the same had continued in full force and virtue: and vessels bound thereafter to any foreign port or place, with which commercial intercourse shall, by virtue of this section, be again permitted, shall give bond to the United States, with approved security, in double the value of the vessel and cargo, that they shall not proceed to any foreign port, nor trade with any country other than those with which commercial intercourse shall have been, or may be, permitted by this act.

SEC. 12. *And be it further enacted*, That so much of the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and of the several acts supplementary thereto, as forbids the departure of vessels owned by citizens of the United States, and the exportation of domestic and foreign merchandise to any foreign port or place, be and the same is hereby repealed, after the fifteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and nine, except so far as they relate to Great Britain or France, or their colonies or dependencies, or places in the

actual possession of either: *Provided*, That all penalties and forfeitures which shall have been previously incurred by virtue of so much of the said acts as is repealed by this act, or which have been or may hereafter be incurred by virtue of the said acts, on account of any infraction of so much of the said acts as is not repealed by this act, shall be recovered and distributed in like manner as if the said acts had continued in full force and virtue.

SEC. 13. *And be it further enacted*, That during the continuance of so much of the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and of the several acts supplementary thereto, as is not repealed by this act, no ship or vessel bound to a foreign port, with which commercial intercourse shall, by virtue of this act, be again permitted, shall be allowed to depart for such port, unless the owner or owners, consignee or factor of such ship or vessel, shall, with the master, have given bond, with one or more sureties, to the United States, in a sum double the value of the vessel and cargo, if the vessel is wholly owned by a citizen or citizens of the United States; and in a sum four times the value, if the vessel is owned in part or in whole by any foreigner or foreigners; that the vessel shall not leave the port without a clearance, nor shall, when leaving the port, proceed to any port or place in Great Britain or France, or in the colonies or dependencies of either, or in the actual possession of either, nor be directly or indirectly engaged during the voyage in any trade with such port, nor shall put any article on board of any other vessel; nor unless every other requisite and provision of the second section of the act entitled "An act to enforce and make more effectual an act entitled 'An act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States,' and the several acts supplementary thereto," shall have been complied with. And the party or parties to the above-mentioned bond shall, within a reasonable time after the date of the same, to be expressed in the said bond, produce to the collector of the district, from which the vessel shall have been cleared, a

certificate of the landing of the same, in the same manner as is provided by law for the landing of goods exported with the privilege of drawback; on failure whereof, the bond shall be put in suit; and in every such suit, judgment shall be given against the defendant or defendants, unless proof shall be produced of such re-landing, or of loss at sea.

SEC. 14. *And be it further enacted*, That so much of the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and of the several acts supplementary thereto, as compels vessels owned by citizens of the United States, bound to another port of the said states, or vessels licensed for the coasting-trade, or boats, either not masted or not decked, to give bond, and to load under the inspection of a revenue-officer, or renders them liable to detention, merely on account of the nature of their cargo (such provisions excepted as relate to collection-districts adjacent to the territories, colonies, or provinces, of a foreign nation, or to vessels belonging or bound to such districts), be, and the same is hereby repealed, from and after the fifteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and nine: *Provided, however*, That all penalties and forfeitures which shall have been previously incurred by any of the said acts, or which may hereafter be incurred by virtue of the said acts, on account of any infraction of so much of the said acts as is not repealed by this act, shall be recovered and distributed in like manner as if the same had continued in full force and virtue.

SEC. 15. *And be it further enacted*, That during the continuance of so much of the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and of the several acts supplementary thereto, as is not repealed by this act, no vessel owned by citizens of the United States, bound to another port of the said states, or licensed for the coasting-trade, shall be allowed to depart from any port of the United States, or shall receive a clearance; nor shall it be lawful to put on board any such vessel any specie or goods, wares or merchandise, unless a

permit shall have been previously obtained from the proper collector, or from a revenue-officer, authorized by the collector to grant such permits; nor unless the owner, consignee, agent, or factor, shall, with the master, give bond, with one or more sureties, to the United States, in a sum double the value of the vessel and cargo, that the vessel shall not proceed to any foreign port or place, and that the cargo shall be re-landed in some port of the United States: *Provided*, That it shall be lawful and sufficient in the case of any such vessel, whose employment has been uniformly confined to rivers, bays, and sounds, within the jurisdiction of the United States, to give bond in an amount equal to one hundred and fifty dollars for each ton of said vessel, with condition that such vessel shall not, during the time limited in the condition of the bond, proceed to any foreign port or place, or put any article on board of any other vessel, or be employed in any foreign trade.

SEC. 16. *And be it further enacted*, That if any ship or vessel shall, during the continuance of so much of the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and of the several acts supplementary thereto, as is not repealed by this act, depart from any port of the United States without a clearance or permit, or having given bond in the manner provided by law, such ship or vessel, together with her cargo, shall be wholly forfeited; and the owner or owners, agent, freighter or factors, master or commander, of such ship or vessel, shall, moreover, severally forfeit and pay a sum equal to the value of the ship or vessel, and of the cargo put on board the same.

SEC. 17. *And be it further enacted*, That the act to prohibit the importation of certain goods, wares, and merchandise, passed the eighteenth of April, one thousand eight hundred and six, and the act supplementary thereto, be, and the same are hereby repealed, from and after the said twentieth day of May next: *Provided*, That all

penalties and forfeitures which shall have been previously incurred by virtue of the said acts, shall be recovered and distributed in like manner as if the said acts had continued in full force and virtue.

SEC. 18. *And be it further enacted*, That all penalties and forfeitures arising under or incurred by virtue of this act, may be sued for, prosecuted, and recovered, with costs of suit, by action of debt, in the name of the United States of America, or by indictment or information in any court having competent jurisdiction to try the same; and shall be distributed and accounted for in the manner prescribed by the act entitled "An act to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage," passed the second day of March, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine; and such penalties and forfeitures may be examined, mitigated, or remitted, in like manner, and under the like conditions, regulations, and restrictions, as are prescribed, authorized, and directed, by the act entitled "An act to provide for mitigating or remitting the forfeitures, penalties, and disabilities, accruing in certain cases therein mentioned," passed the third day of March, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, and made perpetual by an act passed the eleventh day of February, one thousand eight hundred.

SEC. 19. *And be it further enacted*, That this act shall continue and be in force until the end of the next session of Congress, and no longer; and that the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, and the several acts supplementary thereto, shall be, and the same are hereby repealed, from and after the end of the next session of Congress.

J. B. VARNUM,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JNO. MILLEDGE,

President of the Senate, pro tempore.

March 1, 1809.

APPROVED,

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

No. II.

AN ACT CONCERNING THE COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE, AND THEIR DEPENDENCIES, AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act, no British or French armed vessel shall be permitted to enter the harbors or waters under the jurisdiction of the United States; but every British and French armed vessel is hereby interdicted, except when they shall be forced in by distress, by the dangers of the sea, or when charged with despatches or business from their government, or coming as a public packet for the conveyance of letters; in which cases, as well as in all others, when they shall be permitted to enter, the commanding officer shall immediately report his vessel to the collector of the district, stating the object or causes of his entering the harbors or waters of the United States; and shall take such position therein as shall be assigned him by such collector, and shall conform himself, his vessel and crew, to such regulations respecting health, repairs, supplies, stay, intercourse, and departure, as shall be signified to him by the said collector, under the authority and directions of the president of the United States, and, not conforming thereto, shall be required to depart from the United States.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That all pacific intercourse with any interdicted foreign armed vessels, the officers or crew thereof, is hereby forbidden; and if any person shall afford any aid to such armed vessel, either in repairing her, or in furnishing her, her officers or crew, with supplies of any kind or in any manner whatsoever; or if any pilot shall assist in navigating the said armed vessel, contrary to this prohibition, unless for the purpose of carrying her beyond the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, the person or persons so offending shall be liable to be bound to their good behavior, and shall, moreover, forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding two thousand

dollars, to be recovered upon indictment or information in any court of competent jurisdiction; one moiety thereof to the treasury of the United States, and the other moiety to the person who shall give information and prosecute the same to effect: *Provided,* That if the prosecution shall be by a public officer, the whole forfeiture shall accrue to the treasury of the United States.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That all the penalties and forfeitures which may have been incurred under the act entitled "An act to interdict the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great Britain and France, and their dependencies, and for other purposes," and also all the penalties and forfeitures which may have been incurred under the act laying an embargo on all ships and vessels in the ports and harbors of the United States, or under any of the several acts supplementary thereto, or to enforce the same, or under the acts to interdict the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great Britain and France, and their dependencies, and for other purposes, shall be recovered and distributed, and may be remitted in the manner provided by the said acts respectively, and in like manner as if the said acts had continued in full force and effect.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That in case either Great Britain or France shall, before the third day of March next, so revoke or modify her edicts as that they shall cease to violate the neutral commerce of the United States, which fact the president of the United States shall declare by proclamation; and if the other nation shall not, within three months thereafter, so revoke or modify her edicts in like manner, then the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eighteenth sections of the act entitled "An act to interdict the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great Britain and France, and their dependencies, and for other purposes," shall, from and after the expiration of three months from the date of the proclamation aforesaid, be revived and have full force and effect, so far as relates to the dominions, colonies, and dependencies, and to the articles the growth, produce, or manufacture

of the dominions, colonies, and dependencies of the nation thus refusing or neglecting to revoke or modify her edicts in the manner aforesaid. And the restrictions imposed by this act shall, from the date of such proclamation, cease and be discontinued in relation to the nation revoking or modifying her decrees in the manner aforesaid.

J. B. VARNUM,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JOHN GAILLARD,

President of the Senate, pro tempore.

May 1, 1810.

APPROVED,

JAMES MADISON.

NO. III.

AN ACT SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE ACT ENTITLED
“AN ACT CONCERNING THE COMMERCIAL INTER-
COURSE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND
GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE, AND THEIR DE-
PENDENCIES, AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES.”

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That no vessel owned wholly by a citizen or citizens of the United States, which shall have departed from a British port prior to the second day of February, one thousand eight hundred and eleven, and no merchandise owned wholly by a citizen or citizens of the United States, imported in such vessel, shall be liable to seizure or forfeiture, on account of any infraction or presumed infraction of the provisions of the act to which this act is a supplement.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That in case Great Britain shall so revoke or modify her edicts as that they shall cease to violate the neutral commerce of the United States, the president of the United States shall declare the fact by proclamation; and such proclamation shall be admitted as evidence, and no other evidence shall be admitted, of such revocation or modification, in any suit or prosecution which may be instituted

under the fourth section of the act to which this act is a supplement. And the restrictions imposed or which may be imposed, by virtue of the said act, shall, from the date of such proclamation, cease and be discontinued.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That until the proclamation aforesaid shall have been issued, the several provisions of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eighteenth sections of the act entitled “An act to interdict the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great Britain and France, and their dependencies, and for other purposes,” shall have full force, and be immediately carried into effect against Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies: *Provided, however,* That any vessel or merchandise which may, in pursuance thereof, be seized, prior to the fact being ascertained whether Great Britain shall, on or before the second day of February, one thousand eight hundred and eleven, have revoked or modified her edicts in the manner above-mentioned, shall nevertheless be restored on application of the parties, on their giving bond with approved sureties to the United States, in a sum equal to the value thereof, to abide the decision of the proper court of the United States thereon; and any such bond shall be considered as satisfied, if Great Britain shall, on or before the second day of February, one thousand eight hundred and eleven, have revoked or modified her edicts in the manner above-mentioned: *Provided also,* That nothing herein contained shall be construed to affect any ships or vessels, or the cargoes of ships or vessels, wholly owned by a citizen or citizens of the United States, which had cleared out for the cape of Good Hope, or for any port beyond the same, prior to the tenth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and ten.

J. B. VARNUM,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

JOHN POPE,

President of the Senate, pro tempore.

March 2, 1811.

APPROVED,

JAMES MADISON.

No. IV.

BERLIN IMPERIAL DECREE.

IMPERIAL DECREE DECLARING THE BRITISH ISLES
IN A STATE OF BLOCKADE.

“IMPERIAL CAMP, BERLIN, *November 21, 1806.*

“NAPOLÉON, emperor of the French, and king of Italy, considering —

“1. That England does not admit the right of nations, as universally acknowledged by all civilized people;

“2. That she declares as an enemy every individual belonging to an enemy-state; and in consequence makes prisoners-of-war, not only of the crews of *armed* vessels, but those also of *merchant*-vessels, and even the supercargoes of the same;

“3. That she extends or applies to merchant-vessels, to articles of commerce, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest, which can only be applied or extended to what belongs to an enemy-state;

“4. That she extends to ports not fortified, to harbors and mouths of rivers, the *right of blockade*, which, according to reason and the usages of civilized nations, is applicable only to strong or fortified ports;

“5. That she declares places blockaded, before which she has not a single vessel-of-war; although a place ought not to be considered blockaded but when it is so invested as that no approach to it can be made without imminent hazard; that she declares even places blockaded which her united forces would be incapable of doing, such as entire coasts, and a whole empire;

“6. That this unequalled abuse of the right of blockade has no other object than to interrupt the communication of different nations, and to extend the commerce and industry of England upon the ruin of those of the continent;

“7. That this being the evident design of England, whoever deals on the continent in English merchandise, favors that design, and becomes an accomplice;

“8. That this conduct in England (worthy

only of the first ages of barbarism) has benefited her, to the detriment of other nations;

“9. That it being right to oppose to an enemy the same arms she makes use of; to combat as she does; when all ideas of justice, and every liberal sentiment (the result of civilization among men), are disregarded —

“We have resolved to enforce against England the usages which she has consecrated in her maritime code.

“The present decree shall be considered as the fundamental law of the empire, until England has acknowledged that the *rights of war* are the same on land as at sea; that they can not be extended to any private property whatever, nor to persons who are not military, and until the right of blockading be restrained to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

“ARTICLE 1. The British islands are in a state of blockade.

“2. All commerce and correspondence with them is prohibited. Consequently, all letters or packets written *in* England, or *to* an Englishman, *written in the English language*, shall not be despatched from the postoffices; and shall be seized.

“3. Every individual, a subject of Great Britain, of whatever rank or condition, who is found in countries occupied by our troops or those of our allies, shall be made prisoner-of-war.

“4. Every warehouse, all merchandise or property whatever belonging to an Englishman, are declared good prize.

“5. One half of the proceeds of merchandise declared to be good prize, and forfeited as in the preceding articles, shall go to indemnify merchants who have suffered losses by the English cruisers.

“6. No vessel coming directly from England or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of this decree, shall be admitted into any port.

“7. Every vessel that, by a false declaration, contravenes the foregoing disposition, shall be seized, and the ship and cargo confiscated as English property.

"8. [This article states that the councils of prizes at Paris and at Milan shall have recognition of what may arise in the empire and in Italy under the present article.]

"9. Communications of this decree shall be made to the kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects, as well as ours, are victims of the injuries and barbarity of the English maritime code.

"10. Our ministers of foreign relations, &c., are charged with the execution of the present decree.

"NAPOLEON."

No. V.

BRITISH ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

At a Court at the Queen's Palace, the 7th of January, 1807; present, the King's most excellent Majesty, in Council.

"WHEREAS the French government has issued certain orders, which, in violation of the usages of war, purport to prohibit the commerce of all neutral nations with his majesty's dominions, and also to prevent such nation from trading with any other country in any articles, the growth, produce, or manufacture, of his majesty's dominions; and whereas the said government has also taken upon itself to declare all his majesty's dominions to be in a state of blockade, at a time when the fleets of France and her allies are themselves confined within their own ports by the superior valor and discipline of the British navy; and whereas such attempts, on the part of the enemy, would give to his majesty an unquestionable right of retaliation, and would warrant his majesty in enforcing the same prohibition of all commerce with France, which that power vainly hopes to effect against the commerce of his majesty's subjects—a prohibition which the superiority of his majesty's naval forces might enable him to support, by actually investing the ports and coasts of the enemy with numerous squadrons and cruisers, so as to make the entrance or approach thereto manifestly dangerous; and

whereas his majesty, though unwilling to follow the example of his enemies, by proceeding to an extremity so distressing to all nations not engaged in the war, and carrying on their accustomed trade, yet feels himself bound by a due regard to the just defence of the rights and interests of his people, not to suffer such measures to be taken by the enemy, without taking some steps on his part to restrain this violence, and to retort upon them the evils of their own injustice: his majesty is thereupon pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, both which ports shall belong to, or be in the possession of France or her allies, or shall be so far under their control as that British vessels may not trade freely thereat; and the commanders of his majesty's ships-of-war and privateers shall be, and are hereby instructed, to warn every neutral vessel coming from any such port, and destined to another such port, to discontinue her voyage, and not to proceed to any such port; and any vessel, after being so warned, or any vessel coming from any such port, after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for receiving information of this his majesty's order, which shall be found proceeding to another such port, shall be captured and brought in, and, together with her cargo, shall be condemned as lawful prize; and his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the lords-commissioners of the admiralty, and the judges of the high court of admiralty and courts of vice-admiralty, are to take the necessary measures herein as to them shall respectively appertain.

[Signed] "W. FAWKENER."

No. VI.

At a Court at the Queen's Palace, the 11th of November, 1807; present, the King's most excellent Majesty, in Council.

"WHEREAS certain orders, establishing an unprecedented system of warfare against this kingdom, and aimed especially at the destruction of

its commerce and resources, were some time since issued by the government of France, by which the British islands were declared to be in a state of blockade; thereby subjecting to capture and condemnation all vessels, with their cargoes, which should continue to trade with his majesty's dominions:

"And whereas, by the same orders, all trading in English merchandise is prohibited; and every article of merchandise belonging to England, or coming from her colonies, or of her manufacture, is declared lawful prize:

"And whereas the nations in alliance with France, and under her control, were required to give, and have given, and do give, effect to such orders:

"And whereas his majesty's order, of the seventh of January last, has not answered the desired purpose, either of compelling the enemy to recall those orders, or of inducing neutral nations to interpose, with effect, to obtain their revocation; but, on the contrary, the same have been recently enforced with increased rigor:

"And whereas his majesty, under these circumstances, finds himself compelled to take further measures for asserting and vindicating his just rights, and for supporting that maritime power which the exertions and valor of his people have, under the blessing of Providence, enabled him to establish and maintain; and the maintenance of which is not more essential to the safety and prosperity of his majesty's dominions, than it is to the protection of such states as still retain their independence, and to the general intercourse and happiness of mankind—

"His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that all the ports and places of France and her allies, or of any other country at war with his majesty, and all other ports or places in Europe, from which, although not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, and all ports or places in the colonies belonging to his majesty's enemies, shall, from henceforth, be subject to the same restrictions in point of trade and navigation, with the exceptions hereinafter

mentioned, as if the same were actually blockaded by his majesty's naval forces, in the most strict and rigorous manner. And it is hereby further ordered and declared, that all trade in articles which are of the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed and considered to be unlawful; and that every vessel trading from or to the said countries or colonies, together with the goods and merchandise on board, and all articles of the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be captured and condemned as prize to the captors.

"But although his majesty would be fully justified, by the circumstances and considerations above recited, in establishing such a system of restrictions with respect to all the countries and colonies of his enemies, without exception or qualification; yet his majesty, being nevertheless desirous not to subject neutrals to any greater inconvenience than is absolutely inseparable from the carrying into effect his majesty's just determination to counteract the designs of his enemies, and to retort upon themselves the consequences of their own violence and injustice; and being yet willing to hope that it may be possible (consistently with that object) still to allow to neutrals the opportunity of furnishing themselves with colonial produce for their own consumption and supply; *and even to leave open, for the present,* SUCH TRADE WITH HIS MAJESTY'S ENEMIES AS SHALL BE CARRIED ON DIRECTLY WITH THE PORTS OF HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS, OR OF HIS ALLIES, in the manner hereinafter mentioned—

"His majesty is therefore pleased further to order, and it is hereby ordered, that nothing herein contained shall extend to subject to capture or condemnation any vessel, or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not declared by this order to be subjected to the restrictions incident to a state of blockade, which shall have cleared out with such cargo from some port or place of the country to which she belongs, either in Europe or America, or from some free port in his majesty's colonies, under circumstances in

which such trade from such free port is permitted, direct to some port or place in the colonies of his majesty's enemies, or from those colonies direct to the country to which such vessel belongs, or to some free port in his majesty's colonies, in such cases, and with such articles, as it may be lawful to import into such free port; nor to any vessel, or cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not at war with his majesty, which shall have cleared out from some port or place in this kingdom, or from Gibraltar or Malta, under such regulations as his majesty may think fit to prescribe, or from any port belonging to his majesty's allies, and shall be proceeding direct to the port specified in her clearance; nor to any vessel, or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not at war with his majesty, which shall be coming from any port or place in Europe which is declared by this order to be subject to the restrictions incident to a state of blockade, **DESTINED TO SOME PORT OR PLACE IN EUROPE BELONGING TO HIS MAJESTY,** and which shall be on her voyage direct thereto; but these exceptions are not to be understood as excepting from capture or confiscation any vessel or goods which may be liable thereto, in respect of having entered or departed from any port or place actually blockaded by his majesty's squadrons or ships-of-war, or for being enemies' property, or for any other cause than the contravention of this present order.

“And the commanders of his majesty's ships-of-war and privateers, and other vessels acting under his majesty's commission, shall be, and are hereby instructed, to warn any vessel, which shall have commenced her voyage prior to any notice of this order, and shall be destined to any port of France, or of her allies, or of any other country at war with his majesty, or to any port or place from which the British flag, as aforesaid, is excluded, or to any colony belonging to his majesty's enemies, and which shall not have cleared out, as is hereinbefore allowed, to discontinue her voyage, and to proceed to some port or place in this kingdom, or to Gibraltar or Malta. And any vessel which, after having been so warned,

or after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for the arrival of information of this his majesty's order to any port or place from which she sailed, or which, after having notice of this order, shall be found in the prosecution of any voyage contrary to the restrictions contained in this order, shall be captured, and, together with her cargo, condemned as lawful prize to the captors.

“And whereas countries not engaged in the war have acquiesced in the orders of France, prohibiting all trade in any articles the produce or manufacture of his majesty's dominions; and the merchants of those countries have given countenance and effect to those prohibitions, by accepting from persons styling themselves commercial agents of the enemy, resident at neutral ports, certain documents, termed ‘*certificates of origin,*’ being certificates obtained at the ports of shipment, *declaring that the articles of the cargo are not of the produce or manufacture of his majesty's dominions, or to that effect.*

“And whereas this expedient has been directed by France, and submitted to by such merchants, as part of the new system of warfare directed against the trade of this kingdom, and as the most effectual instrument of accomplishing the same; and it is therefore essentially necessary to resist it—

“His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that if any vessel, after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for receiving notice of this his majesty's order, at the port or place from which such vessel shall have cleared out, *shall be found carrying any such certificate or document as aforesaid, or any document referring to or authenticating the same,* such vessel shall be adjudged lawful prize to the captors, together with the goods laden therein, belonging to the person or persons by whom, or on whose behalf, any such document was put on board.

“And the right honorable the lords-commissioners of his majesty's treasury, his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the lords-commis-

sioners of the admiralty, and the judges of the high court of admiralty, and courts of vice-admiralty, are to take the necessary measures herein, as to them shall respectively appertain.

“W. FAWKENER.”

No. VII.

MILAN IMPERIAL DECREE.

Rejoinder to his Britannic Majesty's Order in Council of the 11th of November, 1807.

“AT OUR ROYAL PALACE AT MILAN, Dec. 17, 1807.

“NAPOLEON, emperor of the French, king of Italy, and protector of the Rhenish confederation :

“Observing the measures adopted by the British government, on the eleventh of November last, by which vessels belonging to neutral, friendly, or even powers the allies of England, are made liable, not only to be searched by English cruisers, but to be compulsorily detained in England, and to have a tax laid on them of so much per cent. on the cargo, to be regulated by the British legislature :

“Observing that, by these acts, the British government *denationalizes* ships of every nation in Europe ; that it is not competent for any government to detract from its own independence and rights, all the sovereigns of Europe having in trust the sovereignties and independence of the flag ; and that if, by an unpardonable weakness, and which in the eyes of posterity would be an indelible stain, such a tyranny were allowed to be established into principles and consecrated by usages, the English would avail themselves of it to assert it as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension, which infringes on the sovereignty of every state ; we have decreed, and do decree, as follows :—

“I. Every ship, to whatever nation it may be-

long, that shall have submitted to be searched by an English ship, or on a voyage to England, or shall have paid any tax whatsoever to the English government, is thereby, and for that alone, declared to be *denationalized* ; to have forfeited the protection of its king ; and to have become English property.

“II. Whether the ships, thus *denationalized* by the arbitrary measures of the English government, enter into our ports or those of our allies, or whether they fall into the hands of our ships-of-war or of our privateers, they are declared to be good and lawful prize.

“III. The British islands are declared to be in a state of blockade, both by land and sea. Every ship, of whatever nation, or whatsoever the nature of its cargo may be, that sails from the ports of England, or those of the English colonies, and of the countries occupied by English troops, and proceeding to England, or to the English colonies, or to countries occupied by English troops, is good and lawful prize, as contrary to the present decree ; and may be captured by our ships-of-war or our privateers, and adjudged to the captor.

“IV. These measures, which are resorted to only in just retaliation of the barbarous system adopted by England, which assimilates its legislation to that of Algiers, shall cease to have any effect with respect to all nations who shall have the firmness to compel the English government to respect their flag. They shall continue to be rigorously in force as long as that government does not return to the principle of the law of nations, which regulates the relations of civilized states in a state of war. The provisions of the present decree shall be abrogated and null in fact, as soon as the English abide again by the principles of the law of nations, which are also the principles of justice and honor.

“All our ministers are charged with the execution of the present decree, which shall be inserted in the bulletin of the laws.

“NAPOLEON.”

No. VIII.

ORDER IN COUNCIL.

At a Court at the Queen's Palace, the 26th of April, 1809; present, the King's most excellent Majesty, in Council.

“WHEREAS his majesty, by his order in council of the 11th of November, 1807, was pleased, for reasons assigned therein, to order that ‘all the ports and places of France and her allies, and any other country at war with his majesty, and all other ports or places in Europe from which, although not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, and all ports and places in the colonies belonging to his majesty's enemies, should from thenceforth be subject to the same restrictions, in point of trade and navigation, as if the same were actually blockaded in the most strict and rigorous manner,’ and also to prohibit ‘all trade in articles which are the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies.’

“And whereas his majesty, having been, nevertheless, desirous not to subject those countries, which were in alliance or amity with his majesty, to any greater inconvenience than was absolutely inseparable from carrying into effect his majesty's just determination to counteract the designs of his enemies, did make certain exceptions and modifications, expressed in the said order of the 11th of November and the 18th of December, 1807, and the 30th of March, 1808 :

“And whereas, in consequence of divers events which have taken place since the date of the first-mentioned order, affecting the relations between Great Britain and the territories of other powers, it is expedient that sundry parts and provisions of the said orders should be altered or revoked :

“His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to revoke and annul the said several orders, except as hereinafter expressed ; and so much of the said several orders, except as aforesaid, is revoked accordingly.

“And his majesty is pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that all the ports and places, as far north as the river Ems, inclusively, under the

government styling itself the kingdom of Holland, and all ports and places under the government of France, together with the colonies, plantations, and settlements, in possession of those governments, respectively, and all ports and places in the northern part of Italy, to be reckoned from the ports of Orbitello and Pesaro, inclusively, shall continue to be subject to the same restrictions, in point of trade and navigation, without any exception, as if the same were actually blockaded by his majesty's naval force in the most strict and rigorous manner ; and that every vessel trading from and to the said countries or colonies, plantations or settlements, together with all goods and merchandise on board, shall be condemned as prize to the captors.

“And his majesty is further pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that this order shall have effect from the day of the date thereof, with respect to any ship, together with its cargo, which may be captured subsequent to such day, on any voyage which is and shall be rendered legal by this order, although such voyage, at the time of the commencement of the same, was unlawful and prohibited under the same former orders ; and such ships, when brought in, shall be released accordingly. And with respect to all ships, together with their cargoes, which may be captured in any voyage, which was permitted under the exceptions of the orders above-mentioned, but which is not permitted according to the provisions of this order, his majesty is pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that such ships and their cargoes shall not be liable to condemnation, unless they shall have received actual notice of the present order before such capture ; or, in default of such notice, until after the expiration of the like intervals, from the date of this order, as were allowed, for constructive notice, in the orders of the 25th of November, 1807, and the 18th of May, 1808, at the several places and latitudes therein mentioned.

“And the right honorable the lords-commissioners of his majesty's treasury, his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the lords-commissioners of the admiralty, and the judges of the

high court of admiralty, and judges of the courts of vice-admiralty, are to give the necessary directions, as to them may respectively appertain.

“STEPH. COTTRELL.”

No. IX.

ORDERS IN COUNCIL REVOKED.

At a Court at Carlton House, the 23d day of June, 1812; present, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in Council.

“WHEREAS his royal highness the prince regent was pleased to declare, in the name and on behalf of his majesty, on the 21st of April, 1812, ‘that if, at any time hereafter, the Berlin and Milan decrees shall, by some authentic act of the French government, publicly promulgated, be absolutely and unconditionally repealed, then, and from thence, the order in council of the 7th of January, 1807, and the order in council of the 26th of April, 1809, shall, without any further order, be, and the same are hereby declared, from thenceforth, to be wholly and absolutely revoked:’

“And whereas the *chargé d'affaires* of the United States of America, resident at this court, did, on the 21st of May last, transmit to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his majesty’s principal secretaries, a copy of a certain instrument, then for the first time communicated to this court, purporting to be a decree passed by the government of France, on the 28th day of April, 1811, by which the decrees of Berlin and Milan are declared to be definitely no longer in force in regard to American vessels:

“And whereas his royal highness the prince regent, although he can not consider the tenor of said instrument as satisfying the conditions set forth in the said order of the 21st of April last, upon which the said orders were to cease and to determine, is nevertheless disposed, on his part, to take such measures as may tend to re-establish the intercourse between neutral and belligerent nations upon its accustomed principles; his royal highness the prince regent, in the name and on

the behalf of his majesty, is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his majesty’s privy council, to order and declare, and it is hereby ordered and declared, that the order in council, bearing date the 7th day of January, 1807, and the order in council, bearing date the 26th of April, 1809, be revoked, so far as may regard American vessels and their cargoes, being American property, from the 1st day of August next.

“But whereas, by certain acts of the government of the United States of America, all British armed vessels are excluded from the harbors and waters of the said United States, the armed vessels of France being permitted to enter therein, and the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and the said United States is interdicted, the commercial intercourse between France and the said United States having been restored; his royal highness the prince regent is pleased hereby further to declare, in the name and on the behalf of his majesty, that if the government of the said United States shall not, as soon as may be, after this order shall have been duly notified, by his majesty’s minister in America, to the said government, revoke or cause to be revoked the said acts, this present order shall, in that case, after clear notice signified by his majesty’s minister in America, to the said government, be thenceforth null and of no effect.

“It is further ordered and declared that all American vessels and their cargoes, being American property, that shall have been captured subsequently to the 28th of May last, for a breach of the aforesaid orders in council alone, and which shall not have been actually condemned before the date of this order, and that all ships and cargoes as aforesaid that shall henceforth be captured under the said orders, prior to the 1st day of August next, shall not be proceeded against to condemnation, until further orders; but shall, in the event of this order not becoming null and of no effect, in the case aforesaid, be forthwith liberated and restored, subject to such reasonable expenses, on the part of the captors, as shall have been justly incurred.

“*Provided*, That nothing in this order con-

tained, respecting the revocation of the orders herein mentioned, shall be taken to revive wholly, or in part, the orders in council of the 11th of November, 1807, or any other order not herein mentioned, or to deprive parties of any legal remedy to which they may be entitled, under the order in council of the 21st of April, 1812.

“His royal highness the prince regent is hereby pleased further to declare, in the name and on the behalf of his majesty, that nothing in the present order contained shall be understood to preclude his royal highness the prince regent, if circumstances shall so require, from restoring, after reasonable notice, the orders of the 7th of January, 1807, and the 26th of April, 1809, or any part thereof, to their full effect, or from taking such other measures of retaliation against the enemy as may appear to his royal highness to be just and necessary.

“And the right honorable the lords-commissioners of his majesty’s treasury, his majesty’s principal secretaries of state, the lords-commissioners of the admiralty, and the judge of the high court of admiralty, and the judge of the court of vice-admiralty, are to take the necessary measures herein, as to them may respectively appertain.”

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No. X.

JAMES MADISON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all and singular to whom these presents shall come, greeting :

WHEREAS a treaty of peace and amity between the United States of America and his Britannic majesty was signed at Ghent, on the twenty-fourth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, by plenipotentiaries respectively appointed for that purpose; and the said treaty having been, by and with the advice and consent of the senate of the United States, duly accepted, ratified, and confirmed, on the seventeenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen; and ratified copies thereof hav-

ing been exchanged, agreeably to the tenor of the said treaty, which is in the words following, to wit:—

TREATY OF PEACE AND AMITY

BETWEEN

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

His Britannic majesty and the United States of America, desirous of terminating the war which has unhappily subsisted between the two countries, and of restoring, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, peace, friendship, and good understanding between them, have, for that purpose, appointed their respective plenipotentiaries, that is to say: his Britannic majesty, on his part, has appointed the Right Honorable James Lord Gambier, late admiral of the white, now admiral of the red squadron of his majesty’s fleet; Henry Goulburn, Esquire, a member of the imperial Parliament and under-secretary of state; and William Adams, Esquire, doctor of civil laws: and the president of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the senate thereof, has appointed John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, and Albert Gallatin, citizens of the United States, who, after a reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:

ARTICLE THE FIRST.

There shall be a firm and universal peace between his Britannic majesty and the United States, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns, and people, of every degree, without exception of places or persons. All hostilities, both by sea and land, shall cease as soon as this treaty shall have been ratified by both parties, as hereinafter mentioned. All territory, places, and possessions whatsoever, taken by either party from the other during the war, or which may be taken after the signing of this treaty, excepting only the islands hereinafter mentioned, shall be restored without delay, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any of the artillery or other public property, originally captured in the said forts or places, and which shall remain

therein upon the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, or any slaves or other private property. And all archives, records, deeds, and papers, either of a public nature, or belonging to private persons, which, in the course of the war, may have fallen into the hands of the officers of either party, shall be, as far as may be practicable, forthwith restored and delivered to the proper authorities and persons to whom they respectively belong. Such of the islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy as are claimed by both parties, shall remain in the possession of the party in whose occupation they may be at the time of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, until the decision, respecting the title to the said islands, shall have been made in conformity with the fourth article of this treaty. No disposition made by this treaty, as to such possession of the islands and territories claimed by both parties, shall, in any manner whatever, be construed to affect the right of either.

ARTICLE THE SECOND.

Immediately after the ratifications of this treaty by both parties, as hereinafter mentioned, orders shall be sent to the armies, squadrons, officers, subjects, and citizens, of the two powers, to cease from all hostilities. And to prevent all causes of complaint which might arise on account of the prizes which may be taken at sea, after the said ratifications of this treaty, it is reciprocally agreed that all vessels and effects which may be taken after the space of twelve days from the said ratifications, upon all parts of the coast of North America, from the latitude of twenty-three degrees north to the latitude of fifty degrees north, and as far eastward in the Atlantic ocean as the thirty-sixth degree of west longitude from the meridian of Greenwich, shall be restored on each side; that the time shall be thirty days in all other parts of the Atlantic ocean, north of the equinoctial line or equator; and the same time for the British and Irish channels, for the gulf of Mexico, and all parts of the West Indies; forty days for the North seas, for the Baltic, and for all parts of the Mediterranean; sixty days for the Atlantic ocean south of the equator, as far as the

latitude of the cape of Good Hope; ninety days for every other part of the world south of the equator; and one hundred and twenty days for all other parts of the world, without exception.

ARTICLE THE THIRD.

All prisoners-of-war, taken on either side, as well by land as by sea, shall be restored as soon as practicable after the ratifications of this treaty, as hereinafter mentioned, on their paying the debts which they may have contracted during their captivity. The two contracting parties respectively engage to discharge, in specie, the advances which may have been made by the other for the sustenance and maintenance of such prisoners.

ARTICLE THE FOURTH.

Whereas it was stipulated by the second article in the treaty of peace, of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, between his Britannic majesty and the United States of America, that the boundary of the United States should comprehend all islands within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due east from the points where the aforesaid boundaries, between Nova Scotia on the one part and East Florida on the other, shall respectively touch the bay of Fundy and the Atlantic ocean, excepting such islands as now are, or heretofore have been, within the limits of Nova Scotia; and whereas the several islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy, which is part of the bay of Fundy, and the island of Grand Menan, in the said bay of Fundy, are claimed by the United States, as being comprehended within their aforesaid boundaries, which said islands are claimed as belonging to his Britannic majesty, as having been, at the time of, and previous to, the aforesaid treaty of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, within the limits of the province of Nova Scotia: In order, therefore, finally to decide upon these claims, it is agreed that they shall be referred to two commissioners, to be appointed in the following manner, viz.: one commissioner shall be appointed by his Britannic majesty, and one by the president of the United States, by and with the advice and

consent of the senate thereof; and the said two commissioners, so appointed, shall be sworn impartially to examine and decide upon the said claims, according to such evidence as shall be laid before them on the part of his Britannic majesty and of the United States respectively. The said commissioners shall meet at St. Andrews, in the province of New Brunswick, and shall have power to adjourn to such other place or places as they shall think fit. The said commissioners shall, by a declaration or report, under their hands and seals, decide to which of the two contracting parties the several islands aforesaid do respectively belong, in conformity with the true intent of the said treaty of peace, of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. And if the said commissioners shall agree in their decision, both parties shall consider such decision as final and conclusive. It is further agreed that, in the event of the two commissioners differing upon all or any of the matters so referred to them, or in the event of both or either of the said commissioners refusing, or declining, or wilfully omitting, to act as such, they shall make, jointly or separately, a report or reports, as well to the government of his Britannic majesty as to that of the United States, stating in detail the points on which they differ, and the grounds upon which their respective opinions have been formed, or the grounds upon which they, or either of them, have so refused, declined, or omitted to act. And his Britannic majesty and the government of the United States hereby agree to refer the report or reports of the said commissioners to some friendly sovereign or state, to be then named for that purpose, and who shall be requested to decide on the differences which may be stated in the said report or reports, or upon the report of one commissioner, together with the grounds upon which the other commissioner shall have refused, declined, or omitted to act, as the case may be. And if the commissioner so refusing, declining, or omitting to act, shall also wilfully omit to state the grounds upon which he has so done, in such manner that the said statement may be referred to such friendly sovereign or state, together

with the report of such other commissioner, then such sovereign or state shall decide, *ex parte*, upon the said report alone. And his Britannic majesty and the government of the United States engage to consider the decision of such friendly sovereign or state to be final and conclusive on all the matters so referred.

ARTICLE THE FIFTH.

Whereas neither that point of the highlands lying due north from the source of the river St. Croix, and designated in the former treaty of peace between the two powers as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, nor the northwesternmost head of Connecticut river, has yet been ascertained; and whereas that part of the boundary-line between the dominions of the two powers, which extends from the source of the river St. Croix directly north, to the above-mentioned north-west angle of Nova Scotia, thence along the said highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the northwesternmost head of Connecticut river, thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, thence by a line due west on said latitude until it strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraguy, has not yet been surveyed: It is agreed that, for these several purposes, two commissioners shall be appointed, sworn, and authorized to act, exactly in the manner directed with respect to those mentioned in the next preceding article, unless otherwise specified in the present article. The said commissioners shall meet at St. Andrews, in the province of New Brunswick, and shall have power to adjourn to such other place or places as they shall think fit. The said commissioners shall have power to ascertain and determine the points above-mentioned, in conformity with the provisions of the said treaty of peace, of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three; and shall cause the boundary aforesaid, from the source of the river St. Croix to the river Iroquois or Cataraguy, to be surveyed and marked according to the said provisions. The said commissioners shall

make a map of the said boundary, and annex to it a declaration, under their hands and seals, certifying it to be the true map of the said boundary, and particularizing the latitude and longitude of the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, of the northwesternmost head of Connecticut river, and of such other points of the said boundary as they may deem proper. And both parties agree to consider such map and declaration as finally and conclusively fixing the said boundary. And in the event of the said two commissioners differing, or both or either of them refusing, declining, or wilfully omitting to act, such reports, declarations, or statements, shall be made by them, or either of them, and such reference to a friendly sovereign or state shall be made, in all respects, as in the latter part of the fourth article is contained, and in as full a manner as if the same was herein repeated.

ARTICLE THE SIXTH.

Whereas, by the former treaty of peace, that portion of the boundary of the United States, from the point where the forty-fifth degree of north latitude strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraugy to the Lake Superior, was declared to be "along the middle of said river into Lake Ontario; through the middle of said lake until it strikes the communication, by water, between that lake and Lake Erie; thence along the middle of said communication into Lake Erie, through the middle of said lake until it arrives at the water communication into the Lake Huron; thence through the middle of said lake to the water communication between that lake and Lake Superior;" and whereas doubts have arisen what was the middle of the said river, lakes, and water communications, and whether certain islands, lying in the same, were within the dominions of his Britannic majesty or of the United States: In order, therefore, finally to decide these doubts, they shall be referred to two commissioners, to be appointed, sworn, and authorized to act, exactly in the manner directed with respect to those mentioned in the next preceding article, unless otherwise specified in this present article.

The said commissioners shall meet, in the first instance, at Albany, in the state of New York, and shall have power to adjourn to such other place or places as they shall think fit. The said commissioners shall, by a report or declaration, under their hands and seals, designate the boundary through the said river, lakes, and water communications, and decide to which of the two contracting parties the several islands, lying within the said rivers, lakes, and water communications, do respectively belong, in conformity with the true intent of the said treaty of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three. And both parties agree to consider such designation and decision as final and conclusive. And in the event of the two said commissioners differing, or both or either of them refusing, declining, or wilfully omitting to act, such reports, declarations, or statements, shall be made by them, or either of them, and such reference to a friendly sovereign or state shall be made in all respects as in the latter part of the fourth article is contained, and in as full a manner as if the same was herein repeated.

ARTICLE THE SEVENTH.

It is further agreed that the said two last-mentioned commissioners, after they shall have executed the duties assigned to them in the preceding article, shall be, and they are hereby authorized, upon their oaths, impartially to fix and determine, according to the true intent of the said treaty of peace, of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, that part of the boundary between the dominions of the two powers, which extends from the water communication between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, to the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods; to decide to which of the two parties the several islands lying in the lakes, water communications, and rivers, forming the said boundary, do respectively belong, in conformity with the true intent of the said treaty of peace, of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three; and to cause such parts of the said boundary, as require it, to be surveyed and marked. The said commissioners shall,

by a report or declaration, under their hands and seals, designate the boundary aforesaid, state their decision on the points thus referred to them, and particularize the latitude and longitude of the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods, and of such other parts of the said boundary as they may deem proper. And both parties agree to consider such designation and decision as final and conclusive. And in the event of the said two commissioners differing, or both or either of them refusing, declining, or wilfully omitting to act, such reports, declarations, or statements, shall be made by them, or either of them, and such reference to a friendly sovereign or state, shall be made in all respects as in the latter part of the fourth article is contained, and in as full a manner as if the same was herein repeated.

ARTICLE THE EIGHTH.

The several boards of two commissioners mentioned in the four preceding articles shall respectively have power to appoint a secretary, and to employ such surveyors or other persons as they shall judge necessary. Duplicates of all their respective reports, declarations, statements, and decisions, and of their accounts, and of the journal of their proceedings, shall be delivered by them to the agents of his Britannic majesty and to the agents of the United States, who may be respectively appointed and authorized to manage the business on behalf of their respective governments. The said commissioners shall be respectively paid in such manner as shall be agreed between the two contracting parties, such agreement being to be settled at the time of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty. And all other expenses attending the said commissions shall be defrayed equally by the two parties. And in the case of death, sickness, resignation, or necessary absence, the place of every such commissioner respectively shall be supplied in the same manner as such commissioner was first appointed; and the new commissioner shall take the same oath or affirmation, and do the same duties. It is further agreed between the two contracting parties, that, in case any of the isl-

ands mentioned in any of the preceding articles, which were in the possession of one of the parties prior to the commencement of the present war between the two countries, should, by the decision of any of the boards of commissioners aforesaid, or of the sovereign or state so referred to, as in the four next preceding articles contained, fall within the dominions of the other party, all grants of land made previous to the commencement of the war, by the party having had such possession, shall be as valid as if such island or islands had, by such decision or decisions, been adjudged to be within the dominions of the party having had such possession.

ARTICLE THE NINTH.

The United States of America engage to put an end, immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians with whom they may be at war at the time of such ratification; and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations respectively all the possessions, rights, and privileges, which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities: *Provided always*, That such tribes or nations shall agree to desist from all hostilities against the United States of America, their citizens and subjects, upon the ratification of the present treaty being notified to such tribes or nations, and shall so desist accordingly. And his Britannic majesty engages, on his part, to put an end, immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians with whom he may be at war at the time of such ratification, and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations respectively all the possessions, rights, and privileges, which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities: *Provided always*, That such tribes or nations shall agree to desist from all hostilities against his Britannic majesty and his subjects, upon the ratification of the present treaty being notified to such tribes or nations, and shall so desist accordingly.

ARTICLE THE TENTH.

Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice; and whereas both his majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition: it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavors to accomplish so desirable an object.

ARTICLE THE ELEVENTH.

This treaty, when the same shall have been ratified on both sides, without alteration by either of the contracting parties, and the ratifications mutually exchanged, shall be binding on both parties, and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Washington, in the space of four months from this day, or sooner, if practicable.

IN FAITH WHEREOF, we, the respective plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty, and have thereunto affixed our seals.

Done, in triplicate, at Ghent, the twenty-fourth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen.

[L. s.]	GAMBIER,
[L. s.]	HENRY GOULBURN,
[L. s.]	WILLIAM ADAMS,
[L. s.]	JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

[L. s.]	J. A. BAYARD,
[L. s.]	H. CLAY,
[L. s.]	JONA. RUSSELL,
[L. s.]	ALBERT GALLATIN.

Now, therefore, to the end that the said treaty of peace and amity may be observed with good faith on the part of the United States, I, James Madison, president as aforesaid, have caused the premises to be made public; and I do hereby enjoin all persons bearing office, civil or military, within the United States, and all others, citizens or inhabitants thereof, or being within the same, faithfully to observe and fulfil the said treaty, and every clause and article thereof.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to [L. s.] these presents, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, this eighteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, and of the sovereignty and independence of the United States the thirtieth.

JAMES MADISON.

BY THE PRESIDENT:
JAMES MONROE,
Acting Secretary of State.

PART IV.

THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGNS.

FROM 1845 TO 1848.



PART IV.
MEXICAN CAMPAIGNS.

CHAPTER I.

Independence of Texas.—Claims acknowledged.—Refused by Mexico.—Sympathy of the United States with Texas.—Reciprocation of Feeling.—Annexation.—Action of Mexico.—Military Preparations in the United States.—General Zachary Taylor.—Orders.—Landing of Troops on St. Joseph's Island.—Life and Character of Taylor.—His Birth.—Captain Dick Taylor.—Early Education of Zachary.—Youthful Adventure.—Enters the Army.—Defence of Fort Harrison.—Indian Wars.—Battle of O-ke-cho-bee.—Commander-in-Chief of the First Military Department.—Station at Fort Jesup.—“Rough and Ready.”—Personal Appearance and Characteristics.—Taylor in his Camp.—Pointed Words.—Circumlocution Office.—Taylor at Corpus Christi.—Description of the Place.—Pine-Board Houses.—Life in the Camp.—Camp-Followers.—Amusements.—Gamblers.—The Climate.—Orders to March.—Rumors.—Joyful Intelligence.

1836. TEXAS, having achieved her independence after a successful struggle on the field of San Jacinto with Santa Anna, the military dictator of Mexico, sought recognition as a separate state. Her claims were acknowledged by the principal governments of the world, but obstinately resisted by Mexico, which impotently strove to enforce the allegiance of the severed province.

From its near neighborhood, and the relationship of many of its settlers, who had migrated from the United States, Texas naturally awakened the sympathy of our citizens. From its earliest struggles with Mexico, this feeling was manifested; and when the Texans had gallantly won their freedom, the United States hailed the independent state with a fervid expression of joy. The people of Texas naturally reciprocated the friendly

sentiments of the Americans, and were no sooner freed from Mexican dominion, than they sought a union with the United States, to which most of them were allied by kinship and attracted by political sympathy. This purpose, although thwarted for a while by foreign intrigue and domestic dissension, was finally accomplished. By the passage of an act in the United States senate on **1845.** the 1st of March, and the concurrence of her own government on the 23d of June, Texas became a part of the American Union.

Mexico, still pertinaciously asserting her claims to the severed province, had jealously watched these movements, and, when they were about being consummated, she withdrew her representative at Washington, Colonel Almonte, who took his departure, declaring that the scheme

of annexation was "an act of aggression the most unjust which can be found recorded in the annals of modern history, namely, that of despoiling a friendly nation, like Mexico, of a considerable portion of her territory."

The United States, anticipating the possibility of hostile action on the part of the Mexican government, had already concentrated a force at Fort Jesup, on the frontiers of Texas, in order to be in readiness to march into that territory as soon as its Congress should accept the terms of annexation proposed. General Taylor was appointed commander-in-chief of the "corps of observation," as it was called, and was ordered to advance to the mouth of the Sabine, or to such other point on the gulf of Mexico as he might deem most convenient for an embarkation, at the proper time, for the western frontier of Texas, which, as he was secretly told, was to be his ultimate destination. "You will," said Mr. Bancroft, who was acting temporarily in behalf of Mr. Marcy, the secretary of war, "select and occupy, on or near the Rio Grande del Norte, such a site as will consist with the health of your troops, and will be best adapted to repel an invasion, and to protect what, in the event of annexation, will be our western border. You will limit yourself to the defence of the territory of Texas, unless Mexico should declare war against the United States."

A portion of his force was immediately despatched by land to San Antonio de Bexar, situated on the San Antonio river, in the central part of western Texas, while Taylor, with the rest, proceeded to New

Orleans, in order to embark on transports and sail to a Texan harbor on the gulf. Soon after, three ships and two steamers got under way, conveying the general, his suite, his accompanying troops, and stores, bound to Aransas bay. St. Joseph's island, near the mouth of the Nueces, was selected as the place of landing, and here the "army of occupation," as it was now termed, disembarked. The force comprised two regiments of infantry, one of dragoons, and one of artillery, amounting to fifteen hundred men. The commander-in-chief, whose deeds are among the most memorable of the war, claims a record of his early life. The narrative of the progress of the Mexican campaigns, in which Taylor was so prominent a hero, will be the best history of the most eventful portion of his maturer years.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange county, Virginia, on the 24th of November, 1784. His father, Richard Taylor, was one of the early pioneers of Kentucky, whither he emigrated while Zachary was only a year old, and settled near Louisville. Captain Dick Taylor, as he was called, was a man of spirit, and bore a notable share in many a border warfare with the savages on "*The Dark and Bloody Ground*."* He, moreover, earned some distinction as a politician, being chosen for several successive periods as presidential elector, and rewarded with the office of collector of the customs at the port of Louisville. His wife was a well-educated woman, of simple and unobtrusive manners, and devoted to her domestic duties.

* The meaning of the Indian word *Kentucky*.



Their son Zachary, at the early age of six years, was placed under the charge of an itinerant Connecticut schoolmaster, by whom the docile pupil was taught the elements of a good English education. The lad, though represented as diligent in his studies, was none the less active and joyous as a playfellow. Naturally of a robust constitution, and of lively energies, he was fond of those rude pleasures that the wilderness in which he passed his youth offered such frequent occasion for enjoying. Hunting, fishing, riding, and swimming, were his earliest delights, and he became famous for his skill in all these manly exercises, which not only emboldened his temper, but invigorated his body. When seventeen years of age, he, in company with an elder brother, on a cold day in March, plunged into the swollen Ohio, and swam across to the opposite shore, and back again, without landing.

When, in 1806, a rupture threatened with Great Britain, after the affair of the Chesapeake and Leopard, young Zachary Taylor, then about twenty-two years of age, sought a commission in the army. Through the influence of his family, his ardent wish was easily accomplished, and in 1808 he was appointed a lieutenant in the seventh regiment of infantry. When the war of 1812 broke out, Taylor had reached the rank of captain, and he soon had an opportunity of proving his worth as a gallant soldier. His defence of Fort Harrison has already been recorded in an earlier part of this narrative. Captain Taylor's spirit and judgment on this trying occasion were universally recognised,

and he was rewarded by President Madison with promotion to the rank of major.

In 1832, now a colonel, Taylor bore an active part in the Indian war with Black Hawk. In 1836, he was ordered to Florida, and, with the rank of brevet brigadier-general, placed in command of the first brigade of the army of the South. While in Florida he fought the famous battle of O-ke-cho-bee. With four hundred men, Taylor advanced to meet seven hundred Seminoles and Mickasuckies, intrenched amid cypress-swamps and forests, and led by their famous chieftains John Cohma, Co-a-coo-chee, and Alligator. The struggle was severe, and the loss of the Americans great, but the victory was decided. The trials of the day are best expressed in the words of Taylor himself, who wrote in his despatch: "And here I trust I may be permitted to say that I experienced one of the most trying scenes of my life; and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been differently organized from my own. Besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers; who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides; who had so gallantly beaten the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position; and who had to be conveyed back, through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing so. This service, however, was encountered and overcome, and they have been conveyed thus far, and proceeded on to Tampa Bay, on rude lit-

ters, constructed with the axe and knife alone, with poles and dry hides, the latter being found in great abundance at the encampment of the hostiles. The litters were carried on the backs of our weak and tottering horses, aided by the residue of the command, with more ease and comfort to the sufferers than I could have supposed, and with as much as they could have been in ambulances of the most improved and modern construction."

After five years of arduous service in Florida, General Taylor was given the command of the first department of the army, comprehending the states of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. His headquarters were established at Fort Jesup, whence, as we have seen, he was called, on the prospect of the war with Mexico, to lead the "army of occupation" into Texas.

The familiar title of "*Old Rough and Ready*," which was first bestowed upon General Taylor by his soldiers, and quickly caught up by the people, expresses the popular and just appreciation of the hero. There was a sturdy roughness about his look, as well as a hearty sincerity in his character. He was plain in appearance and simple in manner. Though of the average stature, his disproportionate length of body gave him the appearance, when standing, of a short man. He was squarely and stoutly built, but muscular and active. He was careless of his dress even to shabbiness, and, despising all military coxcomby, he preferred a slouched straw hat or a fatigue-cap, and a plain, well-used coat, to the regulation-uniform. Though,

from his long military career, he had acquired the upright bearing and precise formality of the soldier, he appeared to the passing observer more like a farmer than a warrior. His personal tastes and habits of life were as simple as his dress. He is described by one who visited him in his camp on the Rio Grande, as "a hearty-looking old gentleman, who was dressed in Attakapas pantaloons and a linen roundabout, and remarkable for a bright, flashing eye, a high forehead, a farmer-look, and a 'rough-and-ready' appearance. . . . There was no pomp about his tent. A couple of rough, blue chests served for his table, on which were strewn in masterly confusion a variety of official-looking documents. A quiet-looking, citizen-dressed personage made his appearance, upon hearing the significant call of 'Ben,' bearing on a tin salver a couple of black bottles and shining tumblers, arranged around an earthen pitcher of Rio-Grande water. These refreshments were deposited upon a stool, and 'we helped ourselves' by invitation. We bore to the general a complimentary gift from some of his fellow-citizens of New Orleans, which he declined receiving for the present, giving at the same time a short but 'hard-sense' lecture on the impropriety of naming children and places after men before they were dead, or of his receiving a present for his services 'before the campaign, so far as he was concerned, was finished.'"*

Taylor was a man of few words, which were always uttered with prompt aptitude. His letters and despatches are

* T. B. Thorpe.



J Taylor

models of clear, forcible, and direct expression. It is said that Secretary Marcy, accustomed to the more diffuse documents characteristic of the "circumlocution office," complained to Taylor that his despatches were not sufficiently full. "I am sorry for it," replied the general, "for I put into them all I have to say." A better critic wrote in the *London Times*: "The despatches of General Taylor are remarkable for their succinct energy, and the absence of those verbose and grandiloquent strains which we are accustomed to meet with in narratives of American exploits. He writes like a man of sense, skill, and courage."

1845. General Taylor, after landing his troops on St. Joseph's island, determined to remove them to the mainland, and form an encampment west of the mouth of the Nueces, near the settlement of Corpus Christi, and along the sloping shores of the bay of that name. Hither came, during the fall and winter, further reinforcements of men, making an aggregate force of about four thousand. With the army were the usual camp-followers, and Corpus Christi soon presented a scene of excitement and animation. Sutlers, grocers, *restaurateurs*, gamblers, and loose women, thronged into the place, to administer to the wants and to gratify the tastes and passions of the soldiers. The scattered settlement of Corpus Christi, with its score of houses, soon grew into a crowded town, populous with a thousand inhabitants. Pine-board saloons, flimsy dwellings framed with timber and walled with muslin, and theatres of shingle, rose on all sides, as if by magic. The officers

and soldiers relieved the weariness of camp-life with the pleasures of the field during the day, and the excitements of the town at night. Mounted on their lively little *mustangs* or wild horses, purchased from the Mexicans at twenty-five dollars apiece, they indulged in "scrub-races" on the prairie, or hunted the panther, the antelope, and the deer, in the live-oak forests and the *chapparal*. The evenings were divided between visits to the *tula*-thatched cottages of the Mexican or the clapboarded houses of the American settlers, and the tottering saloons of the Mississippi and New-Orleans gamblers.

With the advance of the winter came the freezing "northers," or the equally uncomfortable drenching rains of 1846. that climate. Embankments were thrown up, and *chapparal*-hedges planted, at the north of the camp, to protect the shivering tents from the cold blasts. The men suffered greatly from the sudden changes of the temperature and the frequent rains. "You go to bed," complains a suffering campaigner, "weather sultry and warm, bed-clothes disagreeable, tent open: before morning you hear a distant rumbling; the roaring increases—the *norther* comes! For several minutes you hear it careering in its wild course; when it reaches you, it issues fresh from the snow-mountains, and with a severity which threatens to prostrate the camp. The change in one's feelings is like an instantaneous transit from the torrid to the frigid zone; blankets are in demand, and no one thinks of living without a good supply on hand. Ice has

formed in pails several times, and one morning every tent had an ice covering; the sleet had frozen upon it, and the crackling of the canvas sounded like anything but music." The imagination of the sufferer, however, good-humoredly supplied him with a compensation; for "our encampment," he says, "presented quite a picturesque appearance, with the evergreen enclosures. It looked like an encampment among orange-groves."

At the opening of spring, the camp at Corpus Christi was all astir with the prospect of a march. The quartermaster's department was full of activity, prepar-

ing the means of transportation. Herds of wild mules were driven in and broken for service, the depots were removed, and the sick sent to Joseph's island, where the general hospital had been established. The news was now spread that General Taylor would march his troops across Texas to the Rio Grande del Norte, which was claimed as the western boundary of the newly-acquired territory. Wearied with the tedium of an inactive camp-life, the soldiers had become restless, and joyfully welcomed the prospect of a change which would bring with it fresh adventure.

CHAPTER II.

Policy of Mexico.—War inevitable.—Pacific Disposition of Santa Anna.—Warlike Spirit of the Mexicans.—Santa Anna banished.—President Herrera.—Negotiations.—Paredes.—Slidell returns from a Bootless Errand.—Imminence of War.—Action of President Polk.—Advance of General Taylor.—Tramp across the Prairie.—The Scenery.—Wild Animals.—The Heat.—Welcome Shelter.—Hot Sand.—A Mirage.—Illusions of the Imagination.—Salt Streams of the Colorado.—Expected Resistance.—Big Words.—Trumpet-Blasts.—Crossing the Colorado.—A Pleasant Change.—Picturesque Scene.—Threatened Opposition.—A Halt.—Taylor proceeds to Point Isabel.—His Arrival.—The Depot.—A Mexican Protest.—Answer at Matamoras.—Encampment at Palo Alto.—Junction of Taylor.—A Cheerful March.—Improved Country.—Abounding Snakes.—First View of the Rio Grande.—City of Matamoras.—The Mexican Army.—Pitching the Camp.—Interested Spectators.—Capture of Dragoons.—Communication with the Enemy.—Interview between General Worth and La Vega.—Preparing for Coming Events.—Defences of the Mexicans.—American Preparations.—Courtesies.—Rumors.—General Ampudia crossing.—Proclamation.—Deserters.—Servants turned Masters.—Batteries and Field-Works.—Fort Brown.

1846. WHILE the United States were thus preparing for the event, Mexico found herself so involved by the policy which she had pursued, that war became inevitable. Santa Anna, in spite of his warlike threats, had latterly shown a disposition toward peace. The spirit of the Mexican people, however, had been stirred, and they now turned away from the pacific dictator, and hailed the ad-

vent of his sworn enemy, Paredes, who had declared himself for war. Santa Anna was banished, and Herrera became president of Mexico. The country, however, was in such a hopeless state of bankruptcy, that, in spite of the evident popularity of war, the new government of Mexico intimated a desire to treat with the United States. Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, was accordingly despatched, by

President Polk, as minister extraordinary, with full powers to terminate all difficulties between the two countries. The arrival of the American ambassador, however, soon excited the jealousy of the Mexican war-party, at the head of which was General Paredes. This unscrupulous officer, while President Herrera was about opening negotiations, marched with his troops to the capital, and, establishing himself as military dictator, refused all acknowledgment of the official character of Mr. Slidell. This gentleman, therefore, returned from his bootless errand to the United States.

War now being supposed imminent, President Polk immediately despatched a strong squadron to the Mexican coast, and ordered General Taylor to advance with his force to the western frontier of Texas. The American army accordingly began its march early in the
Mar. 8. spring. The troops, after their long encampment at Corpus Christi of more than seven months, started with spirit upon their tramp across the prairie and desert which extend between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. General Taylor and his staff were among the last to leave the now desolate camp-ground, but soon pushed forward and overtook the advance.

The route, for the most part, lay over a wide expanse of prairie, intersected by an occasional stream, and only relieved of its uniformity by the scrubby growth of the *mosquete* and prickly pear. Frequent herds of antelope, droves of *mustangs*, and of *peccarees* or wild boars, startled by the approach of the advancing

columns, and dashing in panic-flight over the desolate plains, gave some variety to the scene, and supplied the officers and soldiers during a halt with abundant and exciting sport.

On reaching the small and widely-separated creeks, now quite dry by the long and parching drought of the season, the troops found a welcome shelter from the hot glare of the sun, under the dense but narrow belt of woods which covered the banks. This refreshing relief, however, came at rare intervals; and the soldiers were forced to trudge over a continuous desert of nearly twoscore miles in width. The sun's rays beat upon them; the dust rose in thick clouds, blinding and choking them; and the men, often a whole day without water, sank exhausted into the deep sand of the prairie, which burnt their feet like hot ashes. The illusion of the *mirage*, with its inviting pictures of mountain, lake, streams, and groves, served to provoke hope and embitter disappointment. Real crystal lakes, however, sometimes glittered in the bright sun, and genuine groves of green came in view; but no sooner did the exhausted soldier seek refreshment for his parched lips and repose for his tired limbs, than he found the water salt, and the shade an impenetrable thicket of thorn and cactus.

After twelve days' march, the advance troops reached the salt stream of the Colorado. General Taylor, having
Mar. 20. pushed rapidly forward, was with them, expecting resistance from the enemy. Some thirty Mexicans only were in view, on the opposite bank; and, while

assuming an attitude of hostility, they declared to the American commander that, if his force attempted to cross, they would fire upon it.

In the meantime, the bugles of the enemy sounded up and down the river, as if great numbers were gathered, in readiness to give battle. General Taylor, nothing daunted, immediately set his men to work, clearing the *chaparral*, and leveling the bank of the river for the advance of the train; and answered the threat of the Mexicans with a few resolute words, telling them that, "as soon as he had cut down the bank, he intended to cross, and that the first Mexican he saw after his men entered the water would be shot."

The bank being cleared, all were in readiness to advance, when the adjutant-general Mejia, who commanded at Matamoras, presented himself to Taylor, and handed him a paper from the Mexican general, forbidding the crossing of the Americans, and declaring that he would look upon it as a declaration of war.

Finding his message bootless, the adjutant took his leave, with the emphatic assertion that resistance would certainly be opposed, and that a struggle was inevitable. "Forward!" was now Taylor's order; and the batteries being drawn up to cover the passage, and the port-fires lighted, the men of "the forlorn hope" dashed into the river, with General Worth leading the van. The enemy, however, did not show themselves. The

Mar. 21. Colorado was thus crossed without a gun being fired. It is presumed that the Mexicans were in small force, and strove to effect by words what they

were conscious they could not accomplish by deeds. The river, however, with a breadth of a hundred yards, a depth of some four feet, and its bluff banks covered with a dense growth of *mosquete* and prickly pear, offered every advantage for disputing the crossing, had the enemy been in sufficient force.

A pleasant change greeted the army on the other side of the Colorado. The country lost its desert aspect, and became diversified with rolling prairie, ponds of fresh water, and a more abundant vegetation. A rich pasturage of green and succulent grass, varied with stretches of the wild pea in full blossom, covered the surface of the ground on every side; and scattered clumps of the acacia, with its sweet-scented flowers, and the ebony, with its deep-green leaves, mitigated with their shade the sun's glare, and gave a softer tone to the landscape.

General Taylor, hearing that General Ampudia, who had been appointed to supersede General Arista, was marching with five thousand men toward Matamoras, determined to push on and secure Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, before the small Mexican force in possession of that place could be reinforced. As he proceeded, however, he discovered that there was no fear of opposition in that quarter; and accordingly, having halted his army, Taylor pressed on with the dragoons and the wagons to Point Isabel, leaving General Worth to move the main body of the troops, on resuming their march, toward the Rio Grande, in the direction of Matamoras.

On reaching Point Isabel, Taylor found

the steamboats from the United States, laden with stores, arrived in timely concurrence with his own movement. The Point was immediately selected as a depot, works commenced for its protection, and Major Monroe, with two companies, assigned to the command of the post.

A deputation of fifty Mexican citizens of Matamoras, headed by the prefect of the state of Tamaulipas, soon after came in, with a protest against the occupation of the country by the Americans. Taylor had no time for negotiation, and bluntly declared that he would give them an answer at Matamoras.

After completing his arrangements at Point Isabel, the general pushed on with his dragoons and laden wagons, to overtake Worth and the main body, which, after marching some few miles toward the Rio Grande, had encamped at Palo Alto.

On the arrival of the commander, the army resumed its cheerful march over

Mar. 28. the beautiful expanse of country which extends to the banks of the Rio Grande. Signs of cultivation now became frequent as they approached the river. Fields of Indian corn and cotton, enclosed with fences of brushwood, divided the fertile plain, and grass-thatched huts were grouped here and there in the shade of pomegranate and orange trees. Herds of cattle fed upon the rich pasture of the prairie, on the outskirts of the settlement; quail rose from every tuft of grass, and flocks of wild duck darkened the ponds. The sportsmen rejoiced in the abundance of game, the pursuit of which even the noisy warning of the in-

numerable rattlesnakes did not serve to check. These serpents were so abounding, that, during an encampment, they glided into the tents at all hours and on all occasions. The soldiers, before they turned in at night, not seldom found their blankets, and in the morning when they turned out, their knapsacks, preoccupied by one or more of these venomous reptiles, and habitually shook the one and the other before they lay down to sleep or rose to duty.

The troops now beheld with delight the waters of the Rio Grande, and soon began to pitch their tents in the fields of corn and cotton which bordered the northern bank. Near by, stood some deserted houses, surrounded by the remains of a garden, in which the orange, lemon, fig, banana, plantain, peach, and coconut, still bore fruit, and neglected parterres displayed many a bright-colored and sweet-scented flower. On the opposite side of the river, about half a mile from the water, stood the city of Matamoras. From some of the more prominent buildings floated the Mexican flag, marking the headquarters of General Mejia, then in command, and the various stations of the artillery and the two thousand troops which occupied the town.

As soon as the Americans had pitched their tents and hoisted their flag, to the tunes of *The Star-spangled Banner* and *Yankee Doodle*, cheerily played by the regimental bands, the English, French, and Spanish colors were displayed from the residences of the several consuls at Matamoras. The absence of the American flag among them gave rise to various

speculations. "We looked in vain for ours," wrote one of the American officers. "Either our consul is confined, or else he dare not raise it."

On the verdant bank which rolled from the shallow hollow in which the town stood, down for half a mile to the river, there were gathered several hundred people, who looked with inquiring interest upon the movements of the American troops on the opposite shore. The Rio Grande being only a hundred and seventy-five yards in breadth at this point, brought both sides in easy view of each other. The Mexicans, with the exception of a few harmless herdsmen and peasants, had disappeared from the Texan banks of the stream, on the approach of the main body of the American army. Some of the enemy's cavalry had, however, pounced upon two of the advanced guard of General Taylor's dragoons and carried them off as prisoners to Matamoras. A bugle-boy, who was with them, succeeded by dismounting in escaping, and, leaving his horse in the hands of the captors, returned in safety to the camp, with intelligence of the capture of his comrades.

Immediately on encamping, Taylor deputed General Worth to open communication with the commander of the Mexican forces. Worth, accompanied by his suite, advanced to the water's edge, and, signifying his desire for a parley by a display of the white flag of truce, was, after some delay, answered by the arrival of a boat from the other side. The Mexican officer on board, on being told that a personal communication was sought with the

commander-in-chief of the forces at Matamoras, recrossed the stream, and soon came back with the answer of General Mejia, who declared that personally he would neither receive General Worth, nor the communication of General Taylor, unless the latter presented himself. He expressed his readiness, however, to depute his second in command, General La Vega, to hold the interview.

Worth accordingly crossed the river, and met this officer on the opposite bank. After some preliminary explanation of the character of his embassy, Worth, finding that General Mejia still refused a personal communication, resolved, although he had courteously read it to La Vega, to withdraw the document he bore. In the meantime, an animated discussion arose in regard to the respective rights and objects of the Americans and Mexicans. "Has Mexico declared war against the United States?" asked Worth. "No," answered La Vega. "Are the two countries still at peace?"—"Yes," declared the Mexican general. Thereupon an interview with the American consul was demanded. This, however, not being complied with, Worth prepared to return to the camp, when La Vega asked, "Is it the intention of General Taylor to remain on the left bank of the Rio Grande?"—"Most assuredly," replied Worth, "and there to continue until otherwise directed by his government." The Mexican then having emphatically expressed his indignation at seeing the American flag on the Rio Grande, "a portion of Mexican territory," Worth replied with warmth "That, sir, is a matter of taste; notwith

standing, there it will remain." La Vega resumed, remarking that he considered the attitude of the Americans as one of war; whereupon he was answered that General Mejia might, by a very simple operation, determine when and where the war should begin, but that it would be for the United States to say when and where it should end.

General Worth, upon receiving an emphatic "No! no!" to his reiterated demand to see the consul of the United States, declared: "I have now to state that the refusal of my demand to see the American consul is regarded as a belligerent act; and, in conclusion, I have to add that the commanding general of the American forces on the left bank of the river will regard the passage of any armed party of Mexicans in hostile array across the Rio Grande as an act of war, and pursue it accordingly."* The American general now took his leave of La Vega, and recrossed the river to Taylor's camp.

Active hostilities growing daily more imminent, both parties prepared for coming events. The enemy raised a battery of sand-bags, and mounted it with a heavy gun, directly in front of the town, and began to erect defences up and down the river. The Americans were not less busy in collecting fascines and hurdles, preparatory to the erection of works to cover their encampment. The Mexican regiments, in full parade—the men actively employed at the works, the officers in gaudy uniforms lounging about—and the "well-developed, magnificent figures" of

the scantily-draped *señoritas*, were in full view across the narrow river. Conversational courtesies, at times, were even exchanged; and some of the Mexicans were emboldened to cross to the American camp and offer their fresh provisions for sale.

The prospect, however, of a struggle, became daily more threatening. Rumors circulated that the doughty General Ampudia was marching rapidly toward Matamoros with large reinforcements, to give battle; and every sound of a gun was caught up, as heralding his approach. He had already given token of his advance, by distributing, through means of spies, a proclamation among the soldiers of foreign origin in the American camp. Denouncing the United States government for "its repeated acts of barbarous aggression," he urged those who were born in Great Britain, Germany, France, Poland, and all others, to separate themselves from the "Yankees," and "come with all confidence to the Mexican ranks, and," he added, "I guaranty to you, upon my honor, good treatment, and that all your expenses shall be defrayed until your arrival in the beautiful capital of Mexico."

Scornfully as this proclamation was received generally in the American camp, there were not wanting, as is usual, those who were ready to desert the flag which they had sworn to defend. Some of the negro-servants fled over to the Mexicans, among whom they were received with honor, and promoted from behind the master's chair to a seat at the table. Occasionally a soldier would attempt to de-

* Thorp.

sert, and several were shot while in the act of swimming across the narrow river to the opposite bank.

The American troops, having finished the battery in front of the camp, were now kept busy in constructing a large field-work. A regiment was each day de-

tailed for the labor, under the supervision of Captain Mansfield, of the engineers; and soon Fort Brown, as it was called, presented a formidable appearance, with its six heavy bastion fronts, and its great enclosure, capable of containing four or five regiments.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival of General Ampudia at Matamoras.—Increased Vigor in the American Camp.—Colonel May sent to protect Point Isabel.—Return of the Dragoons.—Disappearance of Colonel Cross.—Belligerent Tone of the Mexicans.—Communication from Ampudia.—Answer of General Taylor.—“It is coming.”—Lively Excitement in the American Camp.—Short Grace.—Resignation of General Worth.—Succession of General Twiggs.—Fortification of the Camp.—No Enemy.—Rumors.—Romano Falcon.—Murder of Cross.—Massacre of Lieutenant Porter.—“Authorized Murderers.”—Blockade of the Rio Grande.—Discontent of Ampudia.—Rebuke from Taylor.—Grand Review of the Enemy.—Arrival of General Arista.—Stir in the American Camp.—Movements of the Mexicans.—A Reconnoitring-Party.—Rumored Defeat of Captain Thornton.—The War begun.—Thornton’s Disaster.—A Bold Charge.—Fall and Capture of Thornton.—Surrender of Captain Hardee.—The Killed and Prisoners.—Reinforcements demanded by Taylor.—Captain Walker and his Texan Rangers attacked by the Mexicans.—The Enemy on the American Side of the Rio Grande.—Garrison of Fort Brown.—March of Taylor to Point Isabel.—Attack on Fort Brown.—Successful Defence.—The Enemy in Force.—Taylor marches to give Battle.—A Characteristic Order.—Halt.—The Mexicans in View.—Order of Battle.—A Daring Reconnoitre.—Palo Alto.—Line of the Enemy.

1846. On the morning of the 11th of April, the sound of guns firing, bells ringing, and bands playing, came from the other side of the Rio Grande, and announced to the American camp the long-expected arrival of the Mexican General Ampudia at Matamoras, with large reinforcements.

A struggle becoming daily more imminent, General Taylor stimulated his men to renewed vigor toward the completion of the works of Fort Brown, and detached Captain May, with a squadron of dragoons, to hasten to Point Isabel, to protect the depot at that place, supposed to be threatened with an attack from a body of Mexican cavalry, reported (erro-

neously, however) to have come across the Rio Grande for the purpose.

The two captured dragoons having been sent back on the demand of General Taylor, their release was immediately followed by the disappearance of Colonel Cross, which awakened great fears in the camp, and excited suspicions of foul play. This occurrence served to arouse the hostile feeling of the Americans, whose eagerness for the fight was still further increased by the belligerent tone of the newly-arrived Mexican commander.

On the day after General Ampudia marched into Matamoras, **April 12.** he sounded a parley, and sent two Mexican officers across the Rio Grande, who,

on being escorted to the tent of General Taylor, presented him with the following communication:—

“To explain to you the many grounds for the just grievances felt by the Mexican nation, caused by the United States government, would be a loss of time, and an insult to your good sense. I therefore pass at once to such explanations as I consider of absolute necessity.

“Your government, in an incredible manner—you will even permit me to say an extravagant one, if the usage or general rules established and received among all civilized nations are regarded—has not only insulted but exasperated the Mexican nation, bearing its conquering banner to the left bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte; and in this case, by explicit and definitive orders of my government, which neither can, will, nor should receive new outrages, I require you in all form, and at latest in the peremptory term of twenty-four hours, to break up your camp and retire to the other bank of the Nueces river, while our governments are regulating the pending question in relation to Texas. If you insist in remaining upon the soil of the department of Tamaulipas, it will clearly result that arms and arms alone must decide the question; and, in that case, I advise you that we accept the war to which, with so much injustice on your part, you provoke us; and that, on our part, this war shall be conducted conformably to the principles established by the most civilized nations: that is to say, that the law of nations and of war shall be the guide of my operations—trusting that

on your part the same principles will be observed.

“With this view, I tender you the considerations due to your person and respectable office.

“God and liberty!

“HEADQUARTERS AT MATAMORAS, }
two o'clock, April 12, 1846. }

“PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

“Sr. General-in-Chief of the U. S. Army,

“Don Z. TAYLOR.”

To this communication General Taylor answered thus:—

“HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
CAMP NEAR MATAMORAS, TEXAS. April 12, 1846. }

“SEÑOR: I have had the honor to receive your note of this date, in which you summon me to withdraw the forces under my command from their present position, and beyond the river Nueces, until the pending question between our governments, relative to the limits of Texas, shall be settled.

“I need hardly advise you that, charged as I am, in only a military capacity, with the performance of specific duties, I can not enter into a discussion of the international question involved in the advance of the American army. You will, however, permit me to say that the government of the United States has constantly sought a settlement, by negotiation, of the question of boundary; that an envoy was despatched to Mexico for that purpose; and that, up to the most recent dates, said envoy had not been received by the actual Mexican government, if indeed he has not received his passports and left the republic. In the meantime, I have been ordered to occupy the coun-

try up to the left bank of the Rio Grande, until the boundary shall be definitively settled. In carrying out these instructions, I have carefully abstained from all acts of hostility; obeying, in this regard, not only the letter of my instructions, but the plain dictates of justice and humanity.

"The instructions under which I am acting will not permit me to retrograde from the position I now occupy. In view of the relations between our respective governments, and the individual suffering which may result, I regret the alternative which you offer; but, at the same time, wish it understood that I shall by no means avoid such alternative, leaving the responsibility with those who rashly commence hostilities.

"In conclusion, you will permit me to give the assurance that on my part the laws and customs of war among civilized nations shall be carefully observed.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ZACHARY TAYLOR.

"SEÑOR GEN. D. PEDRO DE AMPUDIA."

As Captain Bliss, the son-in-law of Taylor, and assistant adjutant-general, came out from the commander's tent, he remarked to some of his comrades: "Well, you may get ready; it's coming!" The whole camp was now in a lively state of expectation; and, in consideration of Ampudia's short grace of twenty-four hours, an immediate attack was looked for, and every disposition was made to repel it. The second brigade was moved to the left of the line. General Twiggs, the successor of General Worth (who, having

been aggrieved by the settlement of the question of brevet rank, had resigned), at the head of the dragoons and Ringgold's battery, formed the centre; and the third brigade, with Bragg's and Duncan's batteries, occupied the field-work. The camp was thus so strongly protected, that it was deemed impregnable, and the foe was awaited with defiant confidence. The Mexicans, however, did not come; and the American troops went energetically to work completing Fort Brown, without disturbance.

Rumors circulated from hour to hour of the crossing of the enemy; and a considerable force was detached to escort the train coming from Point Isabel, as it was suspected to be the purpose of the Mexicans to cut off the supplies. The train, however, arrived in safety.

Every effort was now made to discover a clue to the fate of Colonel Cross, the commissary-general of the camp. The Mexican commander was questioned in vain, and parties set out to endeavor to solve the mystery. It was conjectured that the notorious Romano Falcon, the leader of a body of *rancheros*, or mounted bandits, who were prowling about the American camp, had fallen in with the colonel and murdered him. Lieutenants Dobbins and Porter, with ten men, accordingly set out to catch this desperado, if possible, and inflict summary vengeance for the murder of Cross. This small party, however, was met by a body of Mexicans, and, being attacked in the *chaparral*, Lieutenant Porter and one of his men were taken prisoners and cruelly massacred. A Mexican at length brought in

intelligence of the discovery of a dead body, which was soon identified as that of the missing colonel; and, upon due investigation, it was concluded that the unfortunate officer had been assassinated by Falcon and his band of "authorized murderers."

General Taylor having ordered the mouth of the Rio Grande to be blockaded, two American schooners, with supplies for the Mexican army, bound from New Orleans to Matamoras, were driven off, much to the discontent of General Ampudia, who immediately wrote to Taylor, protesting in strong terms against the act, and indulging in some gratuitous observations upon the American "invasion."

General Taylor, in reply, calmly justified the blockade, on the ground of the state of war, so repeatedly declared to be existing by the Mexicans themselves, and took occasion to rebuke Ampudia for the discourtesy of his letter. "I beg leave to state," said Taylor, emphatically, "that I consider the tone of your communication highly exceptionable, where you stigmatize the movement of the army under my orders as 'marked with the seal of universal reprobation.' You must be aware that such language is not respectful in itself, either to me or to my government; and while I observe in my own correspondence the courtesy due to your high position, and to the magnitude of the interests with which we are respectively charged, I shall expect the same in return."

April 25. A grand review of the enemy in the morning, with the usual firing of cannon and pealing of church-

bells, announced the arrival of General Arista, commander-in-chief of the Mexican army of the North, who had now assumed the command of the forces at Matamoras.

The American camp was once more astir with the intelligence that the new general had no sooner arrived, than he began to throw across the Rio Grande, above and below, large bodies of his troops. Taylor at once despatched Captain Thornton, with a squadron of dragoons, to reconnoitre; and next **April 26.** day the Mexican guide came in with the report that Thornton had fallen in with General Torrejon, at the head of some twenty-five hundred Mexicans, and been worsted.

General Taylor now prepared for a serious struggle. The utmost vigilance was enjoined; an intrenchment was thrown up; and the men were ordered to lie under arms, and be ready at all hours. The war was now believed to be actually begun.

A full report of Captain Thornton's disaster was soon received. He had proceeded for sixteen miles up the river, when his guide deserted him. Thornton, however, pushed for three miles farther on, till he reached a plantation, enclosed within a high *chaparral* fence. Entering a field, he led on his dragoons to a house within, when the alarm was given that the enemy were coming. As soon as he caught sight of them, Thornton headed his dragoons, and ordered a charge through the Mexicans, who, having gained possession of the entrance to the field, now had command of the enclosure. Spurring for-

ward, the dragoons strove to cut their way out, but were driven back by the heavy fire of the thronging enemy. They now dashed to the right, and again to the left, with the hope of escape, but were unable to struggle through the *chaparral*. At this moment, Thornton's horse was shot and fell, bringing his rider to the ground, and leaving him in the hands of the Mexicans.

Captain Hardee now took the command, and, calling on the dragoons to follow, pushed toward the river, with the intention of swimming it, but, finding the banks too boggy, was forced to abandon the attempt. He then returned to the field, and, withdrawing his men out of the range of the musketry, determined, as he was now completely hemmed in, either to surrender on honorable terms, or to die fighting. Hardee therefore spurred his horse forward, and, meeting with a Mexican officer, held a short parley, received satisfactory terms, and surrendered his whole party of forty-five men. Lieutenant Mason, two sergeants, and eight privates, had been killed in the struggle. The rest were taken prisoners to Matamoras, where they received the kindest treatment.

General Taylor, finding that the enemy were gathering in increased force, sent on a requisition to the governors of Louisiana and Texas for five thousand men, and gladly authorized Captain Walker, a Texan ranger, to raise a company of volunteers. Walker, having already surrounded himself with a few spirited followers, was stationed between the American camp and Point Isabel, when, during

his absence on a scout with all but fifteen of his men, his camp was set upon by a large body of Mexicans, who killed five of the rangers, and carried away four as prisoners.

Finding the enemy thronging in large numbers on his side of the Rio Grande, General Taylor became anxious to secure the communication between his depot at Point Isabel and the works opposite to Matamoras. Having accordingly nearly completed Fort Brown, and garrisoned it with the seventh regiment of infantry, Bragg's battery, and an additional company of soldiers under Captain Loud, and placed Major Brown in command of the whole, the chief took up his march, with the rest of his force, to Point Isabel, where he arrived next day. **May 1.**

The Mexicans, aware of General Taylor's movement, which, with complacent vanity, they termed a retreat before their dread array, prepared to make an immediate attack on Fort Brown, and opened a fire upon it with their batteries on the third day after the departure of the main body of the Americans. The booming of the cannon was borne to the camp at Point Isabel, and all were agitated with anxiety for the result. Captain May, with a squadron of dragoons, accompanied by Captain Walker and his Texan rangers, was sent out to reconnoitre, and communicate with the fort. They came back with the cheering intelligence that all the enemy's attempts on Fort Brown had been ineffectual, notwithstanding the heavy bombardment to which it had been exposed. The Mexicans, nevertheless, were known to have

crossed the Rio Grande in great force, and were stationed on the road between the fort and Point Isabel, for the purpose of intercepting the communication. Taylor resolved to march out and give them battle. Making his preparations accordingly, he issued this characteristic order:

May 7. "The army will march to-day, at three o'clock, in the direction of Matamoras. It is known the enemy has recently occupied the route in force. If still in possession, the general will give him battle. The commanding general has every confidence in his officers and men. If his orders and instructions are carried out, he has no doubt of the result, let the enemy meet him in what numbers they may. He wishes to enjoin upon the battalions of infantry that their main dependence must be in the bayonet."

The march began on the afternoon of the 7th of May. The American force, though composed of little more than two thousand men, was animated with confidence of victory, even under the expectation of an immediate struggle with immensely superior numbers. After proceeding five miles with their heavy train, laden with provisions, ammunition, six twelve and two eighteen pounders, the troops were halted for the night.

Captain Walker, who had gone out on a scout, came back next morning with the report that the enemy had abandoned their camp, and it was believed that they would decline battle. On the May 8. army resuming its march, however, the advanced guard discovered the Mexicans in great force, formed on the field of Palo Alto, and ready for the fight.

Having halted his troops, to refresh the jaded men after the hot morning's march of twelve miles, and allowed them to fill their canteens with water, Taylor formed them in line of battle, and advanced to meet the enemy, leaving his train in the rear, guarded by a squadron of dragoons. The fifth regiment of infantry, with Ringgold's light battery; the third regiment of infantry, with Churchill's eighteen-pounders; and the fourth regiment of infantry, formed the right wing, under the command of General Twiggs. Duncan's artillery, the artillery-companies serving as infantry, and the eighth regiment of infantry, composed the left wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Belknap.

As the American line moved on, Lieutenant Blake, of the topographical engineers, galloped rapidly forward, and did not check his rein until within about a hundred and fifty yards of the foe, when he dismounted, and, poising his glass, coolly reconnoitred their strength and position. Two Mexican officers advanced to meet him, naturally conjecturing that the daring American was the bearer of a flag. As they came up, however, he sprang into his saddle, and, having ridden along the wide front of the Mexicans, galloped to headquarters, with a full report of their strength. The enemy's position had been carefully selected, and extended in a long line on the prairie, in front of the *chaparral* and a thicket of *mosquete*, from which the field received its name of *Palo Alto*, or "high timber." Their cavalry was on the left, then a battery, masses of infantry, another battery, and again masses of infantry.

CHAPTER IV.

Battle of Palo Alto.—A Steady Advance.—Effect of the Artillery.—A Destructive Sweep.—A Numerous Enemy.—Filling up the Gaps.—The Mexican Fire.—A Deafening Cannonade.—The Prairie on Fire.—A Decisive Blow from the Enemy.—Attack of Torrejon's Cavalry.—The Charge.—Saddles emptied.—Ringgold's Battery.—Mowing down the Mexicans.—General Arista changing his Tactics.—A Pause.—Renewal of the Battle.—Fall of Major Ringgold.—A Mortal Wound.—An Heroic Man.—Lingering Death.—Calmness of General Taylor.—"A little nearer."—The Attempt on the American Left.—Sudden Apparition.—Scattering of the Mexicans.—A Desultory Attack.—Flight of the Enemy.—American Victory.—The Losses.—Life and Character of Ringgold.—His Birth.—Early Services.—Diligent Study.—Honors to his Memory.—A Sweet Sleep on a Battle-Field.—Busy Surgeons.—The Enemy on the Move.—A Council of War.—Taylor orders an Advance.—The March.—Heaps of Dead Mexicans.—A Halt.—Sending Despatches.—Confidence of Taylor.—Death of Lieutenant Blake.—Advance-Party.—Struggle with the Enemy.—Drawing Fire.—The Mexicans reinforced.—Resaca de la Palma.—Description.—The Battle.—Apparent Confusion.—Every Man for Himself.—General Enthusiasm.—Captain May's Charge.—Capture of General La Vega.—Guns silenced.—The Infantry to the Rescue.—The Battle won.

1846. WHEN the Americans—who advanced with a coolness and steadiness as if on drill—had reached within seven hundred yards, the enemy opened fire from a battery on their right. May 8. General Taylor halted at once, and deploying his force into line, with the exception of the eighth infantry on the left, which remained in column, pushed forward his artillery and returned the Mexican fire. Ringgold's and Duncan's batteries, and Churchill's two eighteen-pounders, aimed directly at the close ranks of the enemy, told with great effect, mowing down whole platoons at each discharge. The Mexican troops, however, with their great numbers, were soon able to fill up the gaps in their line, and continued to supply victims to the destructive sweep of the American artillery. The Mexican fire, which was chiefly directed against the batteries of their opponents, produced comparatively little effect; and their balls, badly aimed, either fell short or passed over the American line.

For two hours this cannonading continued between the opposing forces, deafening the troops with its roar, and enshrouding the whole field in clouds of smoke. The dry prairie-grass catching fire, its flame was rolled by the gentle breeze toward the American left, and with its lurid glare blinded the eyes and partially hid the two armies from each other. The cannon, however, still poured forth their volleys, and increased the din and obscurity.

The Mexican commander now began to manoeuvre, with the view of striking some decisive blow. He ordered General Torrejon, with his mounted lancers, a battery of two guns, and a support of infantry, to strive to turn the American right. The Mexican cavalry, exposed to a direct fire from a section of Ringgold's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Ridgeley, and Churchill's two eighteen-pounders, had already suffered greatly, and, being still within their range, pressed their horses to a quick gallop, until they disappeared

in some confusion behind the *chaparral*. But they soon appeared again, emerging from the thicket, where they were met by the fifth regiment, firmly formed in square, with Captain Walker and a score of rangers on its right, posted to oppose Torrejon's flank movement. As soon as the lancers approached within close musket-shot distance, they unslung their *escopetas*, and began a fire, which wounded two of the American soldiers. The fifth, however, briskly returned a volley, which emptied twenty saddles at once, and drove back the whole force of cavalry.

Another portion of Torrejon's troopers had penetrated farther toward the rear, and threatened the safety of the American train. General Twiggs, however, had provided against this danger, by sending the third regiment of infantry to the rescue; and as soon as the Mexicans discovered that all was ready for their reception, they turned their reins, put spurs to their horses, and galloped out of reach of musket-shot.

The Mexican artillery met with no better success; for it had hardly got within range of the infantry on the American flank, when two of Ringgold's guns being promptly pushed forward and thrown into battery, poured forth a volley of canister, which drove the enemy's artillerists away with their pieces, before they had time to unlimber.

In the meanwhile, the general cannonade continued between the two opposing lines; but the slaughter of the Mexicans far exceeded that of the Americans, for General Arista still kept his troops in mass along his line, so that they were

greatly exposed to the sure aim of our artillerists. Arista, however, finding his men thus mowed down by the destructive sweep of the American cannon, shifted his position, by causing his left wing to fall back; and, bringing his right forward, he advanced under cover of the blaze of the burning prairie-grass, and the dense clouds of smoke which shrouded that part of the field, and strove to turn the American left.

While the Mexican general was thus manœuvring, there was a pause in the fight of nearly an hour, when Taylor advanced his right wing along the Matamoros road, with Ringgold's battery and the two eighteen-pounders still in advance, supported by the fourth infantry and the first brigade, until they nearly reached the position from which the Mexican left had retired. The action again began with renewed spirit, and the American artillery once more to pour forth its destructive fire upon the doomed Mexican infantry, which received the severe cannonade with a resolute steadiness that won the admiration of every soldier.

The enemy's artillery, too, now told upon the American ranks with greater effect. Captain May and his squadron of horse, being detached to advance and make a demonstration on the left of the Mexican position, suffered severely. The fourth infantry, also, while supporting the two eighteen-pounders and Ringgold's battery, was terribly galled by the Mexican artillery. Several men of the regiment were killed, and Captain Page fell, mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, which carried away his lower jaw. The gallant

Major Ringgold, who had during the day so bravely borne his important share in the conflict, was likewise struck by a cannon-shot, which hit him under the right thigh, and, passing through his holsters and the withers of his horse, cut through his left thigh, and tore away the flesh on his legs from his knees to his body. The brave Ringgold and his thoroughbred charger fell together. The brute animal writhed in agony, but the heroic man remained calm in suffering, sustaining his heavy head with one hand, while with his other he waved off the soldiers who thronged to his aid, saying—"Don't stay with me; you have other work to do: go ahead!" To his fellow-officer, Colonel Payne, who hastened to his side, he gave his watch and purse, saying, "Give these to my sister," and quickly turned over to die. He, however, lingered for three days, breathing his last on the 11th of May.

In the midst of this struggle and carnage on the right of the American line, General Taylor was sitting calmly on his horse, watching each movement of the opposing armies with quiet circumspection, and giving his orders with cool composure. As the balls were falling thickly about him, an officer near by ventured to suggest that he was greatly exposing his life, and to advise him to retire to a short distance in the rear. "Let us ride a little nearer—the balls will fall behind us," replied the old general.

In the meantime, General Arista was attempting his movement to turn the American left; but the vigilant Duncan, through the shifting smoke of the artillery and of the burning prairie, caught a

glimpse of the approaching enemy, and, after a moment's consultation with Lieutenant-Colonel Belknap, who commanded the left wing, galloped forward with his battery to meet the threatened attack. As Duncan rapidly wheeled his horses, and brought his artillery into position, through the cloud of fire and smoke, the enemy beheld with amazement the sudden apparition. The cavalry on the Mexican right at once checked their reins, and drew up with affright; but the infantry came steadily on toward Duncan's left. The battery now opened from front and flank, and soon drove back both horse and foot, and the enemy went flying for refuge to the *chaparral* in their rear.

The Mexicans still kept up a desultory attack on the American right with scattered parties of cavalry, but were finally dispersed by the steady discharge of artillery, supported by the firm ranks of a battalion of infantry. The sun had set upon the field of strife during the hottest of the struggle, and the shades of night now gathering fast, the engagement was closed.

Thus ended the battle of Palo Alto, after an action of about five hours' duration. The enemy were driven from the field, and General Taylor encamped for the night upon the battle-ground. The strength of the Mexicans was computed at six thousand men, and their loss at nearly a hundred killed and several hundred wounded. The Americans numbered only twenty-three hundred, and had but four killed and forty wounded. Among the latter were Captain Page, Lieutenant Luther, and Major Ringgold, whose death



THE CAPTURE OF A BRITISH OFFICER BY THE ENEMY.

occurred a few days subsequently at Point Isabel, whither he was borne to the hospital.

The gallant SAMUEL RINGGOLD was born in Washington county, Maryland, in the year 1800. His father was General Samuel Ringgold, a United States senator, and his mother a daughter of General John Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, a man of Revolutionary fame. Educated at West Point, where he was among the foremost of his class, young Ringgold entered the army, as lieutenant of artillery, in July, 1818. General Scott recognised his merit, and appointed him his aid-de-camp. During the commotion in South Carolina, stirred up by the "nullification" agitation, in 1833, Captain Ringgold was ordered there on service; and subsequently served in the Indian war of Florida, earning as a reward for his meritorious conduct the rank of brevet major. Being selected to organize a corps of flying artillery, he devoted himself to this duty with untiring diligence. With his studies perfected in the most famous military schools of Europe, which his ardent love of his profession had induced him to visit, he was enabled to bring a well-stored mind and an observant experience to bear upon the accomplishment of his object, and succeeded in rendering his corps a model of skill and discipline. Its great services at Palo Alto won a tribute of enthusiastic admiration from all who witnessed that victory, which General Taylor declared was mainly due to the excellent manner in which the artillery was manoeuvred and served. The death of Major Ringgold was grieved by his com-

rades, all of whom loved and admired him; and his native state honored his memory with such tokens of reverence as are offered at the graves of heroes.

The weary troops rested on their arms and "slept sweetly" on the prairie-grass of Palo Alto, trodden so lately by the tramp of contending armies, blighted as it was by fire, and sodden by blood. There were those, however, who did not close their eyes that night: the surgeons were busy with knife and saw, and the wounded and the dying were awake with agony and despair.

At break of day, on the morning after the battle of Palo Alto, the enemy, who had bivouacked during May 9. the night on the outskirts of the field, were discovered to be moving through the *chaparral*, toward the road which led to Fort Brown. General Taylor had determined to advance and attack them, although at a council of war held on the previous evening a majority of the officers had advised defensive measures only. The resolute commander, however, being strongly in favor of advancing, clung to his own opinion, and gave the order to move forward. The sick and wounded were sent on to Point Isabel; and the baggage-train was parked, defended by a breastwork, two eighteen-pounders and ten twelves, and guarded by the first brigade.

The rest of the troops now formed in line, and began their march. As they moved across the prairie, traces of the late struggle were everywhere visible. Here and there lay heaps of dead Mexicans, who had been mowed down by the

destructive sweep of the American artillery. Some had died with a smile, which still remained upon their pale and rigid faces. Others, in their agony, had caught at the long prairie-grass, which their hands yet clinched with the fixed spasm of death. A wounded soldier even was occasionally found who had passed the long night in suffering, and now craved a drop of water to moisten his fevered lips.

General Taylor at noon halted his men, in order to send to his government the despatches which communicated his late victory, and removed the anxieties of all in the United States who were apprehensive that the meager force of the Americans would be overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the foe. Taylor himself, however, had always been confident; and when he declared in his despatch, written the day before the battle of Palo Alto—"If the enemy oppose my march, in whatever force, I shall fight him"—he anticipated the success which he now recorded.

While the army was halting, the accidental death of Lieutenant Blake, of the topographical engineers, diffused a universal sadness. This young officer, who had made himself conspicuous for gallantry, having dismounted his horse, to refresh himself, unbuckled his holsters and threw them on the ground, when one of his pistols went off, inflicting upon him a mortal wound.

Two hundred and twenty picked men, under Captains M'Call and Smith, accompanied by Captain Walker and his Texan rangers, together with a party of dragoons, having been sent in advance, to follow

the trace of the enemy, beat their way through the *chaparral*, until they came within sight of the Mexican army. On General Taylor resuming his march, and coming up, he ordered Captain M'Call to "advance and draw the fire of the enemy." This dangerous service was bravely and promptly performed, and the action began.

The Mexicans, having been reinforced during the morning by two thousand infantry and additional cavalry, had taken a position which General **May 9.** Arista and his officers believed impregnable. To oppose the advance of Taylor along the road which led to Fort Brown, they had posted themselves on both sides of a ravine, called *Resaca de la Palma*. This ravine, about sixty yards in width, and three or four feet in depth, crossed the road at right angles, and extended on each side in an irregular semicircle, with its concavity toward the front of the advancing Americans. A dense growth of *chaparral* bordered both crests of the ravine, and stretched over most of the surrounding ground, with the exception of an occasional bit of open prairie. The enemy's batteries were placed so as to rake the road and the few approaches through the almost impenetrable thicket. On the crest of the ravine nearest to the Americans were posted three guns on the right of the road, to defend the passage; while behind, on the farther crest, were placed two guns on each side of the road, in order to sustain, with a cross and flank fire, the battery in front. The infantry was formed in two lines, with the first on the near and the second on the farther



crest; while the cavalry, which was useless when acting on the defensive, was posted on a cleared space in the rear, on each side of the road.

After a spirited onset by McCall and Smith, with their skirmishers, who had driven back a part of the front line of the Mexican infantry, Ridgeley, who had succeeded the gallant Ringgold, dashed forward with his flying artillery to the right of the road, within three hundred yards of the enemy's cannon, and commenced a brisk fire upon the Mexican left. The enemy's batteries answered with spirit, and a mutual cannonade was continued with great animation, but diminished effect, in consequence of the intercepting *chaparral*.

In the meantime, General Taylor (who, from the peculiar nature of the ground, and the position of the enemy, finding that the action must necessarily be one of detail) deployed his force in separate parties of skirmishers, and left each captain and subaltern to lead his command almost independently. There was no opportunity for a regular field-battle; and as the scattered American troops pushed forward, making their way as best they could through the *chaparral*, there was an apparent confusion. All, however, confident in their general, and sanguine of victory, pressed on with loud shouts, and a common eagerness to get at their foes. The action soon became general.

Though Ridgeley had nearly silenced the advanced battery of the enemy, those in the rear still kept up a lively fire. Captain May, of the dragoons, now rode back from his advanced position to General

Taylor, and asked if he should charge the battery on the opposite side of the ravine. "Charge, captain, *nolens volens!*" was the quick reply; when away dashed the gallant May, with his long hair and beard streaming through the air like a fiery meteor.

"Hold!" cried Ridgeley, as the impetuous dragoon came up; "hold on, Charley, till I draw their fire!" Ridgeley's battery then opened, and the fire was immediately returned; when May dashed forward with his squadron of seventy horse, plunging into the ravine, and making with unchecked rein for the farther bank. The captain was foremost, and, as he neared his object, he turned for a moment, and with his sword beckoned on his men. Lieutenant Inge was close at his heels, and answered with a shout, but in an instant after was killed by the fire of the Mexican guns, which at the same moment prostrated eighteen dragoons, mortally wounding that number of the horses and seven of their riders. May, with his surviving dragoons, soon reached the battery, and, sword in hand, driving off the surrounding Mexicans, for a while silenced the guns.

The enemy, however, came back in numbers, and strove to regain their cannon; but Captain May, with his gallant companions, once more repelled them. A Mexican officer, after striving in vain to rally his men, was observed to seize a match, ready to fire a cannon, when May dashed up to him and summoned him to surrender. Making a courteous gesture, the Mexican exclaimed, "General La Vega is a prisoner," and immediately gave

up his sword. Captain May now called together his scattered troop, and charged back, through the thronging enemy, to his own lines. Leaving his distinguished prisoner to be escorted by Lieutenant Stearns, May galloped on until he found General Taylor, to whom he delivered La Vega's sword.

In the meantime, Ridgeley's guns had been temporarily silenced, for fear of injuring the gallant dragoons while struggling amid the enemy. General Taylor, however, ordered the eighth regiment of infantry, from the guard of the train, to

the rescue. Joining with a portion of the fifth, these troops moved down the road at a run, and, crossing the ravine, charged with bayonets upon the enemy, took possession of their battery, and drove them back from their ground.

The battle was now won. The Mexicans, however, still resisted in small parties, clinging to a solitary gun, until the fourth infantry, making a gallant charge, and getting possession of their last cannon, the enemy were at length forced to abandon their camp, when they fled in disorder toward the Rio Grande.

CHAPTER V.

Panic and Flight of the Mexicans.—Pursuit.—The Pursuers on the Banks of the Rio Grande.—General Taylor on the Field of Battle.—A Splendid Prize.—Confidence of General Arista.—Unexpected Defeat.—Supping at the Enemy's Expense.—The Tampico Veterans.—A Trophy.—The Losses.—Escape of Colonel M'Intosh.—A Lively Narrative.—Bombardment of Fort Brown.—A Spirited but Ineffective Fire.—Efficacy of Bragg's Battery.—A Pause.—Renewal of the Bombardment.—Fauques del Raminero.—A Shower of Shells.—Major Brown mortally wounded.—His Life, Death, and Character.—A Summons to surrender.—The Refusal.—Gallant Defence.—Increased Fire of the Enemy.—Good News.—Fort Brown safe.—Suffering and Spirit of the Garrison.—General Taylor at Point Isabel.—Interview with Commodore Conner.—A Visit of Ceremony.—Mutual Compliments.—Mutual Mistakes.—Taylor in Regiments. Conner in Linen.—A Last Adieu to a Uniform-Coat.—Reinforcements.—Barita taken Possession of.—Its Defences.—Return of Taylor to the American Camp.—He prepares to cross the Rio Grande.—Armistice proposed.—Rejected by Taylor.—Visits from the Enemy.—The Americans cross the River.—Matamoras taken Possession of.

1846. **THOUGH** the Mexicans had clung stoutly to their ground at the beginning of the engagement at Resaca de la Palma, they fled, when once defeated, in confused panic. **May 9.** A squadron of dragoons, the flying artillery, and light companies of infantry, pursued the fugitives, and drove them in scattered herds through the *chaparral*, and across the Rio Grande. As the pursuers reached the bank of the river, the Mexican bat-

teries at Matamoras opened fire, and the Americans at Fort Brown replied with their guns. Night, however, coming on, put an end to the cannonade on both sides, for it became impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The American force in pursuit encamped on the bank of the Rio Grande, opposite to Matamoras; and the main body of the army, under General Taylor, bivouacked on the field of battle.

The defeat had been total, and unexpected by the Mexicans. General Arista was evidently confident of the strength of his position. Not anticipating a retreat, he had gathered about him an immense collection of personal baggage and all the paraphernalia of the state which he was fond of displaying. These had been abandoned in his precipitate flight; and his splendid marquee, with all its luxurious appurtenances of furniture and plate, together with the general's private papers, fell into the hands of the American victors. Eight pieces of cannon, many stands of small-arms, piles of ammunition-boxes, some hundred and fifty thousand rounds of ball-cartridges, and five hundred pack-saddles, with a large number of baggage-mules, were among the booty. The camp-kettles were boiling on the fires, and carcasses of oxen lay ready for the spit, as if the enemy had been preparing for a feast at the moment when the victorious army of Taylor drove them from their camp. The flag of the "Tampico Veterans," who had so gallantly defended it, had been torn from its staff by the bearer, when his regiment was cut to pieces, and wrapped about his body. He strove to escape, but was ridden down by the dragoons, and borne a prisoner to the American camp. The flag was thus secured as one of the many trophies of that day's victory.

The loss of the Mexicans in killed and wounded was heavy, probably amounting to more than a thousand. Of the Americans, thirty-nine were slain, among whom were three spirited young officers, and eighty-two wounded, including two lieu-

tenant-colonels, two captains, and eight subalterns.

Colonel M'Intosh, who was wounded, had a narrow escape from death, of which he is said to have given this lively narrative: "I was making my way as well as I could, when I was suddenly beset by six Mexicans. I was completely taken aback, and had not time to reach my holsters to get my pistols. The rascals pinned me, crossing two bayonets in my mouth, one of which I forced out, but the other the scamp pressed in. I felt my teeth go, and the exit of the bayonet at the back of my neck. I fell; they left me for dead. About thirty feet off, a soldier was shot. After shooting him, they beat his brains out with a musket. All this time I was *playing possum*, and thinking of the chances of my escape. They gave me several ominous looks, but I preserved the character of the animal. They all retired but one, who amused himself rifling the pockets of the soldier. I thought my time had come, when he made a few steps toward me. Something alarmed him, and, much against his inclination, he ran away. After carefully satisfying myself that the coast was clear, I ceased 'playing possum,' made my way to the troops, and was led out to the road."*

The bombardment of Fort Brown—which began on the 3d of May—was continued through the day. The Mexicans opened fire from a battery of seven guns in front of Matamoras, to which the Americans replied from the opposite side of the Rio Grande with Bragg's light field-battery and their two eighteen-pounders.

* Captain Henry.

The range of the former being too great, it produced little effect; but the latter, in less than half an hour, dismounted two of the Mexican guns and silenced the battery. The enemy continued the cannonade from a lower battery, from which, during the whole day, they threw a shower of shells; but as these were small, and of brass, they proved by no means destructive.

The Americans, disregarding this fire, directed their eighteen-pounders, loaded with hot shot, upon the town of Matamoras, which, however, from its distance, remained unharmed. The garrison therefore soon ceased their useless fire, as their supply of ammunition was small, and kept diligently at work strengthening their fortifications. While thus exposed at their labors, a cannon-ball struck one of the sergeants on the head, and killed him instantly. His companions carried off the body, and were placing it upon a cot in the hospital-tent, when a shell fell through the roof, and exploded, taking off the head of the dead man, but leaving unharmed every one else in the place.

May 4. The following day, the Mexicans resumed their fire, and the Americans continued their labors, protecting themselves with temporary bomb-proof shelters, made of pork-barrels, covered with sticks and sod.

The Mexicans, having now crossed the Rio Grande, began to erect a battery at the little settlement called **May 6.** *Fauques del Ramínero*, in the rear of and on the same side of the river as Fort Brown. Having mounted the battery with mortars, they poured upon the

American works a shower of shells, while at the same time the batteries on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande resumed their fire. Major Brown, accompanied by his adjutant-general, went out to make his usual round, and was stopping to give directions to a party of soldiers at work, when a shell struck the parapet near to where he stood, and, as it exploded, he was struck, and fell mortally wounded. His right leg was torn in shreds from his body; but, in spite of the agony of his suffering, he exhorted the men who were bearing him to the hospital never to give up the fort. As they laid him upon his cot, he calmly said to the sorrowing group lingering in sympathy at his side: "Men, go to your duties; stand by your posts: I am but one among you." He died soon after undergoing amputation of the thigh, which he bore with heroic fortitude, saying, as he sank under the shock, that it was well the misfortune had occurred to a veteran like himself, and not to a younger man, to whom life was dearer.

Major Brown was a man who had seen much service, and won his high position by merit alone. In the war of 1812, at the age of twenty-four, he had joined in Vermont, his native state, a band of raw recruits as a common soldier. His gallantry in the various hard-fought battles on the frontiers of Canada had won for him a commission, and he had ever after sustained the character of a high-minded and able officer. General Taylor, in his despatch, declared that "his loss would be a severe one to the service at any time, but to the army under my orders it is indeed irreparable."

On the death of Major Brown, the fort received his honored name, and Captain Hawkins succeeded to the command. The Mexicans continued their fire; and in the midst of it, large bodies of their infantry were seen to approach through a ravine toward the fort, as if with the intention of hazarding an assault. They, however, were soon dispersed by several well-aimed discharges from the American guns, and forced to confine themselves to their ineffective bombardment, which was kept up until the afternoon, when the enemy sounded a parley. Soon two Mexican officers were seen to advance with a white flag; and, when within two hundred yards of the fort, they were signalled to halt, and two American officers sent out to communicate with them. The result was, a summons from the Mexican general to surrender, which Captain Hawkins, after holding a council with his officers, who determined to defend the fort to the last, answered with the following note:—

“HEADQUARTERS, U. S. FORCES, }
NEAR MATAMORAS, *May 6, 1846.* }

“SIR: Your humane communication has just been received; and, after the consideration due to its importance, I must respectfully decline to surrender my forces to you.

“The exact purport of your despatch I can not feel confident that I understand, as my interpreter is not skilled in your language; but, if I have understood you correctly, you have my reply as above.

“I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

“E. S. HAWKINS,

“Commanding U. S. forces opposite Matamoras.

“Gen. M. ARISTA,

“Commander of Division of the North.”

The Mexicans, finding their purpose defeated, now rejoined with a brisk bombardment, which was continued till night, and again resumed the next day with increased vigor. The American garrison held out gallantly, and, keeping a vigilant eye upon every movement of the foe, succeeded in thwarting their designs. The Mexicans seemed to gather thicker and thicker, and appeared more resolute in their determination to take the fort. Their batteries were now in full play from the north, south, and west; but, though their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and the Mexicans thronged more and more, the garrison remained confident. In the meantime, the adventurous Captain Walker had succeeded in reaching the fort, and returning to General Taylor with the satisfactory intelligence that it still held out.

On the afternoon of the following day, the sound of a distant cannonade reached the fort, and the garrison first became aware of the engagement between Taylor and the Mexicans, which resulted in the victory of Palo Alto. While the issue was unknown, those in the fort continued in a state of inquietude about the fate of their gallant comrades. Soon, however, the glorious result was made manifest by the sudden arrest of the fire of the Mexican batteries, and the sight of the enemy flying in panic across the Rio Grande, after their defeat at Resaca de la Palma. A shout of triumph arose from the long-beleaguered fort, and the guns were now turned against the flying Mexicans, as they went scattering across the

river before the victorious troops of Taylor.

The brave defenders of Fort Brown had fully won for themselves a share of the glories of the late victories. "I would have rather fought twenty battles than have passed through the bombardment of Fort Brown," said one of the heroes of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The garrison had been harassed night and day for more than a week. The enemy had completely invested the fort with their three batteries, and kept up a cross-fire upon the work. They had fired some two thousand seven hundred shells and shot, yet only two of the Americans had been killed and thirteen wounded, although the men had been much exposed while engaged in completing the out-works. All the camp-women had been left in the fort; and, to secure their safety, increased the care as it nerved the courage of the brave garrison.

General Taylor, immediately after the victory of Resaca de la Palma, repaired to Point Isabel and Brazos Santiago, to meet the fresh reinforcements which had arrived from the United States, and to organize, in conjunction with Commodore Conner—who with his squadron had anchored off the mouth of the Rio Grande—some operations on the coast. As soon as Taylor arrived, an interview took place with the naval commander. "At the proper time," says a contemporary narrator, "Commodore Conner sent word to General Taylor that he would come on shore to pay him a visit of ceremony. This put old 'Rough and Ready' into a tremendous excitement. If Commodore Conner

had quietly come up to his tent, and given him a sailor's gripe, and sat down on a camp-chest, and talked over matters in an old-fashioned way, General Taylor would have been prepared; but, to have the most carefully-dressed officer in our navy, commanding the finest fleet, come in full uniform, surrounded by all the glittering pomp of splendid equipments, to pay a visit of ceremony, was more than General Taylor had, without some effort, nerve to go through with; but, ever equal to emergencies, he determined to compliment Commodore Conner, and through him the navy, *by appearing in full uniform*, a thing his officers, associated with him for years, had never witnessed.

"In the meanwhile, Commodore Conner was cogitating over the most proper way to compliment General Taylor. Having heard of his peculiar disregard of military dress, he concluded that he would make the visit in a manner comporting to General Taylor's habits, and consequently equipped himself in plain white drilling, and unattended came ashore.

"The moment General Taylor heard that Commodore Conner had landed, he abandoned some heavy work he was personally attending to about the camp, and precipitately rushed into his tent, delved at the bottom of an old chest, and pulled out a uniform-coat that had peacefully slumbered for years in undisturbed quietude, slipped himself into it, in his haste fastening it so that one side of the standing collar was three button-holes above the other, and sat himself down as uncomfortable as can well be imagined. With quiet step, and unattended, Com-

modore Conner presented himself at General Taylor's tent, and the noble representatives of the army and navy shook hands, both in exceeding astonishment at each other's personal appearance.* For the rest of the campaign, Taylor pertinaciously clung to his sorry linen jacket and trousers, and never again disturbed the tranquil repose of the uniform-coat.

With the Louisiana and Alabama volunteers, and four companies of regulars, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, landed at Brazos, it was now determined to cross the Rio Grande, and attack Barita, a small village situated on the Mexican side, and near the mouth of the river. The expedition accordingly set out, and, on reaching the place, and finding it abandoned, took possession of it without firing a gun. Colonel Wilson having, by a conciliatory proclamation, invited the people to return, began to erect at Barita a breastwork to command the mouth of the Rio Grande, and defend the village, as a depot and resting-place for the American forces.

May 14. General Taylor, on returning to the camp opposite Matamoras, immediately began to prepare to cross the river and take possession of the city. The only communication with the enemy, after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, had been in regard to the burial of the dead, and the exchange of prisoners, by which Captain Thornton was returned, much to the joy of his comrades. When, however, the Americans had been for several days actively busy in their preparations to cross the Rio Grande, and had

struck their tents to be in readiness for this movement, a parley was sounded from the opposite bank of the river, and a Mexican officer came over, sent by General Arista, to agree upon an armistice, to continue during the negotiations then pending between the United States and Mexico.

General Taylor met this proposition with a prompt and decided negative. He recurred to the fact that when an armistice was proposed by himself, General Ampudia had declined it. The Americans were then weak in numbers; but now, greatly strengthened by reinforcements, they would dictate their own terms. The Mexican officer asked anxiously if General Taylor intended to take Matamoras. "Yes," replied the general; and when it was proposed to surrender to him all the public property if he would not cross the Rio Grande, Taylor emphatically declared that "he must have Matamoras if he had to batter it down, and that now he was prepared to do it."

As he was about to take his departure, the Mexican officer was reminded that General Ampudia had declared that the war should be conducted by the Mexicans according to the usages of civilized nations, and yet they had stripped the dead and mutilated their bodies. "The women who followed the army and the *rancheros* did it, whom we can not control," was the reply, upon which Taylor rejoined, "I am coming over, and I'll control them for you."

The natives now began to flock over into the American camp, professing great friendship, and reporting that General

* Thorpe.

Arista with his whole army had precipitately retreated. General Taylor now threw across the river a sufficient force to cover the passage of the rest of the army; and as the troops were about to cross, there came an invitation from the civil authorities of Matamoras to take possession of the city. Soon the whole American force had reached the opposite bank of the Rio Grande, having been ferried across in boats manned

by Mexicans, who with ready compliance had transferred their services to the invaders of their country. With the United States flag raised upon Fort Paredes, the bands playing *Yankee Doodle*, and the troops exulting with loud cheers, General Taylor took possession of Matamoras. The inhabitants thronged out, with loud expressions of friendship, and welcomed the conquerors, whom they emphatically termed "*amigos*," to their city.

CHAPTER VI.

Appearance of Matamoras.—Disappointment.—Description of the City.—The Plaza.—Streets.—Cathedral.—Hall of Justice.—Stores of Arms and Ammunition.—Luxury and Comfort.—Sad Scene.—Mutilated Sufferers.—American Encampment.—Governor Twiggs.—The Reluctant Alcaldes.—Public Property.—Great Prizes.—The Market Place.—A Miscellaneous Crowd.—Proud Caballeros.—Flaunting Señoritas.—Crouching Beggars.—American Civilization.—An American Newspaper.—Mexican Beauty.—An Enthusiastic Campaigner.—Expedition of Colonel Garland.—Its Success.—Want of Cavalry.—American Steamboats on the Rio Grande.—Reinforcements.—Various Expeditions.—Capture of Camargo, Reynosa, and Mier.—Promotion of General Taylor.—General Worth again in Command.—Departure of Taylor from Matamoras.—His Arrival at Camargo.—Organization of the Forces.—Worth takes Possession of Cerralvo.—Arrival of Taylor and Twiggs.—The Beautiful Valley of Cerralvo.—The March to Monterey.—Changes in Mexico.—Paredes exiled.—Recall of Santa Anna.—Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army.—War-Vigor.—Santa Anna at San Luis Potosí.—Gathering of Mexican Forces.—General Ampudia at Monterey.—His Confidence.—Determined Resistance.—Monterey and its Defences.—Taylor at Marín.—Desolateness of Aspect.—March of Taylor through the Valley of San Juan.—Ojo de San Domingo.—Reconnoissance of Monterey.—The Plan of Attack.—Advance of Worth.—The Enemy opening Fire.—Assault on the Town.—The Struggle begun.

1846. MATAMORAS presented a forlorn aspect. The more thriving inhabitants had fled with the Mexican army, and left few but the humblest people. The city, which had looked so invitingly when beheld from the American camp, disappointed the eager campaigners on a nearer view. The streets seemed narrow, and the exteriors of even the best of the houses, with their low walls, and sparse, iron-barred balconies and windows, looked paltry and desolate. The square, or

plaza, of Spanish towns, with its freer space, its rows of China-trees and public buildings, had a more imposing appearance. The cathedral, however, though a pretentious structure, appeared with its unfinished towers and crumbling plaster like a ruin. The hall of justice had an interior adorned with canopy and curtains of velvet fringed with gold; nevertheless, with its coarsely-plastered walls and rude architecture, it seemed better fitted for a military storehouse, into which

the Mexicans had converted it, and where still was found a confused abundance of arms, equipments, and ammunition of all kinds, which had been abandoned by Arista in his haste to escape from the clutches of General Taylor. A more scrutinizing view of some of the better private houses showed that within those ugly walls and prison-like doors and windows there might be both comfort and luxury. The low, outer structure of heavy masonry not seldom enclosed courts with cultivated gardens, upon which opened light balconies and painted corridors.

The most melancholy sight was presented by the numerous wounded who were scattered throughout the place, destitute of care to soothe or skill to remove their sufferings. They were generally found stretched upon the bare ground in the rudest huts, or at best lying on dried hides. The terrible effects of the American artillery might be seen in the mutilated sufferers, whose limbs had been torn away, or their bodies disfigured by great gaping wounds.

General Taylor encamped his army in two portions, one above and the other below the city, in the midst of the fertile fields which bound it. Matamoras was intrusted to the especial care of General Twiggs, who, on being appointed governor of the town, established his headquarters, with a military guard, at the hall of justice in the *plaza*. Without interfering with the civil prerogatives of the *alcalde*, Twiggs, in spite of the evident reluctance of this native magistrate to aid him, ferreted out with untiring perseverance all the public property which belonged, by

right of conquest, to the victorious army. An immense amount of stores rewarded his pertinacious investigations. There were large stands of condemned English Tower-muskets, a considerable quantity of military clothing, innumerable shells and shot of copper, some small cannon, and an abundance of tobacco, cigars, playing-cards, stamped paper, and other articles, of which the Mexican government reserved the monopoly. Many of these stores, with the ammunition, had been emptied into the wells and other places of concealment. A large number of saddles, richly mounted with silver, were taken from below the floors of a stable; and two pieces of cannon were rescued from the depths of a well.

The market-place, with its stores of meat hanging in festoons, its garlic and red peppers, was the principal gathering-place of the people; and here were to be seen the miscellaneous characters, of all colors, which variegate the ordinary Mexican population. Negroes, mulattoes, Indians, and Castilians, in various degrees of intermixture, lounged daily along the lengthy avenue which stretched between the venders' stalls. Slouched *sombreros*, flimsy veils, slashed trousers, velvet bodices, fine linen, flaunting silks, jingling spurs, and necklaces of silver and gold, worn by proud *caballeros* and bedizened *señoritas*, passed in gay succession; while fusty *serapes* and tattered *ponchos*, hanging from the shoulders of tottering sufferers or wrapping the forms of crouching beggars, presented the usual contrast of sadness and poverty.

The followers of the American camp,

with their extemporaneous shops, bar-rooms, and gambling-saloons, soon quickened the town into a more active if not a better life; and Matamoras rapidly increased in all the proportions of American civilization, and reached the climax of progress on the possession of an American newspaper, the first one established west of the Rio Grande.

The natives soon accommodated themselves to the new order of things, and especially the *señoritas*, of whom an enthusiastic campaigner has recorded his admiration. "There is a great deal of beauty among them; some most strikingly beautiful faces. They lead a luxurious life. . . . They sit all day long in buildings with thick walls and brick floors, with their beautiful suits of hair nicely braided and tied up, having the least quantity of dress you can possibly fancy; and in the evening they emerge like bees from their hives, take possession of their balconies, and enjoy one of the most delicious evening climates that God has ever granted to poor mortals. . . . They are very sociable, and will permit you to stop at their lattice-windows and gaze on their beautiful faces."

Encamped in the fertile valley watered by the Rio Grande, the American troops luxuriated in abundance. Surrounded by cultivated fields and gardens, they were fed with daily heaps of green corn, and refreshed with melons, figs, grapes, and pomegranates. The country was admired for its beauty, and the climate enjoyed for its salubrity.

May 19. General Taylor, on the day after taking possession of Mata-

moras, sent out two companies of rangers and the dragoons, under the command of Colonel Garland, to follow upon the traces of General Arista and observe his movements. Overtaking the rear-guard, Garland attacked it with spirit, killing two, wounding two, and capturing twenty of the enemy, while his own loss was only two wounded.

After following the Mexicans for sixty miles, Colonel Garland returned to the camp. If General Taylor had been sufficiently strong in force, or possessed of a large body of cavalry, he might have pursued the retreating Mexicans during the confusion of their precipitate flight, and probably would have effectually dispersed them, or forced them to surrender.

After a long delay, the means of transportation, which were necessary for the contemplated movement into the interior of Mexico, began to arrive. The waters of the Rio Grande, now swollen by an unusual freshet, were enlivened by American steamboats, which with noisy animation navigated the tortuous stream. Reinforcements arrived in large numbers—larger, in fact, than was desired; and the volunteers from Louisiana, who had been recruited by the immoderate zeal of the aged General Gaines, were sent back to the United States.

Taking advantage of the steamboats, General Taylor, early in July, sent forward a body of infantry to take possession of Camargo; and in **July 7.** quick succession other troops were despatched by land and water to the same place. Camargo, with the neighboring towns of Reynosa and Mier, situated on

the Rio Grande, yielded to the Americans as they approached, without a blow.

General Taylor, now promoted to a major-generalship, and retained in the chief command in consequence of a temporary disagreement between the authorities at Washington and General Scott, proposed to carry on the campaign with great vigor. In his objects he was ably seconded by General Worth, who, having withdrawn his resignation, had resumed his command; and by Twiggs, now promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

The batteries having been sent in advance with an escort of infantry, General Taylor and his staff followed, **Aug. 4.** leaving Matamoras in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, with two companies of artillery and a regiment of Ohio volunteers, under Colonel Curtis.

After a long and fatiguing march of a hundred and seventy miles, through a country deluged by inundation and exposed to a tropical midsummer sun, Taylor reached Camargo, a dilapidated-looking town, situated on the river San Juan, near its junction with the Rio Grande. About a thousand inhabitants were scattered through the straggling streets of the half-deserted place, but which was now all astir with the American troops. Mules were collected from all the neighboring country, to carry the baggage and stores; and the whole military force was paraded in review, preparatory to taking up the line of march to Monterey.

The regular troops were organized into two divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Twiggs and Worth; and the movement began by the march of the

latter with his brigade to Ceralvo, which he was directed to occupy as a depot for supplies. Meeting with no opposition, Worth took possession of the place, and went resolutely to work gathering corn and forage for the subsistence of the troops, and mules for transportation. **Aug. 19.**

The rest of the troops, under Twiggs, preceded by General Taylor, did not arrive at Ceralvo until some three weeks later. They were not allowed to revel long in the delights of the beautiful valley in which the town lies picturesquely embowered amid grove of fig, peach, pomegranate, lemon, orange, and pecan trees. The first division, under Twiggs, accompanied by the general-in-chief and his staff, marched at once from Ceralvo toward Monterey. The remainder of the troops followed as they came up. **Sept. 13.**

While the Americans were thus marching into Mexico, great changes had occurred in the political condition of that country. President Paredes had been unseated—first imprisoned, and then sent into exile—and Santa Anna recalled by a *pronunciamento* in his favor of the garrisons of Vera Cruz, San Juan d'Ulloa, and the city of Mexico. The ex-president, on his return to his native land, was welcomed with enthusiasm, and offered the supreme authority, which, however, he declined; and, on reaching the capital, he contented himself for the present with the chief command of the army. War, which had existed in reality for some time, had at last been openly declared; and every effort was made, by both the United States

and Mexico, to conduct the contest with vigor. The Mexican provisional government, under Salas, its nominal head, immediately ordered a levy of thirty thousand men; and all the disposable troops of the capital were marched to San Luis de Potosi, whither Santa Anna repaired, to await the gathering of the large force with which he hoped to crush the invaders. General Ampudia, who was appointed to the command of the northern army, and despatched to Monterey, was directed to retire from that city and fall back upon San Luis, if he were not fully confident of a successful resistance to the American army marching to attack it. When he reached the place, however, he was so well assured—from the natural defences, the works, and his own large force, which amounted to nearly ten thousand men—of his ability to hold it against General Taylor's comparatively meager body of troops, that he determined upon resistance.

Monterey, the capital of the state of Nueva Leon, lies in a valley at the base of the Sierra Madre, by whose peaks it is overshadowed. Extending for more than a mile along the north bank of the little river San Juan de Monterey, it has, although its houses are straggling, a capacity for upward of ten thousand inhabitants. The works which fortified it, though irregular, were of considerable strength. Directly to the north of the town, at the junction of three roads (one of which led to Marin, and the others to Pesqueria and Monclova), stood the citadel. This was a regular bastioned work of solid masonry, having dry ditches, and embrasures for

thirty-four guns, though it was mounted with only a dozen. Within its enclosure were the stone-walls of an unfinished cathedral, sufficiently high and strong to offer a safe cover for a large number of troops. The banks of the stream which runs through the town being steep, presented a natural barrier to an assault, and were further fortified by breastworks and various defences. Other approaches to the place were secured by a system of *lunettes* arranged in spaces between the thick-set and almost impenetrable *chaparral*.

The streets of the town were barricaded with stone-walls, containing embrasures for cannon and small openings for musketry; and the tops of many of the houses were covered with sand-bags, to protect them against shot. Beyond the city, in the western suburbs, half way up the acclivity of a hill (the Loma d'Independencia), were the ruins of the bishop's palace, which had been fortified as a cover in case of retreat, while a redoubt crowned the summit. On the opposite height of the Loma de Federacion was Fort Soldado and other works, presenting a system of successive fortifications mutually defensive of each other.

With an abundant supply of ammunition and everything necessary for subsistence, his large force of more than ten thousand men, and the great strength of his fortifications, mounted with forty-two pieces of cannon, it was not surprising that General Ampudia should defy the threatening advance of the approaching assailants.

General Taylor, having reached Marin, situated on a table-land which rises from

the valley of the San Juan, at a distance of about twenty-five miles from Monterey, encamped to concentrate his forces. The enemy had retired on the advance of the Americans; most of the inhabitants had fled in fright to the surrounding *chaparral*; and the dwellings, closed, barred, and abandoned, gave the place a desolate look. Its picturesque situation, however, amid an amphitheatre of mountains, and presenting long vistas of beauty opening through the windings of the valley and the gorges, charmed the eye.

Having concentrated his force, numbering in all four hundred and twenty-five officers and six thousand two hundred and twenty men, General
Sept. 18. Taylor resumed his march in the morning. The route extended through the alternate plains and hills of the valley watered by the San Juan, and shadowed by the lofty mountains of the Sierra Madre.

On the following day, the commander-in-chief had pushed onward with
Sept. 19. the advance-guard to within fifteen hundred yards of the outlying citadel of Monterey. The defiant display of the Mexican flag, the hostile attitude of a large body of cavalry, and the firing of cannon, soon dispelled all doubts of resistance on the part of the enemy. Taylor accordingly withdrew his advance to the *Ojo de San Domingo*, a grove of spreading pecan and white oak, where he waited the coming up of his whole force, and established a camp.

The engineer-officers were immediately sent out on a reconnoissance; and, on their report, Taylor formed his plan of

attack. The army was organized into two divisions. That under the command of General Worth was to move along a circuitous route to the north, with the view of taking possession of the road to Saltillo, on the west or rear of the city, and storming the bishop's palace and the other works on the heights in that quarter. The rest of the troops were to remain under the command of the chief himself, to carry on the necessary operations in front and to the east of Monterey.

General Worth led forth his division, accompanied by Colonel Hays' regiment, and the Texan rangers, under
Sept. 20. Captains M'Cullough and Gillespie, at noon. A few hours later, several regiments and the light batteries were moved forward into the plain that spread out before the city, to make a diversion in favor of Worth's movement toward the rear. At the same moment, a party was set busily to work, erecting a battery in advance of the camp; and before night a mortar and two twenty-four pound howitzers were ready to open upon the city.

Toward evening, General Worth, after a slow and laborious march through the cornfields and thickets lying on his route, crossed the road which leads from the north of Monterey to Pesqueria Grande. Having halted his troops at some distance beyond, he rode on in advance, supported by a body of mounted Texans, in order to reconnoitre. Winding his way along the base of the Sierra Madre, with its steep heights on his right, and cultivated fields of corn stretching on his left, he proceeded until he had reached a good point of observation, when he ascended

an acclivity and took a survey. He beheld the path which he had just left, extending till it joined the road from Monterey to Saltillo, and saw with clear view the heights of the Loma d'Independencia, with its fortified bishop's palace, and of the Loma de Federacion, with its frowning works, rising before him and guarding the city.

The enemy, in the meantime, were on the alert, and had watched the movements of Worth and his party. While the general was reconnoitring, the Mexicans had raised a sand-bag battery upon the summit of the Loma d'Independencia, and, having mounted it with a gun brought from the bishop's palace, opened a fire; while at the same moment a corps of infantry skirted the base of the hill, and, crossing the fields which stretched toward the path, strove to cut off Worth and his men. The general hastened to descend, and was returning with his party to his division, when the Mexican infantry came up and began a brisk fire of musketry. The Texan rangers, unused to regular warfare, quickened the speed of their horses, and, passing Worth at their head, hurried with confusion, but fortunately without loss, to the ground where the rest of the troops had been halted.

On his return, General Worth immediately moved his division to some distance farther on the path which led to the Saltillo road, and encamped
 Sept. 20. for the night, which, being dark and stormy, rendered all offensive operations impracticable; and nothing occurred but an occasional alarm from the

stealthy approach of some skulking skirmishers of the enemy.

In the meantime, General Taylor had sent an officer, with a small escort, to communicate with Worth, informing him that his movement was known to the enemy. Worth had already discovered the fact, as we have seen, but sent back word that he would persevere; and suggested that, as the foe would probably oppose him in force, a strong diversion should be made by the commander-in-chief on the east of the city.

Accordingly, at an early hour the next morning, General Taylor, having first despatched Captain May and his dragoons, followed by Colonel
 Sept. 21. Henderson and the Texans, to reinforce Worth (whom, however, they were unable to reach in time), ordered Twiggs's division, under the temporary command of Lieutenant-Colonel Garland, in consequence of the indisposition of the general, to march forward and make the intended diversion on the east of the city. One regiment having been left to cover the mortar-battery, the rest of the division pushed on, together with Bragg's light artillery, to the lower part of the town, where Garland was directed to make a vigorous demonstration, and, if practicable, to carry any of the small forts he might meet with. Preceding him was Major Mansfield, the engineer-officer, and his party, who, covered by an advance-guard of skirmishers, were bent upon making the closest possible reconnoissance of the enemy's works, in order to fulfil the duty with which they had been charged by the commander, of

discovering and marking out the best points of attack.

While Colonel Garland and the engineer-party were advancing, the mortar and howitzer batteries opened fire upon the citadel in their front; but, although it was continued with spirit, and briskly responded to, little effect was produced. General Taylor was watching with great interest every sound and movement, and,

anticipating the probability of action, had brought forward from the camp General Butler's division, which now stood in the rear of the batteries, ready to push on at the first token from the advanced troops of their being engaged. Soon came the booming reports of artillery and the rattling of musketry; and the eager listeners caught up the sound, and hastened to join in the struggle.

CHAPTER VII.

The Attack on Monterey continued.—Advance of Colonel Garland.—In the Streets.—A Bloody Struggle.—Fall of Watson.—Irish Blood.—Retirement of the Americans.—Fort Teneria taken.—The Distillery.—Destructive Sweep of the Mexican Cannon.—The Rescue.—General Quitman and his Gallant Volunteers.—Fort Diabolo.—Spirited but Unsuccessful Attempt.—Gaps in the Ranks.—Another Desperate Assault.—Cheering News.—Movement of General Worth.—Struggle on the Saltillo Road.—Repulse of the Texans.—The Mexicans in Pursuit.—The Mexicans put to Flight.—Don Juan Najira.—Continued Advance of Worth.—A Demonstration.—Vigorous Operations.—Assault of the Loma de Federacion.—A Noisy Cannonade.—Halt of the Americans.—Reinforcements.—Ascent of the Hill.—The Enemy driven from the Summit.—Capture of Fort Soldado.—Bivouac of Worth.—A Grand Scene.—The Operations on the East.—Severe Cannonade from Fort Diabolo.—Worth's Plan of Attack.—Assault of Loma d' Independencia.—Colonel Childs's Advance.—A Sweeping Fire from the Enemy.—Ascent of Captain Vinton.—A Double Charge.—The Mexicans driven from the Height.—Refuge of the Fugitives.—Noisy Demonstration.—Good Effects.—Reinforcements.—The Bishop's Palace in View.

1846. MAJOR MANSFIELD, having penetrated into the suburbs of Monterey, sent word to "come on" to Colonel Garland, who with his force stood ready to advance at the first favorable report from the engineers. The order to march was immediately given; and the division moved in line to the attack, keeping to the left of the road that led to the city. As soon as Garland's troops came within range, the Mexicans opened fire from a battery in front, and from the citadel in the distance, on the flank of the Americans, who were thus

met by a cannonade in face and enfiladed on their right. The line, however, moved steadily onward; and the men, clutching their guns with fixed bayonets, resolved to drive all before them. "For five hundred yards," wrote an officer* who was in the midst of it, "we advanced across a plain under fire of the two batteries. We rushed into the streets. Unfortunately, we did not turn soon enough to the left, and had advanced but a short distance when we came suddenly upon an unknown battery, which opened its deadly

* Captain Henry.

fire upon us. From all its embrasures, from every house, from every yard, showers of balls were hurled upon us. Being in utter ignorance of our locality, we had to stand and take it. Our men, covering themselves as well as they could, dealt death and destruction on every side; but there was no resisting the deadly, concealed fire which appeared to come from every direction. On every side we were cut down. Major Barbour was the first officer who was shot down; he fell cheering his men. He was killed by an *escopet-ball* passing through his heart. He never spoke.

“We retired into the next street, under cover of some walls and houses. Into this street the body of Major Barbour was carried: here were lying the dead, wounded, and dying. Captain Williams, of the topographical corps, lay on one side of the street, wounded; the gallant Major Mansfield, although wounded in the leg, still pressed forward with unabated ardor, cheering the men and pointing out places of attack.”

The mass of the troops steadily followed their brave leaders, but most of the volunteers had already deserted their colors and fled from danger. Their gallant colonel, Watson, three of the officers, and some seventy men, nevertheless, still firmly held their ground. While Watson stopped a moment to take a draught of water from the canteen of one of his soldiers, some of them urged him to retire. “Never, boys! never will I yield an inch! I have too much Irish blood in me to give it up!” exclaimed the spirited officer, and immediately fell, shot dead by a cannon-

ball. Lieutenant Bragg had now brought forward his light battery, but in the narrow streets it was found impracticable to open it with effect upon the hidden foe.

The troops were now ordered to retire, in order to seek a more favorable position from which to attack the enemy's battery, from the destructive fire of which they had so greatly suffered. Meanwhile, two companies of the first infantry, under Captains Backus and Lamotte, had extended to the left, and got possession of a tanyard, situated about a hundred and ten yards in the rear of the battery (Fort Teneria). While here, they were exposed to a hot fire from a neighboring distillery, which was filled with Mexicans, mounted with cannon, and protected by sand-bags heaped upon the roof. Finding it necessary first to silence the guns in this direction, Captain Backus (for his associate, Lamotte, had now fallen wounded) made a push for the distillery, and, after a desperate struggle, drove out the enemy.

At this moment the order to retire was received, and Captain Backus was about withdrawing his men to join the rest of the troops under Colonel Garland, when, hearing a fierce cannonade in front of the battery, he determined to maintain his ground; and, posting his men upon the roof of the distillery, he began pouring a deadly fire upon the Mexican battery, shooting the artillerists at their guns.

The fire in front was in consequence of the assault by two companies of the fourth regiment, numbering but ninety men, against the strong battery, manned by some five hundred of the enemy. The poor fellows came boldly up, but were

literally mowed down by the destructive sweep of the Mexican cannon, which were concentrated upon the fatal band. One third of the officers and men were struck down at the first discharge, and the rest fell staggering back for support.

General Taylor, conscious of the severe struggle in which Garland's division was engaged, had sent the fourth regiment of infantry and three regiments of General Butler's division to the rescue; and two companies having reached the ground in advance, met with the fate just narrated. Butler pushed forward in front General Quitman's brigade, composed of the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, and followed with the Ohio regiment, in the direction of the conflict.

Quitman advanced under a very heavy fire in front and from the citadel on his flank. The impetuous volunteers under his command, when within one hundred yards of the battery, broke into a run, and, rushing forward with a loud shout, clambered up the parapet and sprang into the work. Thus assaulted in front, and galled in the rear by the fire of Captain Backus's men, the Mexicans hastily fled, abandoning their guns and ammunition. Hotly pursued by the volunteers, thirty of them were made prisoners.

Determined to hold the captured battery, the scattered troops were gathered, with Bragg's and Ridgeley's light artillery, and posted for its defence. General Butler had now come up with the Ohio regiment, under Colonel Harmer, which he at once led to the assault of the neighboring redoubt, called Fort Diabolo, but was obliged to desist, after a spirited at-

tempt, in which he himself was wounded, and many of his officers and men were killed.

Colonel Garland's division having retired, and, with many a gap in rank and file, reformed under cover of the captured work, a detachment was again ordered to advance, enter the city circuitously, and strive to take Fort Diabolo by an assault in the rear. The mortar and howitzers in front of the American camp were still playing upon the citadel, but, in consequence of the long range, with little effect. General Taylor accordingly directed one of the howitzers to be removed to the captured battery, where it opened fire with the other guns, to cover the advance now ordered.

"The command," wrote one who bore a notable part, "which went on that fearful expedition, was chiefly made up from the third and fourth infantry. The moment we left the cover of the work we were exposed to a galling fire of musketry, *escopets*, and artillery. We pushed along, taking advantage of every shelter to approach the work. Captain L. N. Morris, third infantry, led the column. Crossing one street, we were exposed in full to the guns (mounted in *barbette*) of a *tête de pont*, which commanded the passage of El Puerte Purissima (a small rivulet which branched from the San Juan river and ran through the centre of the city). The fire from it was perfectly awful. We advanced through several gardens and streets, and at last worked our way to a spot where we were slightly sheltered from the shower of lead. The

* Captain Henry.

enemy had occupied these houses, and were driven from them by the determined advance of our men. We could not proceed any farther, having arrived at an impassable stream, on the opposite side of which the enemy were in force with three pieces of artillery, from which an incessant fire was kept up on us. In fact, every street was blockaded and every house a fortification, and on all sides our gallant officers and men were shot down. Our command did not number over one hundred and fifty, and the enemy were at least a thousand strong at the bridge. It would have been madness to storm it with so inadequate a force.

“It was at this point that Captain L. N. Morris, while bravely leading his regiment, received a mortal wound; the shot passed through his body, killing him immediately. Going into action with five seniors, at this critical moment the command of the third infantry,” continues Captain Henry, “devolved upon myself. . . . Here it was that the undaunted courage and bravery of the American soldier showed itself. Although exposed to a deadly fire, they would advance by file, assure themselves of their aim, fire, retire, and load, and *again return* to the spot where the balls were flying thick and fast.”

Ridgeley now came up with his light artillery, and strove to clear a passage across the stream, but the metal of his guns was no match for the heavy fire of the enemy behind their parapet; while the Mexican numbers were so overpowering, that they brought forward a whole regiment to reinforce their strength. As it came up, however, it was met by such

a spirited fire from the Americans, that it was forced back into the town, and kept at bay for a while. It was now deemed impracticable to force the stream and penetrate farther into the city; and the assailing force was therefore withdrawn to the cover of the captured battery, whence it had set out.

As night began to close, there came a messenger with cheering intelligence from General Worth, on the western side of the city, which served to reconcile those on the east for the less apparent success of their own gallant struggle, which, however, had effected the intended purpose of a diversion in favor of their absent comrades.

Worth's camp was aroused to arms at break of day. The train of wag-
Sept. 21.
ons having been packed within the *adobe* or sun-baked clay walls which surrounded the little settlement of rude huts among which the troops had bivouacked during the night, and a regiment of infantry with a piece of artillery left as a guard, the rest of the force pushed on toward the Saltillo road. In advance rode Colonel Hays' regiment of mounted Texans, now extending and again closing their ranks as the path widened on the table-land or narrowed into defiles between the mountains. Behind them Captain C. F. Smith led his battalion of light-infantry of regulars, who were stretched in open order, as skirmishers, across the road, in front of the main body, which followed in close formation.

As the advanced Texans approached the Saltillo road, and turned the rugged spur of a hill, they beheld a Mexican force

of mounted lancers and infantry, numbering fifteen hundred men, posted at the junction of the two roads, ready to dispute the passage.

Two companies of the Texans turned into a cornfield by the road, and, dismounting, took to cover under a thick-set hedge, and prepared to use their rifles. A third company of the Texan rangers, however, kept on right for the Mexican lancers, who were now coming forward at a brisk gallop. The opposing horsemen soon met, and after a brief struggle the Texans fell back, with two of their number wounded. The Mexicans dashed forward in pursuit, until they came upon Captain Smith's open rank of skirmishers in front of them, and the dismounted Texans in the field on their flank. They were met by a sharp volley from both, and thirty of their saddles were emptied at once. The Mexicans spurred on, however, and were now in close struggle with the advance, when the main division came up, and Lieutenant Hays having brought forward a single gun of Duncan's battery, unlimbered it, and poured a shower of grape-shot over the heads of the Americans, right upon the Mexican assailants. The enemy, now severely cut up, took to flight, pursued by Texans, infantry, and light artillery, and strove to escape, some back to the Saltillo road, and others up the acclivities of the mountains which shadowed the scene of action. Their leader, Don Juan Najira, bravely struggled against fate to the last. Refusing to surrender, he was shot, and his body fell from his horse and rolled down the steep of the hill.

The Mexican infantry retired on the dispersion of the cavalry, and took up its position on the heights which guard the approach to Monterey. In the meantime, General Worth moved forward to the Saltillo road, where he halted for a while, and, making a demonstration against the Mexican works with a part of his force, and posting a battery with a party of Texans and a battalion of artillery a little to the west, sent the remainder of his troops to bring forward the train from the old encampment, where he had left it parked and guarded. On their return they were exposed to a galling fire from the heights, but succeeded, after the loss of an officer and five men, in bringing the train to the Saltillo road, where it was moved to a sugar-house at the foot of the mountains, some hundred yards back, and out of range of the enemy's cannon. Here Worth established a basis for his operations. The building was loop-holed for musketry, and occupied by two companies. The wagons and mules were packed in a field below, where they were covered by the heavy artillery; and the second brigade was posted above, on the acclivity.

The troops which had been sent forward to make a demonstration now returned to the strong position which General Worth had assumed, and preparations were made for more vigorous measures. Three hundred men, one half of whom were regulars and the other Texan volunteers, were placed under the command of Captain Smith, and sent out to storm the battery on the Loma de Federacion. As they moved off, the general

rode up, and, pointing to the height, said, "Men, you are to take that hill, and I know you will!"—"We will!" was shouted out in answer from the whole force.

The hill of the Federation, together with that of Independence opposite to it, guarded the approach to Monterey from the Saltillo road. On advancing toward the town in that direction, the Loma de Federacion rose on the right of the river San Juan and the road, on the left of which was the Loma d'Independencia, with its fortified *Obispado* or bishop's palace.

Captain Smith led his force across the road, and the cornfields beyond, without attracting the notice of the enemy until he was about crossing the river, when the Mexicans opened a full fire of grape and canister. The shot, however, passed harmlessly over the heads of the assailants, and they moved on, crossing the stream and gaining the base of the hill without the loss of a man. Here they were formed under the cover of the rocks, while the Mexicans kept up a noisy but vain cannonade. As the enemy, however, began to gather in strong force about the summit, Smith delayed the assault until his little band could be reinforced.

The general, seeing from the sugar-house the state of affairs, first despatched Captain Miles with the seventh infantry, and immediately after ordered Colonel Persifer F. Smith with the fifth regiment, to hasten to the support of their comrades in the approaching assault, and, if possible, to take the redoubt called Fort Soldado, which guarded the hill on the southeast.

Captain Smith, in the meantime, finding that reinforcements were at hand, began to ascend the height. "The hillside was rocky and difficult, and the Mexican skirmishers, still keeping up an uninterrupted fire, occupied the crags and bushes of one half the distance from the summit. The American regulars advanced by the heads of companies; and on either flank the Texans, in loose order, plied their rifles with deadly effect. The Mexicans fell back upon the hill before the advance, the regulars deployed and opened fire, the pace increased, and, as the Americans rushed with a shout over the crest, the enemy was in full flight to Fort Soldado. One gun had been removed from the position, and the other, which had been overturned in the rocky path, was abandoned. The Americans, coming on in pursuit, pelted the fugitives in their retreat, seized and righted the abandoned gun, and directed it against the redoubt."*

Meanwhile, Colonel Smith and Captain Miles had reached Fort Soldado, at the base of the hill, when they at once made a charge for the works, and came upon the thronging Mexicans before they had time to recover from the confusion of their flight from the summit. Driven from the redoubt where they had sought refuge, they continued their precipitate course down the hill toward the town, pursued by the Americans. The latter, however, were soon brought back to the works just captured, as the Loma d'Independencia opposite began to open fire, in order to cover the retreat of the fugitives.

* The War with Mexico. By R. S. Ripley. •

General Worth moved forward immediately with the rest of his division, the train, and the artillery, and bivouacked his troops at the base of the height from which was now floating the United States flag. "At that moment," writes Ripley, "the scene was beautifully grand. A heavy storm was just rising over the high peaks of the Sierra Madre, while the cannonade between the hills of *Federacion* and *Independencia* enveloped each height in smoke; the Mexican troops crowned the summit of their hill above the cloud; Worth's division, with its train, was taking position in the defile; and, to heighten the effect, the echoes of the artillery rolled in a thousand reverberations through the valley. But the night soon set in with a heavy rain, the cannonade ceased, and the whole was shrouded in darkness."

Sept. 22. On the eastern side of the city, where General Taylor was encamped, Fort Diabolo, still occupied by the Mexicans, began, as the day opened, a brisk cannonade, which continued until night. The Americans who held the captured battery were so much exposed to the fire, that they were obliged to lie flat down on the miry ground, to escape the shower of balls that was constantly pouring into the work. Nothing was done during the day by Taylor, beyond shifting some of the troops for the relief of others, and strengthening the distillery and redoubt which had been wrested from the Mexicans. The men, however, were encouraged by the evident success of their comrades on the other side of the city. The flashes of musketry, like sparks

of electricity from the distant height, and the volumes of smoke which rolled up the ascent, indicated that General Worth was again hotly engaged with the enemy, and none doubted of a successful result.

During the preceding night, Sept. 21. General Worth had no sooner bivouacked his troops at the base of the Loma de Federacion, than he planned an attack upon the opposite height of the Loma d'Independencia, on the acclivity of which stood the *Obispado*, or bishop's palace. Three companies of the eighth infantry, three companies of the artillery battalion, and two hundred Texans, under Colonel Hays, with Lieutenant-Colonel Childs in command of the whole force, were selected for the assault of the coming morning. Colonel Smith was directed to sally out at the same time with a party from Fort Soldado, and make a demonstration against the enemy, in order to facilitate the operations of Colonel Childs.

It was dark and rainy when Colonel Childs, having obtained Mexican guides, set out three hours after midnight. The whole force succeeded in reaching the base of the hill on the northwestern side of the Loma d'Independencia, without arousing the enemy. Here Childs detached Captain Vinton, with three companies and some of the Texans, to move round the hill and take a position on the northeastern side, whence he was ordered to ascend at the proper moment. The Mexicans having posted no pickets, and the darkness and storm still continuing, Vinton was enabled to reach the ground without awakening their suspicions.

Sept. 22. At break of day, the assault began. Colonel Childs led his force up the western acclivity of the hill, meeting with no resistance until near the summit; when the Mexicans, suddenly aroused to their danger, opened fire and swept down the leading files of the assailants; but those behind rushed forward, with a shout, over their dead and dying comrades. In the meantime, Captain Vinton had brought his force to the top, and now with a loud huzza charged the enemy's battery, at the same moment that the Americans on the other side began their assault.

The Mexicans, thus beset, fled down the hill, taking with them one of the guns and hurling the other over the precipice, and took refuge within the walls of the bishop's palace, where the garrison were absorbed in watching the movement of Colonel Smith and his force, which, having issued out of Fort Soldado, on the op-

posite hill, was making, with loud cheers and every hostile demonstration, a diversion to distract the attention of the Mexicans below, while Childs and Vinton were assaulting those above. The guns of the bishop's palace opened with a discharge of grape upon the noisy demonstrators, but without effect; and his purpose having been attained, Colonel Smith again withdrew his troops to the cover of the redoubt.

General Worth now sent three more companies to the support of Childs, who was thus enabled to secure complete possession of the summit, where he posted some of the troops, while the rocks on each declivity in advance were held by four companies under the command of Captain Vinton. The next object was to gain possession of the *Obispado* or bishop's palace, and General Worth's whole attention was now concentrated upon preparations to effect it.

CHAPTER VIII.

Attack on the Bishop's Palace at Monterey.—Temporary Success of the Mexicans.—Momentary Encouragement.—Charge of Mexican Lancers.—Their Repulse and Rout.—Capture of the Bishop's Palace.—Confidence and Expectations of General Worth.—A Night-Alarm.—An American Fire from Mexican Guns.—A Flag from the Governor of Monterey.—Too late.—Operations of General Quitman.—Fort Diabolo abandoned by the Enemy.—The Rush into the City.—Street after Street.—Ridgeley's Fire from Fort Teneria.—The Street-Conflict.—Check of the American Advance.—Barricades and Ambushes.—A Cross-Fire.—“Go it, Boys!”—General Taylor in Danger.—Worth enters Monterey.—Pickaxes and Crowbars.—The Mexicans surrounded.—The Struggle.—An Heroic Señorita.—A Woman *en Cavalier*.—Shifting Troops.—Good Service of a Mortar.—To the Plaza.—The Enemy cooped up.—General Harmer ready for the Assault.—The Bugle sounds a Truce.—A Proposition, and its Rejection.—Protracted Negotiation.—Capitulation of Monterey.—The Terms.—Losses of the Combatants.—Taking Possession of the Citadel.—Flight of the Inhabitants.—Entrance of the Americans into the City.—The People resuming their Occupations.—Delights — The Americans in Full Possession.—Service at the Cathedral.—Shops and Saloons.—General Arista's Palace.—The Hospital.—Tessellated Pavements.—Broad Porticos.—Grateful Breezes.—Grassy Banks.—Grapevines.—Groves of Orange-Trees.—Pomegranates.

1846. A FORCE of about a thousand men was now gathered at the summit of the Loma d'Independencia, the fifth regiment having moved as a reinforcement from Fort Soldado, and ascended the hill by the rear or western side. A twelve-pound howitzer had also been brought up with immense labor, mounted upon the captured Mexican work, and pointed at the bishop's palace below, of which it was determined to dispossess the enemy.

Sept. 22. As morning broke, a reconnoitring-party, under the cover of the heavy mist which shrouded the top and acclivity of the hill, descended to within a short distance of the *Obispado*; but at the same moment the fog lifted, and the enemy, catching a glimpse of the Americans, drove them back with a discharge of canister and musketry. The Mexicans, emboldened by this small success, made several attempts to sally out with the apparent intention of retaking the summit,

but were always repulsed by the American troops in advance.

The howitzer on the top and the guns of the bishop's palace interchanged a constant cannonade, and a straggling fire of musketry between the advanced Americans and the enemy was kept up during the whole morning; but, since the bishop's palace appeared so formidable, no effort was made to strike a decisive blow until the Mexicans themselves began to show a disposition to more vigorous action.

About noon, a large body of lancers gathered in front of the palace, and firing, charged up the hill at a brisk pace. On either side of the road were posted Bradford's and Ayers's companies, ready to receive them. As the Mexicans rode up, the Americans closed to the right and left, faced quickly to the front, and fired. The lancers at once turned their horses' heads and galloped back, followed by Bradford's and Ayers's companies, and al-

most immediately after by all of Captain Vinton's command. As the assailants came on, the enemy rushed out of their works in helter-skelter flight. Lieutenant Ayers was the first to enter the palace, making his way through an embrasure, and in a moment pulling down the Mexican and hoisting the American flag. As our troops came pushing on, they followed the scattered enemy to the outskirts of the town, and then returned to the *Obispado*, where General Worth soon arrived with the rest of his force. Planting Duncan's battery in front, a fire was opened upon the fugitives, who, after entering the city, began to issue out toward the citadel at the north of the town, and in direct line to the east from the captured *Obispado*. The cannonade ceased only when the enemy had got out of range.

Now in possession of the Loma d'Independencia, with the *Obispado*, General Worth felt confident not only of holding his ground, but of securing an entrance into Monterey. Shifting his principal force, with the train, to his new position, and ordering the fifth regiment back to the opposite height of the Loma de Federacion, he confidently awaited the coming morning to renew his operations, which, it was believed, could not fail to result in the fall of Monterey.

During the night the whole force was aroused by the prospect of an attack from the enemy, who, conscious of the importance of the day's loss, threatened an effort to retake the bishop's palace. On the alarm being given, the troops sprang to their arms with cheers, which were echoed and re-echoed from the base to

the summit of the hill. The Mexicans did not come, however; for their general, after gathering his troops, to the number of four thousand, from the eastern part of Monterey, gave up the attempt as hopeless, and retired to the *plaza* in the centre of the city.

General Worth, availing himself of the captured cannon, began early on the following morning to open fire from **Sept. 23.** the two hills upon the western part of the town. As the enemy, however, had almost deserted this quarter, they were out of reach of all but a nine-pounder on the Loma de Federacion, which the fifth infantry had dragged from Fort Soldado, and so placed as to pour its balls right among the Mexicans in the *plaza*. The fire from the other pieces was therefore discontinued, and that from the one on Federation hill alone persevered in. This proved so effective, that soon there came a communication, with a flag of truce, from the governor of Monterey, asking permission for the women and children to leave the city. Worth could not, on his own responsibility, grant the request; and General Taylor did not hear of it until it was too late to listen to it, consistently with his sense of duty.

In the meantime, General Quitman—who, with the Tennessee and Mississippi troops, had passed the night within the works captured from the enemy on the east side of the town during the previous day—found in the morning that the neighboring redoubt of Fort Diabolo, from which hitherto the Americans had suffered so greatly, was abandoned. Quitman immediately ordered the Mississipp-

pians to take possession, and reported the fact to General Taylor. The whole camp had been early aroused to arms upon the distant sound of Worth's cannonade from the hills on the west, and the troops were ready to march on the instant. Taylor, having sent directions to General Quitman to make his way with his brigade into the city as best he could, taking care to shelter the men as much as possible, ordered Bragg's battery and the third regiment of infantry to follow and support him. General Henderson and his Texans, having in the meantime returned from their unsuccessful effort to reinforce Worth, were also ordered to enter the city.

General Quitman at once pushed forward with great spirit. Seizing upon the houses, and breaking through the walls, or mounting to the roofs, the Americans drove the enemy before them; and thus gaining street after street, they reached the heart of the city.

In the meanwhile, Captain Ridgeley was serving with good effect a captured gun in the first redoubt taken (that of Fort Teneria), aiming directly at the cathedral in the *plaza*, where the Mexicans were in mass, and thus covering the approach of the Americans. The rest of the troops had now arrived, and, with Quitman's volunteers, were engaged in the street conflict. As the fight thickened, Ridgeley ceased his fire, lest it should prove fatal to friend as well as foe.

On reaching a street which led directly to the cathedral, it was found barricaded, and so stoutly defended that the advance

of the Americans was suddenly checked. One of Bragg's cannon now played up the street, but with its light metal produced little effect. The sergeant who worked it was shot through the heart. "The Mexicans, whenever the piece was pointed at them, would fall behind their barricade; and at that time," relates one of the officers, "we could cross without a *certainty* of being shot. As soon as it was fired, their balls (as if bushels of hickory-nuts were hurled at us) swept the street. Our men crossed it in squads. '*Go it, my boys!*' and away some would start; others would wait until the enemy had foolishly expended at space their bullets, and then they would cross.

"General Taylor was in town with his staff, on foot, walking about, perfectly regardless of danger. He was very imprudent in the exposure of his person. He crossed the street in which there was such a terrible fire, in a walk, and, by every chance, should have been shot. I ran across with some of my men, and reminded him how much he was exposing himself, to which he replied, '*Take that axe and knock in that door.*'"*

Worth, hearing the heavy and continued fire on the east, and believing that Taylor's troops were engaged in a general assault, hastened to co-operate on his side of the town. Leaving a sufficient force to guard his rear, and prevent the arrival of reinforcements for the enemy by the Saltillo road, of which there were rumors, he entered the city with his main body of infantry and his light artillery. The troops, supplied with pickaxes and

* Captain Henry.

crowbars found among the stores taken at Fort Soldado, pushed bravely on, making their way, by dint of hard blows and main strength, through the houses and barricades, and over the walls, until they came within range of the Mexicans. A body of lancers strove to charge and regain a barricade, but were driven back by a fire from the light artillery, which had been posted so as to sweep the approach.

The enemy, thus pressed on the east and west, were forced back from every wall, housetop, and street. They defended themselves, however, with great resolution. About noon, both the
Sept. 23. assailants and the assailed ceased their struggle, as if wearied with the conflict. An hour passed, and again the fight was renewed with increased fury. The Mexicans crowded the roofs of the buildings bordering the *plaza*, and seemed resolved to defend this their last refuge to the utmost. "At this time, sublime as the heroines of Sparta and of Rome, and beautiful as the tutelary deities of Grecian sculpture, the *señorita* Doña María Josefa Zozaya, in the house of Señor Garza Flores, presented herself among the soldiers who fought on the *azotea*, to give them food and ammunition, and to teach them how to despise danger."*

Nor was this the only example of female heroism. Another Mexican lady, a Señora Dos Amados, daughter of a governor of Nueva Leon, donning the uniform of an officer, mounted a horse *en*

cavaliér, and declared that she would never yield until the "northern barbarians" were driven from her native land. Like another Joan d'Arc, her presence inspired her countrymen with courage; and, haranguing them, she asked to be placed at their head, that she might be in the thickest of the battle. Her request was granted, and she led a charge of lancers, which proved among the most spirited and destructive to our men during the street struggle.*

General Taylor, now finding his light artillery of little use, and fearing that his men would suffer from the fire of the mortar (which he had dismounted from its useless position in front of the camp, and sent to Worth, to use against the *plaza*), withdrew his troops. Those under Quitman, who had begun the work of the day, were ordered back to the camp; and General Harmer's brigade of Ohio volunteers sent to take their place, and, with the regulars, to occupy the captured forts and buildings on the east of the city.

General Worth, in the meantime, having placed the mortar in battery in the cemetery, threw a shower of shells from that advanced position the whole afternoon and during the night, with great effect. His troops, meanwhile, were cutting their way through the houses close to the *plaza*; while the Texans, who had dismounted, ascended to the roofs, and kept up a succession of well-aimed shots from their rifles.

General Ampudia had concentrated his force against this assault from the west, but his artillery poured its grape in vain

* "Sketches of the Campaign in Northern Mexico," where the quotation is made from a translation of a Mexican work.

* Captain Henry.

along the streets; as the Americans, now under cover of the buildings, not only were protected against danger, but were enabled to check every advance of the enemy. Thus the Mexicans remained during the night cooped up in the *plaza*, which, with the citadel at the north of the city, was the only refuge left them.

Sept. 24. The brigade of Ohio troops, under the command of General Harmer, which during the previous night had occupied the eastern portions of the town wrested from the foe, was aroused to arms at daybreak, and prepared to renew the assault. A bugle sounding a parley in front, however, soon arrested the attention; and directly after, there came a small group of Mexicans, with a flag of truce. It proved to be Colonel Murino, with some officers, bearing a proposition from General Ampudia to surrender the town, on condition that he should be permitted to march out with his troops and all the "*personnel and materiel* of war." On the Mexican colonel being escorted to the camp and presented to General Taylor, the proposition of Ampudia was at once rejected; while other terms were proposed by the American commander, to which he said he would expect an answer at General Worth's headquarters, on the other side of the city, at noon, whither he would repair to receive it. The Mexican declared that news had been received of the appointment of commissioners to negotiate for peace, and that therefore no further American reinforcements would be received. He, moreover, added that if the Americans persevered, it was possible they might take the place, but that

it would cost them two thirds of their force. As he took his departure, he was made to understand that if the American proposition was not agreed to, hostilities would be immediately resumed.

A protracted discussion followed between the respective commissioners* at Worth's headquarters, which so tired the patience of General Taylor, that he declared to Ampudia: "Sir, I hold you and your army in the hollow of my hand! The conference is closed: in thirty minutes you shall hear from my batteries!"† The Mexican general, after much delay and apparent reluctance, finally agreed to sign the following terms of capitulation:—

"ARTICLE I. As the legitimate result of the operations before this place, and the present position of the contending armies, it is agreed that the city, the fortifications, cannon, the munitions of war, and all other public property, with the undermentioned exceptions, be surrendered to the commanding general of the United States forces now in Monterey.

"ART. II. That the Mexican forces be allowed to retain the following arms, to wit: the commissioned officers their side-arms, the infantry their arms and accoutrements, the artillery one field-battery, not to exceed six pieces, with twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

"ART. III. That the Mexican armed forces retire, within seven days from this date, beyond the line formed by the pass

* General Worth, Governor Henderson, and Colonel Davis, were appointed in behalf of the Americans; and Generals Ortega and Reynosa, and Governor Liano, on the part of the Mexicans.

† History of the War, &c., by John S. Jenkins.

of the Rinconada, the city of Linares, and San Fernando de Presas.

“ART. IV. That the citadel of Monterey be evacuated by the Mexican, and occupied by the American forces, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

“ART. V. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, that the troops of the United States will not occupy the city until the Mexican forces have withdrawn, except for hospital and storage purposes.

“ART. VI. That the forces of the United States will not advance beyond the line specified in the third article, before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the orders or instructions of the respective governments can be received.

“ART. VII. That the public property to be delivered shall be turned over and received by officers appointed by the commanding generals of the two armies.

“ART. VIII. That all doubts as to the meaning of any of the preceding articles shall be solved by an equitable construction, and on principles of liberality to the retiring army.

“ART. IX. That the Mexican flag, when struck at the citadel, may be saluted by its own artillery.

“Done at Monterey, September 24, 1846.”

Thus ended gloriously for American arms the storming of Monterey. The forces of the United States lost in killed twelve officers and one hundred and eight privates; the wounded numbered twenty-six officers and three hundred and seven men. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained with any degree of certainty, but it was supposed to exceed that of the assailants.

On the day after the capitulation, the Americans took possession of the citadel. As the Mexicans marched out, saluting their falling flag with sounds of artillery, a column composed of portions of General Worth's division was led in by Colonel Persifer F. Smith; and the standard of the victors rose above the massive walls, hailed by loud hurrahs from the Americans and joyous bursts of music from the regimental bands. The citadel was found to be a work of great strength, with a ditch of unusual width and depth; an exterior wall eight feet high and of great thickness; and an interior structure, originally intended for a cathedral, of immense solidity. In its two large magazines was found sufficient ammunition to have supplied its many heavy guns and mortars for a month.

For three days after the citadel was taken possession of, the ten thousand Mexican troops continued to leave the city. With them went a large number of the inhabitants, men, women, and children. The army presented a motley aspect. The officers, bedizened with gay uniforms, were followed, now by a body of well-appointed cavalry, now by a troop of brawny mountaineers, and again by straggling regiments composed of every variety of race—Indians, negroes, mestizoes, and mulattoes. In the rear were the usual hangers-on of a camp, with a throng of people of all classes and ages, some on mules and some on horses, but most afoot. Among them were proud-looking cavaliers, still holding their heads in high defiance, and graceful dames mod-

Sept. 25.

estly concealed from public view in varicolored *rebosas*.

As the enemy departed, the American troops thronged into Monterey, eager to see and enjoy all that might provoke curiosity or tempt to indulgence in pleasure. Through the various streets of the city, along the banks of the little river San Juan, or across the bridges which spanned it, the soldiers went in scattered groups—now chaffing with the English, Scotch, and French tradesmen in the gay shops of the *plaza*; now peering into the painted shrines of the handsome cathedral; and again intruding into the ornamental courts and blooming gardens of the better houses.

The humbler citizens who had stayed behind soon resumed their daily occupations. About the fountains in the *plaza* gathered the native men and women, in picturesque costume, offering their stores of fruit and vegetables; and the American campaigners, glad to vary their hard camp-fare of biscuit and strung beef with more refreshing food, became ready purchasers of the luscious grapes, green corn,

and other products, which the fertile fields and gardens of Monterey liberally supplied.

The conquerors were soon in full possession of the city. An American Roman Catholic chaplain cleared the cathedral of its stores of ammunition heaped there by the Mexicans, and performed mass; American traders and adventurers, who had followed the camp, opened shops and saloons; and American officers and soldiers quartered themselves in the houses abandoned by the fugitive citizens. The palace of General Arista, situated in the suburbs, at the base of the hill on which the bishop's palace stood, was converted into a hospital. Within its heavy walls and on its tessellated pavements of stone were stretched the sick and the wounded. Under its broad portico the convalescents sought the grateful breeze, or sauntered with weak step in the garden, about the marble fountains, on the grassy banks of the rivulet, along the walks shaded by trellised grapevines, or amid the groves of orange and pomegranate trees.

CHAPTER IX.

Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.—Its Object.—A Spirited Leader.—John C. Fremont.—His Life and Character.—A Tribute from Humboldt.—Birth of Fremont.—His Parentage.—A Missive to an Infant.—An Early Man.—Fremont's Father.—Gallic Impressibility.—Marriage and Divorce.—Best Family of Virginia.—Early Youth of Fremont.—At School and College.—A Naval Professorship.—Civil Engineering.—On the Railways.—Explorations.—First Expeditions.—Expedition of 1845.—Personal Characteristics of Fremont.—His Marriage.—Experience.—Followers.—“Kit Carson.”—Life and Character of Christopher Carson.—A Fur-Hunter.—Fights with the Indians.—Adventures.—A Deadly Encounter.—First Acquaintance with Fremont.—Fidelity.—A Sacrifice.—Fremont at Salt Lake.—A Lonesome March.—A Foot-Trace.—Encampment.—An Apparition.—A Ghostly Interview.—Sudden Disappearance.—A Solitary Indian.—A *Pot au Feu* in the Wilderness.—Restoration of Stolen Goods.—A Dogged Procession.—Fremont pushes on in Advance.—His Object.—Danger of Extermination.—Fremont arrives at Sutter's Fort, in California.—Captain Sutter.—Fremont to the Rescue of his Followers.—Indian Attack.—In the Snow.—The Rendezvous.—Fremont in the Valley of San Joaquin.—Visit to Monterey.—Return.—General Castro's Threat.—Fremont on Hawk's Peak.—Approach of the Mexicans.—An Assault threatened.—Resolute Defiance.—Awaiting the Attack.

1845. In May, 1845, an expedition set out, under orders from the government of the United States, to explore the region west of the Rocky mountains, and discover a new and better route from their base to the mouth of the Columbia river, on the Pacific ocean. The party consisted of sixty-two men—Indians, Canadian *voyageurs*, and American trappers—led by John C. Fremont, who, for previous spirited and important services as an explorer, had been rewarded with the rank of a brevet captain in the United States corps of topographical engineers. Although the object of the expedition was entirely of a scientific character, it became subsequently involved, by fortuitous circumstances, in the conflict between Mexico and the United States, and effected such results as claim a record in the history of the war. The men, not one of whom was a soldier in the army, fought battles, won victories, and conquered a territory, under their spirited

leader, whose life had hitherto been devoted to the peaceful pursuits of science. Although at this time but thirty-three years old, young Fremont had achieved a high reputation among the scientific explorers and geographers of the world. Humboldt had recorded, on the pages of his own immortal works, his admiration of Fremont's “gigantic labors between St. Louis, of Missouri, and the coasts of the South sea,” and thus paid a public tribute to the noble courage displayed by the young explorer in braving every danger of frost and famine, in those remote expeditions, by which he had “enriched every branch of natural science, and illustrated a vast country before entirely unknown.” Foreign societies had enrolled his name among their men of science, and kings had bestowed upon him medals of gold, to signify their appreciation of his discoveries. He was now to find the paths he sought for science, leading to battle. He was to wrest do-

minion by military conquest where he had only hoped to extend the peaceful domain of philosophy. His important though casual services in the war have secured to him a rank and entitle him to a record among its heroes.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT was born at Savannah, in Georgia, on the 21st of January, 1813, during one of the many journeys in which his parents, who were of a migratory turn, often indulged. In the course of the same tour, it is recorded that the travellers put up at an inn at Nashville, in Tennessee, where they were resting, when the personal encounter occurred between General Jackson and Colonel Benton, the balls of whose pistols penetrated the walls of the room in which the Fremont family were gathered. Such a missive to the infant Fremont, possibly from the hand of his future father-in-law, was but an ill omen of the favors from that quarter ardently sued for in subsequent years.

The father of John C. Fremont was a Frenchman, who, while on a voyage to San Domingo, was taken prisoner by the British, from whose hands he escaped, and reached Norfolk, in Virginia. Being without means in a strange land, he, like many of the well-educated of his countrymen, began his career in the New World as a teacher of French. Here, with characteristic Gallic impressibility, he fell in love with a Mrs. Pryor, the divorced wife of a Major Pryor. The first marriage of this lady had proved unhappy, in consequence of disparity of age and tastes. She was but seventeen, and handsome; he, though very rich, was "very gouty, and sixty-two

years of age—just forty-five years her senior."* A divorce ensued after a twelve years' sad experience of this ill-assorted union; and Major Pryor took his house-keeper for his second wife, while the gallant French teacher received Mrs. Pryor as his bride, and she thus became Mrs. Fremont. By this marriage the Fremonts were allied to one of the best families in Virginia (the Whitings), who, however, looked somewhat askance upon this mingling of their aristocratic blood with that of a foreign adventurer, who earned his bread by teaching. The lustre of the escutcheon of the Whitings had, moreover, been heightened by the reflected glory of the Washingtons, with whom they were allied by marriage: Mrs. Fremont's grand-aunt had married a grand-uncle of George Washington.†

Two sons and a daughter, each born in a different state, and of whom John C. Fremont was the first-born, were the whole offspring of his parents. The father died when his eldest son was but four years of age. The widowed mother now fixed upon Charleston, in South Carolina, as her permanent home, and devoted herself to the care and education of her children.

The early youth of Fremont was marked by unusual fondness for study, and sobriety of life. Under the guidance of efficient teachers at school and college, he made good progress in the classics, and acquired such a knowledge of the natural sciences, for which he had shown an early taste, that at the age of twenty he became a teacher of mathematics in the

* Memoir of the Life and Services of John Charles Fremont, by John Bigelow.

† *Ib.*

navy. After a cruise of two years and a half, he returned to Charleston, and soon passed triumphantly through a rigid examination, which entitled him to one of the new appointments to a naval professorship. He, however, refused to serve, preferring to devote himself to the profession of a civil engineer; and in this capacity he soon found employment in a survey of a route for a railway from Charleston to Cincinnati. The camp-life which he led in the uncultivated country during this work, and a subsequent survey of the Cherokee districts of Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, developed his taste for explorations of the wilderness. Being appointed an assistant to Monsieur Nicollet, the eminent French explorer, he accompanied him on two expeditions during the years 1838 and 1839, to explore the region lying between the Missouri and the upper rivers, and extending northward to the British line.

After this experience, Fremont had already acquired such repute, that the government intrusted him with the leadership of the expedition to explore the vast region extending from the Missouri river across the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean. The triumphs of this and the subsequent expedition of 1843 were those of the man of science, which it is not our purpose to record. We shall confine ourselves to a narrative of the martial results of the expedition of 1845, in which Fremont won for himself a more popular position as a victorious soldier.

Fremont's personal characteristics are thus described by his biographer: "Colo-

nel Fremont is about five feet nine inches high, slight and sinewy in his structure, but gracefully proportioned and eminently prepossessing in his personal appearance. His eyes are blue and very large, his nose aquiline; and his forehead, over which his brown, curling hair is parted at the centre, is high and capacious.

"His head as well as person are strikingly symmetrical, and indicate the compact strength and symmetry of character which he has displayed through life. The height of his head above the ears also reveals the elevation of his sentiments, and the general benevolence and purity of his nature.

"Scarcely any trait of his character will impress a stranger sooner than his modesty. . . . In his manners he is eminently well bred and refined, and always prepossesses a new acquaintance in his favor. He is sensitive to anything affecting his character, but slow to take offence or suspect the motives of men."*

Fremont's wife is the daughter† of the late Colonel Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri; and, though the marriage was, at first, opposed to the wishes of her parents, all parties subsequently congratulated themselves upon the event.

Fremont, having already led two expeditions across the Rocky mountains, was fully prepared, by his former experience, for the trials of the third. Most of his followers were now tried men, who had on the two former expeditions given proof of their endurance, courage, and

* Bigelow.

† Mrs. Jessie Fremont, whose name became as familiar to the world as that of her husband when, in 1856, he was a candidate for the presidency.

fidelity. Among these, the most remarkable was "Kit Carson."

CHRISTOPHER CARSON was born in Kentucky, in 1810 or 1811; but his parents having removed to Missouri while their son was only a year old, his childhood and early youth were passed in that territory, on the borders of the wilderness. At the age of fifteen he joined a party of traders to Santa Fé, and, on reaching New Mexico, was employed as a teamster in the copper-mines of Chihuahua. With a natural love of travel and adventure, he soon sought a wider scope for his errant energies, in the life of a fur-hunter or trapper. In this career, which daily tried his courage, endurance, and capacity, he acquired great repute, and became noted for his hardihood, skill, and bravery. He was a sure marksman, an unerring guide, and a bold hunter, whether in pursuit of wild beast or cruel Indian. His many conflicts with the Blackfeet and Crow tribes had inured him to the dangers and made him familiar with all the cunning devices of savage warfare. His skill and courage were often put to the test by his companions, who chose him as their leader in every fight with their Indian foes.

On one occasion, at the head of twelve men, he tracked a band of about sixty Crows, who had stolen some horses belonging to the trappers. Cutting loose the animals, which were staked within a few feet of the log-fort where the Indians had sought a cover, Carson and his little party attacked the savages, and succeeded in making good their retreat with the rescued horses, and a Crow scalp as a tro-

phy. On another occasion, during a conflict with some of the Blackfeet tribe, he was shot by a rifle-ball, which fractured his left shoulder-blade, and Carson thus received the only injury he ever suffered throughout the long and dangerous experience of his career.

Being a man of a naturally peaceful temper, Carson, notwithstanding his constant companionship with men whose instincts, unrestrained by law or society, often burst forth in rudeness of manner and violence of action, was only once engaged in a personal encounter with a fellow-trapper. A braggadocio French-Canadian having declared that the Americans were only fit to be whipped with switches, Carson resented the insult, and told the braggart that, as he was the "most trifling one among the Americans," he had better begin with him. Some fierce words were now exchanged, and then each went his way. Both soon reappeared on the ground, mounted and armed for a deadly encounter. As soon as they caught a glimpse of each other, they pushed forward at a gallop till their horses' heads nearly touched, when the Frenchman raised his rifle, but Carson was too quick for him, and shot him through the hand with a pistol just as he was discharging his piece. The ball thus aimed at the heart was diverged from its fatal range by a sudden jerking of the Frenchman's gun upward, and passed whistling close to Carson's left eye, and singeing his hair.

Colonel Fremont's first acquaintance with "Kit Carson" took place on board a steamboat on the Missouri river, where

they met casually as fellow-passengers. A sympathetic love of adventure, and a mutually quick appreciation of each other's characteristics, led to an intimacy that resulted in the engagement of Carson as a guide by Fremont, who was then setting out on his first expedition. The fidelity and sterling qualities of the man, after having been thoroughly tested, induced Fremont to engage him for his second expedition. On returning from this, a promise was obtained from Carson to join the third, should such occur. In the meantime, he had settled with his family at Taos, in New Mexico, where he cultivated a farm, with the hope of passing the rest of his days in fixed repose. True to his word, however, on the first summons from his old leader, he had again put on his hunting-shirt, taken down his rifle, and, mounting his *mustang*, joined Fremont at Fort Bent, and now accompanied him on his third and most eventful expedition.

Fremont, having started from St. Louis, passed over familiar ground, though adding to his scientific experience by hourly observation of all varieties of natural phenomena, till he crossed the Rocky mountains and reached the Great Salt lake, in the territory now known as Utah. Here he encamped on the southwestern shore, and prepared to penetrate a region hitherto unexplored.

A desert plain stretched before him for seventy miles to the west, bounded in the remote distance by a rugged chain of sombre mountains. A party, having been sent in advance to explore, remained absent for two days; when Fremont, be-

coming anxious for their safety, broke up his encampment on the borders of the Great Salt lake, and followed on their trail with the rest of his men. After a rapid march during a whole night, one of the scouts was met at early dawn of day, coming back. He brought with him the satisfactory intelligence of the safety of his party, which had succeeded in finding a running stream within a mountain-gorge, where there was wood and pasture. Fremont pushed rapidly on, and, coming up with the advance, soon renewed his toilsome journey over the mountains to the west; now encamping on the acclivities, and again mounting the summits, and pitching his tents by the borders of a spring.

For days together the explorers found no evidence of human life except among themselves. Suddenly, however, they would be startled by sight of the traces of human feet. On one occasion, after a weary search of many days, they had discovered a spring. As they eagerly sought to slake their thirst, they found on its borders the fresh imprint of a foot. Surprised at first at this discovery, they soon, however, gave it no further thought, and, having prepared their encampment, lighted their fires, cooked and eaten their suppers, remained grouped together, whiling away the time in pleasant talk, until they should fall to sleep for the night.

Kit Carson, who was lying with his pipe in his mouth, his hands under his head, and his feet toward the fire, suddenly raised himself to a sitting posture, and, pointing his finger, cried out, "Good God! look there!" All eyes were at once



fixed upon an apparition which was like that of one of Macbeth's witches over the cauldron. There, on the opposite side of the fire, stood an Indian hag, at least fourscore years old, nearly naked, with her gray hair hanging over her wrinkled face and shrivelled shoulders. The blaze and smoke of the burning green pine-wood, throwing now a flash of bright light and again an irregular shade of darkness upon her person, added to her witchlike and hideous aspect; while her uncouth mouthings, and the strange movements of her skinny arms and hands, as if she were engaged in some dark incantations, strengthened the illusion. In a moment she ceased to move or utter a sound, and stood with her eyes strained, her mouth open, her body fixed, and her tawny skin suddenly blanched to the whiteness of her straggling hair. She had caught a glance of the white men, and, abruptly discovering that those before whom she stood were not her own people, had been terrified by fright. Recovering her self-possession, however, she turned to fly, when the men sprang up and surrounded her.

She now told her sad story. She was very old, she said, and "could gather no more seeds, and was no longer good for anything." Her people, therefore, had turned her out into the wilderness to die; and, in the calmness of despair, she said she awaited death "when the snows got deep." Nothing could allay her fears of the pale-faces; and, being supplied with some meat, she snatched it up eagerly, and ran off. One of the men, calling to mind that she was without fire, seized a burning brand and went in pursuit. She,

however, having plunged into the cover of the thicket, disappeared, and was never seen again.

A few days subsequently, when Captain Fremont had resumed his tramp through the mountain-passes, and had reached a height of two thousand feet above the plain, a thin smoke was seen to curl up from a neighboring gorge. On arriving at the spot, a solitary naked Indian was found on the border of a small rivulet, standing over his earthen pot filled with meat, simmering on a fire. Near by lay a little heap of ground-squirrels, and a bow with arrows. Though frightened at the sudden appearance of strangers, he welcomed them with a forced gayety, and offered them a share of his "*pot au feu*" and his store of squirrels. Fremont and his party passed quickly on, after striving, with a few gentle expressions of kindness, to convince him of their indisposition to harm him. Some of the Delawares, however, who accompanied the expedition, having cast covetous eyes upon the handsome bow and neatly-feathered arrows tipped with obsidian of the solitary native wanderer of the wilderness, had stealthily possessed themselves of the weapons. On discovering the theft, Fremont induced his Indian followers to take back the bow and arrows, when he told them that the poor fellow whom they had despoiled would be deprived of his only means of obtaining food, and would probably die of hunger.*

The Indians thus, during the winter season, from the scarcity of food in that desert region to the east of the Sierra

* Bigelow.

Nevada, are forced to separate from each other, in order to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It is only here and there, at remote distances, and in some small and sheltered spots amid the gorges of the mountains, where perchance scant brushwood may supply a few squirrels and a little fuel, that the solitary wanderer is enabled to subsist.

For some days Fremont journeyed on without seeing even the trace of an Indian; but on reaching a lake which extended along the base of one of the mountains of the Sierra, there came suddenly into view a dozen. They came along in single file, with their heads bent forward and their eyes fixed on the ground, and, without looking to the right or the left, met and passed the white strangers in dogged silence and with apparent unconcern. They had probably gathered together in the neighborhood of the lake for the purpose of fishing, and, being half famished, were, like so many brute animals, possessed alone by their instinctive appetites, and had no fellowship to share with intelligent beings.

1846. With the advance of the winter, Fremont became fearful that the mountain-passes of the Sierra might be filled up with snow. He therefore determined to push on with a small party, consisting of sixteen men, directly over the mountains to California. The rest of his followers were left under the charge of his second in command, Walker, who was directed to pursue a course along the base of the Sierra to the southward, and thus enter the valley of San Joaquin, by a pass which would probably be unob-

structed by snow. Fremont's purpose was to hasten with his small band to Sutter's fort, to obtain horses and cattle, and return as rapidly as possible to meet the rest of his party under Walker, in order to supply them with the means of transport and subsistence, without which there seemed every danger of extermination.

Finding the passes of the Sierra yet unobstructed by snow, Fremont succeeded in reaching the settlement of Sutter, where he was well received by that old Swiss captain of the French royal guard of Charles X., who, in his remote stronghold, surrounded by his half-savage Indian retainers, still possessed the chivalrous bearing of the soldier of a court.

Fremont and his sixteen men now hurried with their horses and cattle to the relief of their comrades. While pursuing their route to the southeast, along the valley of the San Joaquin, they were beset by a band of California Indians, whom they succeeded, however, in driving off, and continued in search of their companions. On entering the mountain-passes of the Sierra Nevada, the snow was found so deep, that it became necessary to abandon the cattle, and it was with the greatest difficulty and labor that Fremont and his men could extricate themselves and pursue their route. They were finally rewarded for all the dangers they had passed and labors undergone by meeting with their comrades at the appointed rendezvous. With his whole party, Fremont now descended the mountains, until he reached the banks of the San Joaquin, which, with its great tributary, the Sacramento, waters the golden region and

fertile valley of California between the Sierra Nevada on the east and the Coast Range on the west.

Jan. 29. Encamping his men in the valley, Fremont proceeded on alone to Monterey, on the Pacific coast, a distance of a hundred miles, in order to report the arrival of his party in California to the Mexican authorities, and obtain from them a renewal of their permission, so freely given on former occasions, to recruit his men, obtain supplies, and pursue the scientific and pacific objects of his expedition.

His requests being promptly granted, Fremont returned to his men and led them on toward Monterey. As they approached the city, there came out an officer, at the head of a body of cavalry, with a message to Fremont from General Castro, the commander-in-chief of California. The missive, in rude terms, denounced the expedition as lawless, and ordered its leader immediately to retire with his men from the territory. Fremont did not hesitate to assert his right to remain, under the permission which had already been granted; and, conscious of the impracticability, at that season of the year, of retracing a route whose dangers and trials he had so lately experienced, he determined not to budge. He therefore chose a strong position upon the acclivity of the rugged "Pico del Gabellan," or Hawk's peak, where he raised a rude intrenchment of oak-trees, hoisted the American flag, and, with his sixty-two men, defied the boasted might of De Castro and his force.

The American consul at Monterey, Mr.

Larkin, a shrewd observer of events, sent a messenger with intelligence of the great preparations of General de Castro to oust Fremont and his men, and the consequent danger which threatened them. Fremont answered by a hasty scrawl with a pencil, that two thousand Californians could not compel him to leave the country, although his own force was but a handful. "We have in no wise," he wrote, "done wrong to the people or the authorities of the country; and if we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every man of us, under the flag of our country."

Meantime, De Castro had marched out from Monterey and encamped near the mission of San Juan, on the plain below the height on which Fremont had hoisted his country's flag. He looked down from his position, and could see the enemy below, gathering in their strength. The *rancheros* paraded in gay cavalcade, ostentatiously displaying their skilful horsemanship; crowds of surly-looking Indians thronged in, cannon were being mounted, and all preparations busily made for an assault.

Fremont's men, few as they were, proposed to surprise De Castro's during the night, and thus anticipate the struggle which was hourly expected. Their leader, however, checked their ardor, and determined not to involve his country, by any overt act of violence, into a serious conflict with Mexico, against which, as yet, there had been no declaration of war. He was fully conscious of the dangers to which he was exposing his little force by awaiting an assault from the gathering numbers of the enemy. His

men, however, never faltered in courage ; but the difficulties of his position aroused all the energies of their spirited leader. For three days, while De Castro was marshalling his troops below, Fremont was strengthening his position on the height, determined to resist an attack, but anxious to avoid, if possible, a collision by which the objects of his expedition might be thwarted.

CHAPTER X.

Fremont holding a Council.—An Ill Omen turned to a Good Purpose.—Preparations for a March.—Proposal from De Castro.—A Bootless Errand.—Expedition to Oregon.—A Startling Encounter.—Express Messengers.—Fremont rides to meet Despatches.—A Hard Ride.—Orders from Washington.—A Change of Plans.—The Incidents of an Eventful Night.—Attack of the Tlamaths.—Return to California.—The Fierce Tlamaths.—Attack on a Tlamath Village.—Slaughter.—Kit Carson in Danger.—The Colonel and Sacramento.—Movements of General de Castro.—Surprising a Drove.—Fall of Sonoma.—Fremont rouses the American Settlers.—Rescue of Sonoma.—Prisoners shot.—Retreat of De Castro.—Fremont Councils a Declaration of Independence.—Raising of the "White-Bear" Flag.—Pursuit of De Castro.—Santa Clara abandoned by the Enemy.—News of War.—The American Naval Force.—Commodore Sloat.—Monterey taken Possession of.—San Francisco ditto.—Fremont at Monterey.—Commodore Stockton succeeds Sloat.—Arrival of a British Squadron.—Amazement.—An English Observer on Fremont and his Men.—Co-operation of Stockton.—The California Battalion.—Operations of Pio Pico.—A Proclamation.—Movement against Los Angeles.—Fall of the Town.—Capture of Mexican Leaders.—Submissive Californians.—A Government organized.—Governor Fremont.

1846. TOWARD evening, on the fourth day after the threatening arrival of General de Castro and his force in the plain below, Fremont sat upon the hill, surrounded by his men, and consulted with them in regard to the future movements of the expedition. At that moment the sapling upon which the flag was hoisted suddenly fell to the ground. It seemed an ill omen, and for an instant all looked aghast. Fremont, observing the effect, promptly turned it in favor of continuing their route, which had been the subject of discussion, saying, "Men, that means saddle up!" Preparations were immediately made for a march.

Mar. 10. Fremont had hardly led out his men, when a messenger came from De Castro, bearing a proposition to

cease hostilities, and to unite the Californian and American forces, with the view of declaring the country independent, and marching against Governor Pio Pico, who upheld the authority of Mexico in the southern part of the territory. The bearer of this strange message found only a deserted camp with its waning fires, and returned from his errand—which, under any circumstances, must have proved bootless—to report to his commander the escape of Fremont and his men.*

With the scientific objects of his expedition always in view, Fremont now directed his course along the valley of the Sacramento, to Oregon. De Castro, notwithstanding his large force, felt evidently no great eagerness to test the spirit of

* Bigelow.

the little band of Americans, and allowed them to pursue their route without molestation.

When Fremont, while exploring a new route to the Wah-lah-math settlements and the region washed by the tide-water of the Columbia river, had reached the north end of the great Tlamath lake, in

May 8. Oregon, he and his men were surprised by a sight which appeared full of startling wonder to these wanderers in the wilderness. Two men came riding up, whose very familiarity of look rendered the apparition the more striking.

The visitors, whose approach had excited so much surprise, proved to be two *voyageurs* who had been with Fremont on a former expedition. They quickly told their story. "They were," says a narrator, who records the history fresh from the lips of Fremont himself, "part of a guard of six men conducting a United States officer, who was on his (Fremont's) trail with despatches from Washington, and whom they had left two days back, while they came on to give notice of his approach, and to ask that assistance might be sent him. They themselves had only escaped the Indians by the swiftness of their horses. It was a case in which no time was to be lost, nor a mistake made. Mr. Fremont determined to go himself; and taking ten picked men, four of them Delaware Indians, he took his way down the western shore of the lake on the morning of the 9th of May (the direction the officer was to come), and made a ride of sixty miles without a halt! But to meet men, and not to miss them, was the

difficult point in this trackless region. It was not the case of a high-road, where all travellers must meet in passing each other: at intervals there were places—defiles, or camping-grounds—where both parties must pass; and, watching these, he came to one in the afternoon, and decided that, if the party was not killed, it must be there that night. He halted and encamped; and, as the sun was going down, had the inexpressible satisfaction to see the four men approaching.

"The officer proved to be a lieutenant of the United States marines, who had been despatched from Washington the November previous, to make his way by Vera Cruz, the city of Mexico, and Mazatlan, to Monterey, in Upper California; deliver despatches to the United States consul there; and then find Mr. Fremont, wherever he should be. His despatches for Mr. Fremont were only a letter of introduction from the secretary of state (Mr. Buchanan), some letters and slips of newspapers from Senator Benton and his family, and some verbal communications from the secretary of state. The verbal communications were, that Mr. Fremont should watch and counteract any foreign scheme on California, and conciliate the good will of the inhabitants toward the United States."*

Fremont now determined to relinquish his exploration of Oregon, and comply with the orders of his government, whose object was evidently to divert the expedition from the pursuit of science to the more immediate interests of state policy. Kit Carson, who was foremost among the

* Benton's "Thirty Years' View," &c.

“ten picked men” whom Fremont had chosen to accompany him, has described with characteristic wildness of flavor the events of that tragic night in the wilderness after meeting with Mr. Gillespie, the officer of United States marines, and his party:—

“Mr. Gillespie,” says Carson, “had brought the colonel* letters from home—the first he had had since leaving the States the year before—and he was up, and kept a large fire burning, until after midnight; the rest of us were tired out, and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had sixteen in the party, the captain didn’t like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time by the licks of the axe that killed our men. At first, I didn’t know it was that; but I called to Basil, who was that side—‘What’s the matter there? What’s that fuss about?’ He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow! and he never knew what killed him; his head had been cut in, in his sleep: the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we had four with us) were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them caught up a gun, which was unloaded; but although he could do no execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and didn’t

give up until he was shot full of arrows—three entering his heart. He died bravely.

“As soon as I had called out, I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out, ‘Indians!’ There were no orders given; things went on too fast; and the colonel had men with him that didn’t need to be told their duty. The colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp, jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don’t know who fired, and who didn’t; but I think it was Stepp’s shot that killed the Tlamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp’s gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver—the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them, from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall, they ran; but we lay every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack.

“In the morning, we found by the tracks that from fifteen to twenty of the Tlamaths had attacked us. They had killed three of our men, and wounded one of the Delawares, who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell. Our dead men we carried on mules; but after going about ten miles, we found it impossible to get them any farther through the thick timber, and, finding a secret place, we buried them under logs and chunks, having no way to dig a grave. It was only a few days before this fight that some of these same Indians had come

* Captain Fremont was subsequently promoted to a colonelcy, and Carson gives him the later title.

into our camp; and, although we had only meat for two days, and felt sure that we should have to eat mules for ten or fifteen days to come, the colonel divided with them, and even had a mule unpacked to give them some tobacco and knives."

Gathering together all his followers, Captain Fremont now retraced his steps to the valley of the Sacramento. While still on the frontiers of Oregon, and in the midst of the country of the Tlamaths, he came upon a village of this warlike race, containing a large number of people. There were a hundred warriors among them. Carson, with ten men, led the advance, with orders from Fremont to send back word to him on the first discovery of an Indian or his trail. But the savages having caught a glimpse of the approaching party, there was no time to do aught but charge the village at once; or the Tlamaths, gaining time to prepare for the encounter, might with their numbers have overwhelmed Carson and his little band. He therefore immediately led on his men to the assault. Many of the warriors were killed, and the rest put to flight. The women and children were spared.

On the same day, Carson's life was greatly exposed. As the whole party were riding rapidly forward, with Carson foremost, although but little in advance, he caught sight of an Indian fixing his arrow, to let fly at him. Carson drew up his horse, and instantly levelled his rifle, but it snapped. At this moment, Fremont, seeing the danger of his comrade, spurred forward, riding his horse di-

rectly at the savage, and bringing him to the ground. "I owe my life," declared Carson, "to them two: the colonel and Sacramento saved me."—"Sacramento" was the famous California horse which Fremont rode, and which was given to him by Captain Sutter. It earned its name by swimming the river after which it was called, at the end of a long day's journey.

During Fremont's return to California, he heard that General de Castro was not only exciting his Indian allies to hostilities, but had taken the field himself with five hundred men, and was passing round the head of the bay of San Francisco to a position on the north, with the view of cutting off the expedition, as well as of destroying the old American settlers in that quarter.

Fremont now no longer hesitated to seek out and attack De Castro, while at the same time he determined to overthrow the Mexican authority in California, as the only means of securing the safety of his followers, and of his countrymen who had settled in the province. **June 6.**

Turning upon his pursuers, this spirited leader began a series of rapid attacks. Two hundred horses proceeding to De Castro's camp, with an officer and fourteen men, were surprised and captured by twelve of Fremont's party. **June 11.** On the 15th, at daybreak, the military post of Sonoma was also taken by surprise, with nine brass cannon, two hundred and fifty stand of muskets, several officers (among whom was General Valjejo), and a number of men.

Leaving fourteen men to garrison the captured post, Fremont pushed on into the interior, in order to arouse the American settlers on the banks of the Sacramento. On his arrival he received an express from Sonoma, with the intelligence that De Castro was crossing the bay of San Francisco from the opposite side with his whole force, to attack the place.

Fremont hurried to the rescue of the little garrison with ninety of the American settlers, who cordially joined his standard. The news of the threatened attack upon Sonoma had reached him in the afternoon of the 23d of June, while he was on the American fork of the Sacramento, eighty miles distant. At two o'clock, on the morning of the 25th, he arrived. The enemy had not yet made their appearance. Scouts were at once sent out to reconnoitre, and a party of twenty fell in with a squadron of seventy dragoons, the whole of the force of De Castro which had yet crossed the bay. The Americans began the attack, and defeated their antagonists, killing and wounding five, without the loss of a single one of their own men. De la Torre, the Mexican officer in command, was compelled to abandon his boats and artillery, and escaped into the country with a remnant of his dragoons. Three of the enemy taken prisoners were shot, in retaliation for the butchery of the Americans who had been captured by the Mexicans, and cut to pieces with their knives. De Castro now retreated.

"The country north of the bay of San Francisco," says Marcy in his succinct re-

port, "being cleared of the enemy, Colonel Fremont returned to Sonoma on the evening of the 4th of July; and, on the morning of the 5th, called the people together, explained to them the condition of things in the province, and recommended an immediate declaration of independence. The declaration was made, and he was selected to take the chief direction of affairs." He now raised the "white-bear" flag.

"The attack on Castro was the next object. He was at Santa Clara, an intrenched post on the upper or south side of the bay of San Francisco, with four hundred men and two pieces of field-artillery. A circuit of more than a hundred miles must be traversed to reach him. On the 6th of July the pursuit commenced, by a body of a hundred and six mounted riflemen, commanded by Colonel Fremont in person, who in three days arrived at the American settlements on the Rio de los Americanos. Here he learned that Castro had abandoned Santa Clara, and was retreating south toward Ciudad de los Angeles (the City of the Angels), the seat of the governor of the Californias, and distant four hundred miles. It was instantly resolved to pursue him to that place. At the moment of departure, the gratifying intelligence was received that war with Mexico had commenced; that Monterey (on the coast of California) had been taken by our naval force, and the flag there raised on the 7th of July; and that the fleet would cooperate in the pursuit of Castro and his forces. The flag of independence was hauled down, and that of the United





THE GREAT REFORMATION

States hoisted, amid the hearty greetings and to the great joy of the American settlers, and the forces under the command of Colonel Fremont.”

As the naval force bore an important part in the events which led to the complete conquest of California, it is proper to record the movements of our men-of-war on the Pacific ocean. Commodore Sloat was lying at Mazatlan, with the Savannah, of forty-four guns, and several smaller vessels, when he received (across the continent, by way of Mexico) intelligence of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Although war had not been proclaimed, and Sloat had not received any particular instructions, he naturally inferred that the navy might be employed serviceably as well as the army.

June 8. He therefore set sail to the northward, and reached Monterey on the 2d of July. Here were found the sloops-of-war Cyane and Levant. The Portsmouth, under the command of Captain Montgomery, was in the bay of San Francisco. Having previously summoned the Mexican commander at Monterey to surrender, a party of two hundred and fifty seamen, under Captain William Mer-

July 7. vine, landed and raised without opposition the flag of the United States. Two days subsequently, Captain Montgomery, of the Portsmouth, in obedience to the orders of Commodore Sloat, took possession of the bay of San Francisco.

On the arrival of a messenger from Sloat, Colonel Fremont hastened with his force to join him at Monterey. Going at once on board the commodore's vessel,

mutual explanations ensued. Sloat heard with astonishment that Fremont had received no specific orders from his government to begin hostilities; having acted on his own responsibility, but in accordance, as he presumed, with the views of the authorities at Washington. Sloat became uneasy, and, calling to mind the premature conduct of Commodore Jones on a previous occasion, in seizing Monterey, for which he had been rebuked, was fearful lest his own act might be amenable to censure.

Commodore Stockton having arrived in the meantime, and Sloat, anxious to incur no further responsibility, **July 15.** having set sail for the United States, the command devolved upon the former. On the next day, Admiral Seymour, who had been dogging the traces and eagerly watching the movements of the American men-of-war, arrived. His squadron, with the Collingwood, of eighty guns, and other vessels, was the largest British fleet ever seen in the Pacific. To his astonishment, he beheld the American flag flying over Monterey, the American squadron in its harbor, and Fremont's mounted riflemen encamped above the town. His mission was at an end. The prize had escaped him. He attempted nothing further; and Fremont and Stockton rapidly pressed the conquest of California to its conclusion.*

The impression made upon the British officers by Fremont and his party is recorded in lively words by a young English lieutenant. “During our stay in Monterey,” says he, “Captain Fremont

* Benton.

and his party arrived. They naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources; they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead, a spare, active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men; the rest are 'loafers' picked up lately. His original men are principally backwoodsmen, from the state of Tennessee and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation in the prairies. 'Kit Carson' is as well known as 'the Duke' is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long, loose coat of deerskin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of various fashions—though these, and a large drove of horses, and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. They are allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only; this, no doubt, has much to do with their

good conduct; and the discipline, too, is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters, in messes of six or seven, in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six feet six high, was an odd-looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!"*

Commodore Stockton had no sooner assumed the command, in succession to the more reluctant Sloat, than he prepared to co-operate energetically with Fremont in his measures for the completion of the conquest of California. A force was immediately organized, which became famous as "The California Battalion," and Fremont placed in command, with the rank of major. A party of sailors and marines was also formed, in order to act on land under the command of the commodore himself, in co-operation with Fremont and his men.

In the meantime, Governor Pio Pico had gathered a force numbering from seven hundred to a thousand men, with seven pieces of artillery, under the immediate command of General de Castro, near the Pueblo de los Angeles, on the coast of California, to the south of Monterey. The governor had issued a proclamation, denouncing the American invaders and threatening their extermination. "Every citizen and friend of the United States throughout the country," declared Commodore Stockton, "was in imminent jeopardy; he could count upon no secu-

* Four Years in the Pacific, in Her Majesty's Ship *Colingwood*, from 1844 to 1848. By Lieutenant Frederick Walpole.

rity for either property or life. It was well known that numerous emigrants from the United States were on their way to Upper California. These, marching in small and detached parties, encumbered with their wives, and children, and baggage, uninformed of the war, and consequently unprepared for attack, would have been exposed to certain destruction."

Prompt action was now deemed an imperative duty. The Cyane was accordingly sent down the coast, to convey Major Fremont and his battalion to San Diego; while Stockton followed **Aug. 1.** in the Congress, bound to San Pedro, both places being below and within easy march of Los Angeles, where the enemy were concentrated.

Stockton, having landed and captured Santa Barbara, on the way, proceeded to San Pedro, where he debarked **Aug. 6.** his force of marines and sailors, numbering some three hundred and sixty men, provided with but ninety muskets and bayonets, and some small ship-cannon. Peremptorily rejecting the proposition of General de Castro, which met him on his arrival, to arrest the progress of his force, and to enter upon negotiations, the commodore began his march against the enemy's camp at Los Angeles. Fremont, who had in the meantime arrived at San Diego, below, followed in accordance with the directions of Stockton, and proceeded toward the same point.

As the Americans approached, the enemy dispersed, breaking up their camp in haste, burying their cannon, and flying toward the province of Sonora. Major

Fremont, with his battalion of a hundred and twenty men, now overtook Stockton and his sailors and marines, and the combined force entered the city of Los Angeles without opposition. **Aug. 13.**

Fremont immediately set out, with a band of his mounted riflemen, in pursuit of the Mexican leaders, and succeeded in capturing José María Flores and Don Andres Pico, the brother of Governor Pio Pico. These officers, with some others who were taken, were released on their parole of honor not to bear arms against the United States during the war, unless exchanged.

The native Californians now came in, tendering their submission, and promising allegiance to the American government. Tranquillity having thus been restored, and all show of hostility for the time checked, Commodore Stockton determined to organize a temporary civil government, under the authority of the United States. Major Fremont was accordingly appointed military commandant of the territory, and Captain Gillespie to the same office over the southern department.

Thus, in the short space of sixty days, the conquest of the whole country was achieved, and so effectually, that the local authorities and those of Mexico emphatically acknowledged it. General de Castro, in the course of his retreat to Sonora, proclaimed the fact to the people, and communicated it to the representatives of foreign nations in California; while, soon after, the Mexican government announced from the capital—"The loss of the Californias is consummated."

CHAPTER XI.

Expedition to New Mexico.—Description of the Country.—Its Inhabitants.—Santa Fé.—Trade with the United States.—Mexican Officials.—Corruption.—Command of the Expedition.—Stephen W. Kearney.—His Life and Character.—Early Services.—Personal Characteristics.—Volunteers of Missouri.—Ardor of St. Louis.—Visions of Gold and Silver.—Youthful Enthusiasm.—Generous Volunteers.—Rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth.—The Force of Kearney.—“Army of the West.”—Kearney’s Orders.—Interest of Missouri in the Expedition.—Colonel Doniphan.—His Life and Character.—Birth.—Education.—Practising Law.—First Military Service.—Personal Appearance.—Eloquence.—Emphatic Language.—Encampment at Fort Leavenworth.—Martial Manœuvres.—Visitors.—Patriotic Ladies.—The Expedition setting out.—Last Farewells.—Pursuit of a Rich Caravan.—A Toilsome March.—Crossing the Kansas River.—Settlements of the Shawnees.—The Santa Fé Trail.—The Wide Waste.—Prospective Trials.—The Scene.—A Mighty Bowl.—Mocking Mirage.—Buffalo-Meat.—Howling Wolves.—Prairie-Dogs.—Rattlesnakes.—The Pawnee Country.—Along the Arkansas.—Shy Indians.—Abandonment of Horses.—Good Pasturage.—Game.—Wild Plums.—A Messenger.—Rumors of Hostility.—Suspected Spies.—Fortification of the Camp.—A Halt.—Arrival at Fort Bent.

1846. WHEN, in accordance with the act of Congress declaring war against Mexico, it was determined to prosecute it with vigor, an expedition was **May 13.** organized to march into and occupy the province of New Mexico. This vast territory, lying east of Upper California, from which it is separated by the mountain-chain of the Sierra Madre, embraced an area of about eighty thousand square miles, but contained less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. Notwithstanding its low latitude, the country, from its great elevation above the level of the ocean, is cold and sterile. Composed principally of immense plains of prairie, varied rarely by mountains, valleys, and streams, this region presented a wide expanse of desert, where the adventurous trader or trapper seldom met with other signs of life than tramping herds of buffalo, prowling wolves, and roaming Indians.

The sparse inhabitants of New Mexico, a mixed race of Spanish and Indian blood,

lived generally in small towns and villages, grouped about the tributaries of the Rio Grande, on the west. Of these settlements, Santa Fé was the chief, being the point of concentration for the trade which flowed through it from Durango and Chihuahua, the Mexican states on the southwest, to St. Louis, in Missouri, on the northeast. The annual trade carried on by adventurous Americans, Germans, and Spaniards, between St. Louis, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and other places in the United States, amounted to more than a million of dollars.

At the very moment that war was declared, putting an end to this important commerce, a company of Mexican traders, having travelled from Santa Fé over the vast plains and almost desert regions which extend for a thousand miles between that place and the borders of Missouri, arrived at St. Louis with three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie, to purchase goods for the market of Chihuahua.

A territory through which flowed such resources to the Mexican officials, who enriched themselves by the bribes offered to their cupidity by the traders, who thus secured their connivance in a commerce which defied the revenue-laws of Mexico, was deemed a desirable point of attack. An expedition was therefore organized for this purpose, to be composed principally of volunteers from the state of Missouri. The command was given to Colonel Kearney, of the first regiment of United States dragoons.

STEPHEN W. KEARNEY, a descendant of an old colonial family of New York, was born in New Jersey. Before completing his education at Columbia College, in the city of New York, where he had begun his studies, the war of 1812 broke out; and the youth, before his twentieth year, was fired with such an ardor for military life, that, contrary to the earnest wishes of his friends, he sought and obtained a commission in the army. Participating in the struggle on the frontiers of Canada, he won the reputation of a spirited and efficient officer.

During the long peace which ensued, having in the meantime been promoted through the various grades to a colonelcy, Kearney served mostly on the western borders of Missouri. While stationed at St. Louis and Fort Leavenworth, he had acquired an extensive knowledge of the uncultivated region of the West. In 1845 he set out, with five companies of his regiment, on an expedition through the wild Indian country, and marched twenty-two hundred miles in ninety-nine days.

With the provisions and stores packed

on horses, and the animals dependent for subsistence upon the grass of the prairies, Kearney led his men along the extensive route as far westward as the Oregon trail—to Nebraska, Fort Laramie, the South pass, Green river, to the Colorado of the West—and back to Fort Leavenworth, without the loss of a single one of his dragoons. Having thus become well acquainted with the physical characteristics and resources of the country, and inured to hardships, he was supposed to be eminently fitted for the expedition now about to set out across the wilderness for New Mexico and California.

“In personal appearance,” says a biographer of Colonel (afterward Brigadier-General) Kearney, “he has much the look and carriage of the soldier. Of good stature, erect, and well formed, his sunburnt and somewhat careworn countenance presents still a face of oval proportions, intelligent and dignified repose; while the short, black hair, rapidly verging into gray, and keen eye, indicate the energy of the man and soldier. Colonel Kearney married the step-daughter of the celebrated William Clark, of St. Louis, who penetrated, with Meriwether Lewis, to the Columbia river, in 1804-’5-’6; and is said to be rich, and independent of the profession of arms, which he has long followed, and for which he is said ever to have had an unconquerable predilection.”*

The expedition was welcomed with great favor in Missouri, and volunteers hastened to enroll themselves under the standard of Colonel Kearney. Indeed,

* The Conquest of California and New Mexico. By J. Madison Cutts.

more came with offers of service than could be taken. St. Louis was especially ardent in the cause. Love of adventure, not unmingled with a hope of gain, stirred the youth of the city. They had often seen the Santa Fé traders, who ordinarily procured their goods in St. Louis, arrive in their streets, and, unloading their packs of silver dollars, spend them with a free hand. This gave the idea of untold wealth at Santa Fé, "and the young men of all classes were eager to go; indeed, it became a question who must be left."*

Thus indulging in anticipatory visions of gold and silver, flowery prairies, buffalo-hunting, and skirmishing with the Indians, the "first youth" of St. Louis soon formed a company. The year's service was gladly entered upon by the young soldier, whose enthusiasm even the immediate expense of a good horse, saddle, and clothing, and the distant and meager prospect of a few dollars a month for wages, did not check. Although not required to dress in uniform, these generous young volunteers provided themselves with neat suits somewhat like the fatiguedress of the regulars. Their Spanish saddles were all of one pattern—consisting, however, only of the frames, with girth and stirrups, while above as well as beneath the seat they spread their indispensable Mackinaw blankets, to secure their own ease and save their animals' backs. Their horses were hardy beasts, of Illinois breed, of fair speed and good bottom. Each soldier thrust a "good butcher-knife" into his stout leathern waist-belt,

to which many added, at their own cost, a revolving pistol; while all were armed with rifles, at the expense of the government. The tin canteen, holding half a gallon, with which each soldier was directed to supply himself, was a reminder of the trials to which he might be exposed in the desert-region, where travellers were known to pass many days without water.

The Missouri volunteers having rapidly gathered at Fort Leavenworth, Colonel Kearney was enabled to enroll in all a force of sixteen hundred and fifty-eight men, with sixteen pieces of ordnance—twelve six-pounders and four twelve-pound howitzers. The regulars, composing a small body of dragoons, amounted to only two hundred; and the rest were volunteers, principally cavalry and artillery, though some of them formed a battalion of infantry.

Such was the composition of the "Army of the West," whose object was the conquest of the provinces of New Mexico and California. Colonel Kearney was directed to march from the Missouri river to Santa Fé, a thousand miles distant, and, having taken that place, and left there a garrison to secure the province of New Mexico, to advance with the rest of his force into Upper California.

"Should you conquer and take possession of New Mexico and California," said Secretary Marcy in his orders to Colonel Kearney, "or considerable places in either, you will establish temporary civil governments therein, abolishing all arbitrary restrictions that may exist, so far as it may be done with safety. In per-

* Campaign in New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan. By Frank Edwards, a Volunteer.

forming this duty, it would be wise and prudent to continue in their employment all such of the existing officers as are known to be friendly to the United States, and will take the oath of allegiance to them. The duties at the customhouses ought at once to be reduced to such a rate as may be barely sufficient to maintain the necessary officers, without yielding any revenue to the government. You may assure the people of those provinces that it is the wish and design of the United States to provide for them a free government, with the least possible delay, similar to that which exists in our territories. They will then be called upon to exercise the rights of freemen in electing their own representatives to the territorial legislature. It is foreseen that what relates to the civil government will be a difficult and unpleasant part of your duty, and much must necessarily be left to your own discretion."

The "Army of the West"* being principally composed of their fellow-citizens, the people of Missouri naturally felt a deep interest in the expedition. Some of the chief families in the state were rep-

* "The first regiment of Missouri mounted volunteers was composed of eight companies (A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H), respectively from the counties of Jackson, Lafayette, Clay, Saline, Franklin, Cole, Howard, and Calaway, commanded by Captains Waldo, Walton, Moss, Reid, Stephenson, Parsons, Jackson, and Rodgers, numbering eight hundred and fifty-six men. The battalion of light artillery consisted of two companies from St. Louis, under Captains Weightman and Fischer, numbering nearly two hundred and fifty men, with Major Clark as its field-officer. The battalion of infantry from the counties of Cole and Platte, respectively commanded by Captains Augney and Murphy, the former being the senior officer, numbered one hundred and forty-five men. The Laclede Rangers, from St. Louis, under the command of Captain Hudson, were one hundred and seven in number."—HUGHES.

resented in the ranks; and Mr. Doniphan, a prominent citizen, who had volunteered as a private in the company from Clay county, had been chosen by his comrades as colonel of the first Missouri regiment, and, being thus second in command, was entitled to succeed Kearney, in case of his disability or death.*

WILLIAM ALEXANDER DONIPHAN was born in Mason county, Kentucky, on the 9th of July, 1808, whither his father, a bold pioneer and comrade of Daniel Boone, had emigrated from Virginia. Deprived, at the early age of six years, of paternal care, young Doniphan was left to the charge of a widowed mother, who with unwearied assiduity devoted herself to his nurture. When nine years old, he was placed under the guardianship of an elder brother, who with affectionate fidelity sought every occasion for the education and advancement of his ward. From school the youth passed to college, and graduated at the age of nineteen. Subsequently, after studying law with a locally-famous attorney and counsellor, he was admitted to practise his profession in 1829. He now established himself at Lexington, in Missouri, whence in 1833 he removed to the town of Liberty, which he made his permanent home. Here he married, industriously set to work, and acquired reputation as a lawyer, gathering from the whole country round a large number of clients. Being popular, and fond of martial exercises, like most of our fellow-citizens, he was elected to the rank of brigadier-general of the militia of Mis-

* C. F. Ruff was chosen lieutenant-colonel, and William Gilpin major, both of whom had volunteered as privates.

souri. The insurrectionary movement of the great prophet of the Mormons, Joe Smith, gave General Doniphan his first occasion for the performance of active military duty. Leading out his brigade, he "rendered important service in overawing the insurgent forces, and quelling the disturbances without bloodshed. This was General Doniphan's first campaign."*

In his person, Doniphan presents a specimen of manly vigor. Over six feet in height, and well proportioned, possessing a keen eye and an alert expression of face, with a ready tongue and a cheerful social humor, he has all the characteristics calculated to make him a popular favorite. To the natural dignity which secures respect, is added a homely simplicity of manners that always wins the sympathy of our people.

"While commanding the army," says his biographer, "Colonel Doniphan rarely wore any military dress: so he could not be distinguished, by a stranger, from one of the men he commanded. He fared as the soldiers, and often prepared his own meals."† Another describes him as "in age, about forty; in stature, six feet two inches; of large frame; and with a very intelligent face. His great charm lies in his easy and kind manner. On the march, he could not be distinguished from the other soldiers, either by dress or from his conversation. He ranked high as a lawyer in Missouri. The colonel is in the habit of interlarding his language with strong expressions, which many eastern men would call something very like swearing."‡

* Hughes.

† Ib.

‡ Edwards.

The "Army of the West" remained encamped for about twenty days at Fort Leavenworth. During this time, the raw volunteers were rigidly drilled, by the regular officers, in all the varieties of martial manœuvre. Twice a day they were mustered upon the neighboring prairie: the mounted men diligently practised the sabre-exercise, the charge, the rally, and the cavalry-tactics; and the foot-soldiers, who composed the smaller portion, were initiated into all the steps and movements of the infantry-drill.

Crowds of the people of upper Missouri thronged to the fort. Steamboats, with gay flags flying and bands of music playing, sailed up the Missouri river, and debarked hundreds of visitors daily. Patriotic ladies came with presentation-colors, wrought by their own hands, and delivered them to favorite companies, with the usual fervid eloquence and noisy demonstration of the powers of voice and cannon.

As the army began its march over the boundless plains, to conquer the distant regions of New Mexico and California, many were there to bid farewell to husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, before departing on their perilous journey into the wilderness. The great prairie, rolling with its fixed waves of green to the ever-distant horizon, appeared like a vast sea, which the adventurers were about to traverse, in search of some undiscovered land. Those who inhabited the frontier—pressed on to the extreme borders of civilization, as it were to the farthest point of a sea-washed shore—stretched forth their hands for a last grasp, and lingered until

their eyes grew dim with tears and straining sight, as they strove to catch a glimpse of some dear and familiar form fast disappearing in the distance.

A small detachment having been sent on in advance, in pursuit of a richly-laden Mexican caravan on its way to Santa Fé,

June 26. the main body of the troops set out, preceded by a train of one hundred wagons with provisions and supplies. Three days subsequently, Colonel Kearney followed with the rear, composed of some volunteers and the first dragoons.

The march was slow and painful. The heat was excessive, and the regular trail to Santa Fé not yet having been struck, the troops were forced to toil through the rank prairie-grass, which was up to the saddles, and so thick that the horses with great difficulty made their way through it, while frequent ravines and deep-sunken creeks intervened to obstruct progress. Banks of earth had to be levelled, bridges built, and roads made, for the passage of the wagons across the spongy soil of the prairie, into which the wheels sank axle-deep. For the first day a march of eleven miles only was made.

June 30. Crossing the ferry of the Kansas river, which flows in a clear, deep stream, between steep and rocky banks, the army encamped amid the cultivated fields of the friendly Shawnees. Here the weary soldiers were refreshed by the abundance and delights of the fertile land, watered by the Kansas, where Indian bark-cabins were surrounded by large farms, whose gardens and fields of corn stretched in wide expanse to the

river-banks, shaded with groves of stately trees.

The great Santa Fé road was finally struck at Elm-Grove, after a bewildering and toilsome march **July 4.** from the comfortable encampment in the Shawnee settlement of fifteen miles, without a guide, through the tall prairie-grass and matted pea-vines, over ravines and steep bluffs of limestone. It was often necessary for the soldiers to dismount, and drag and lower the wagons up and down these precipices by means of ropes. More than a hundred men were sometimes thus set to work to draw a single heavily-laden government wagon to the top of a hill which lay directly on the route.*

Colonel Kearney now divided his army into separate detachments, that each, by pursuing a little different course, might be able to secure the necessary supplies of water and fuel during the long tramp of nearly a thousand miles to the settlements in New Mexico. The march of a large number of troops across the prairie was a novel attempt, and required great care to insure success. The wide waste to be traversed offered no hope of subsistence, and the men accordingly had to rely solely upon the supplies which they brought with them. With this view, the wagons had been laden with breadstuffs, salt meat, and other provisions, and herds of cattle were driven along on the track of the army. The animals subsisted entirely by grazing on the prairie-grass, and slaking their thirst at the springs and creeks occasionally found on the route.

* Hughes.

At night, to prevent their straying, oxen and horses were driven into enclosures formed by the wagons, or tethered to iron pickets forced deep into the spongy soil.

The scene on the prairie changes but little from day to day. The same green surface of scant grass is trod for miles and miles, varied only by a gentle undulation here and there, a scrubby bush, or a wild flower. "In many places it is so perfectly level, that you appear, when passing over it, to be travelling in the hollow of a mighty bowl. On all sides the surface, although flat, appears to swell at the horizon, while you are apparently climbing up the side toward that edge which you never approach."*

On reaching the southern banks of the Arkansas river, upon which, to the distant view, the mocking *mirage* had built its baseless fabrics of vast city, expansive domes, and golden-roofed mansions, nothing was found but huge sand-hills. The northern banks of the stream, nevertheless, were green with grass and shaded by groves of spreading trees.

Arrived now within the range of the buffaloes, an occasional herd of these animals would *lope*† across the prairie; and those who were skilled in the chase not seldom brought in a carcass of wild meat to vary their diet. A day's success in the hunt was, however, followed by a sleepless night; for the large gray wolves of the prairie, scenting the fresh blood,

* Edwards.

† *Loping* is the term applied by the hunters to the irregular pace of the buffalo.

would gather around the camp, and, seated upon their haunches, make the darkness horrible, and prevent all repose, by their mournful howls. The little prairie-dog, with its succulent meat, was a more welcome acquaintance; and on passing through their settlements, which extended at times for miles underground, giving a hollow sound to every step, there was obtained a plentiful supply of these animals, whose flesh was more delicate than that of a rabbit, and their fat an infallible cure for rheumatism or the galled back of a horse.

Rattlesnakes, once supposed to fraternize with the prairie-dog in harmonious socialism, were likewise found in great abundance in the burrows, into which they artfully glided, devouring the pups, and establishing themselves in perpetual proprietorship. "Our major," says a campaigner, "awoke one morning with one of these reptiles coiled up against his leg, it having nestled there for warmth. He dared not stir until a servant came and removed the intruder." Mosquitoes and black gnats tried the endurance of the men by their worriment and unquenchable thirst for blood.

Keeping close to the banks of the Arkansas river, whose waters were essential to their subsistence, the troops passed into the Pawnee country, marked by the famous Pawnee rock, which rises in bold outline from the level prairie, and is seen at the distance of a score of miles. The Indians, alarmed by the approach of so formidable a force, were shy, and it was seldom that one was seen. En-
July 24.
 camping in a rich prairie-bottom

(after traversing a desolate space, where, for want of grass, it became necessary to abandon some of the horses), good pasturage was found; while in the waters of a fork of the Arkansas an abundant supply of fish was caught, and a hunt in the neighborhood was also rewarded with plenty of game, and stores of the succulent wild plum.

July 29. On continuing the march, and when within a few miles of Fort Bent, a messenger was met from that post, with word for Colonel Kearney, to the effect that Armijo, the governor of New Mexico, had called the chief men of the province together, to deliberate on the best means of defending the city of Santa Fé; that hostile preparations were rapidly going forward in all parts of the country; and that Kearney's movements would be vigorously opposed by the New-Mexicans.

Three Mexicans were soon after captured, and blank letters found upon their persons, addressed to Colonel Kearney. They were supposed to be spies, who were thus provided in order to escape the suspicion of the American traders at Fort Bent. Kearney ordered them to be taken the round of the camp, and shown the force, especially the artillery. He then dismissed them, to return to Santa Fé, in order to report the result of their observations.

Fortifying his encampment, to protect it against those Ishmaelites of the desert, the Comanches, and to prevent a surprise from the Mexicans, Colonel Kearney remained two days, in order to refresh his weary men, and give rest to his horses and horned cattle, before moving along the banks of the Arkansas to Fort Bent, where the troops finally arrived on the 1st of August.

CHAPTER XII.

Bent's Fort.—Description.—Trappers.—Knowing Shopmen.—Adventurers.—Debauchery.—Colonel Kearney's Force.—Escape of the Speyers.—Kearney on his March to Santa Fé.—The Sandy Desert.—A Weary Tramp.—Dreary, sultry, desolate.—Suffering and Death.—The Filthy Tampa.—Purgatory River.—A Grassy Plain.—Encampment.—Through the Mountains.—Half Rations.—Signs of Culture.—Los Vegas.—The Moro Pass.—Retreat of the Mexicans.—At San Miguel.—Swearing Fealty.—San José.—A Suspicious Youth.—Precautions.—No Enemy.—Peons.—A Ruined City.—Glory of the Aztecs.—Proud Invaders.—Degenerate Spaniards.—Indian Traditions.—In Battle Array.—Through the Gorge.—No Opposition.—Entrance into Santa Fé.—The Sobbing Inhabitants.—Description of the Town.—Its People.—Miscellaneous in Character and Color.—Proclamation of the United States Authority.—Submission of Governor and Alcaldes.—Ready Compliance.—Homage of Neighbors.—Indian Envoys.—A Spirited Chief.—Indian Eloquence.—Rumors of Hostility.—Kearney leads out a Detachment.—A Universal Welcome.—“Buenos Americanos.”—Generous Tribute.—Return of Kearney to Santa Fé.—Government and Conciliation.—A Venerable Chief of the Apaches.—His Eloquence.—Proclamation of Authority.—A Governor of Santa Fé appointed.—News of Colonel Price.—A Private elected to Congress.—Kearney on his March to California.—Orders of Colonel Doniphan.

1846. BENT'S FORT, so called from the two Bents, a pair of famous traders, was a mere collection of hovels, built of *adobes* or bricks dried in the sun, and protected by a stockade. Its situation—on the Arkansas river, at the western extremity of the prairie, and on the direct route between the *pueblos* of New Mexico and the city of St. Louis, being six hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth—made it a convenient resort for the traders and hunters. At the fort was always to be found a supply of guns, powder, lead, tobacco, and whiskey, indispensable articles, for which the trapper was ever ready to barter his valuable furs, to the great profit of the knowing shopmen of the place.

The inhabitants of this settlement in the wilderness were a motley collection of European and American adventurers, Indians, squaws, Mexicans, and migratory hunters, who spent their intervals of leisure, until the last skin was bartered, in

the debauchery which the supplies of whiskey and the easy compliance of the Mexican girls abundantly encouraged.

Colonel Kearney, on concentrating his whole force at Bent's Aug. 1. fort, found that it amounted to upward of eighteen hundred men. A large number of traders were at the place, having been stopped in their progress by the American detachment sent in advance. The caravan, however, under the charge of the German speculators, the Speyers, had succeeded in eluding pursuit, and were believed to be hastening to Santa Fé, with supplies of ammunition for the enemy.

The colonel, having unloaded many of his wagons, that they might be sent back to Fort Leavenworth for further supplies, provided for his score or more of sick men at the fort, and purchased a number of mules to take the place of the numerous horses which had died on the route, resumed his march for Santa Fé. As the

men began their weary trudge over the sandy desert, they thought with regret

Aug. 2. of the mud-hovels of Fort Bent, and of the grassy and wooded banks of the Arkansas river, which they were now leaving behind them. After a rapid march of twenty-four miles, they encamped upon a stretch of sand, where there was scarcely a shrub or spear of grass to refresh the eye or to feed the almost famishing animals. The troops were now upon the Great American Desert. The inhospitable waste stretched before them, bounded only by the rugged and snow-capped heights of the Raton range of the Rocky mountains.

As they renewed their march, the foot at each step sank above the ankle in the parched and pulverized ground, and the sand drove furiously into their faces like pelting hail; and thus they moved on wearily for twenty-five miles more. At

Aug. 3. night they pitched their tents on a bare sand-bank, while around there were no signs of vegetation but an occasional prickly pear or a meager tuft of wild sage. There were shallow ponds, but these hardly slaked the urgent thirst of man and beast, for the water was scant, bitter, and filthy. "The American desert," says a suffering campaigner, "is perhaps no less sterile, sandy, parched, and destitute of water and every green herb and living thing, than the African Sahara. In the course of a long day's march we could scarcely find a pool of water to quench the thirst, a patch of grass to prevent our animals perishing, or an oasis to relieve the weary mind. Dreary, sultry, desolate, boundless solitude reigned

as far as the eye could reach, and seemed to bound the distant horizon. We suffered much from heat and thirst, and the driven sand, which filled our eyes, and nostrils, and mouths, almost to suffocation. A Mexican hare, or an antelope, skimming over the ground with the utmost velocity, was the only living creature seen upon the plain."*

For four days the march across the desert continued, without the slightest relief from the sand, heat, and bitter waters. The men suffered greatly, many dying by the road, and the horses and cattle perished hourly. After an encampment on the sand-banks of the "vile, filthy Tampa," the troops pushed hurriedly on the next day, and pitched their tents on the southern borders of the river

Aug. 5. Purgatoire—which was rightly named, for it intervened between the infernal region of the Great Desert and a paradise of valleys which extend between the acclivities of the Spanish Peaks. A dismal brake of willows and black locusts borders the Purgatoire; but beyond, at a distance of several miles, stretches toward the base of the lofty Cimarron a grassy plain, watered by a small stream. Thither the camp was removed, and man and beast were refreshed with abundant water and rich pasturage.

The route now extended through the mountain-gorges; and, although water and pasturage were more abundant, the stores becoming scanty, the men were reduced to half rations. Approaching the Mexican settlements, the country began to show signs of cultivation. Drovers of

* Hughes.

swine, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep and goats, were feeding in the valleys and on the grassy slopes. The hills and uplands were shaded with groves of pine and cedar; and, as the march continued, cornfields and gardens opened to the view, with *ranches* here and there dotting the

distance. Finally, the village of
Aug. 14. Las Vegas was reached; and the troops, for the first time in their weary journey, were within the embrace of an approximate civilization.

The spies having come in with the intelligence that the enemy were in force in the Moro pass, a few miles beyond,

Aug. 15. Colonel Kearney, at daybreak, formed his troops in line of battle, and marched to meet them. On arriving at the mountain-defile, however, it was found that the Mexicans had dispersed; and the Americans pressed forward without opposition, receiving the ready allegiance of every roadside village, and encamped on a farm near San Miguel, amid plenty of water, wood, and grass. The *alcalde* and the *padre* having reluctantly, on the holy cross, sworn fealty to the United States government, the inhabitants readily followed, and were promised protection to their persons and property as American citizens.

Refreshed by their night's halt in the pleasant suburbs of San Miguel, the troops

Aug. 16. pushed on to San José. Here the picket-guard brought in a youth, who declared himself to be the son of the Mexican General Salezar. Although suspected by some of being a spy, his apparent frankness and friendliness merited confidence; and his words were

generally believed, when he stated that the Mexican force under General Armijo, numbering four thousand men, after being strongly intrenched at the Pecos pass, had mutinously disbanded, and that no opposition would be made to the entry of the Americans into Santa Fé.

Kearney (now brigadier-general), however, neglected no precaution to prevent a surprise, and pushed forward, prepared for any encounter. A short march brought the troops to the village of Pecos, with its mud-hovels huddled within the ruined walls and temples of an ancient city of the Aztecs. Here tradition points to the sacred altar upon which Montezuma had kindled the holy fire, enjoining his subjects and their descendants not to allow it to be extinguished until he should reappear, from the abode of the spirits, to deliver his people from the yoke of the Spaniards. For ages the fire, tended with religious care, burned brightly; and the Indians, every clear morning, gathered upon the terraces of their houses, to look with eager eyes toward the east for the coming of their immortal king. The fire, however, was finally extinguished; and the poor Aztec, in despair, abandoned home, temple, and altar, and left his ancient dwelling-place to crumble to ruins, under whose tottering walls now crouched in misery the craven descendants of the proud Spanish conquerors.

Other invaders, no less proud and aspiring than Cortez and his followers, now trod that antique city, but found, in the strange mutation of time, a race, once so powerful and insolent, more abject and weak than the Indians whose spirit had

for ages been crushed by oppression. The degenerate Spaniards, insensible to the past and indifferent to the future, sought only present ease, and yielded to their American invaders, in order to secure safety to their wretched lives and their paltry possessions.

The Indians still fondly cherished the ancient glories of their people, and welcomed the American conquerors as those whom their traditions taught them were to come from the east, to deliver them from their Spanish oppressors, and to restore to them the kingdom of the great Montezuma. They thus refused to enroll themselves under the New-Mexican general, to resist the American troops. Not only had that Castilian pride and courage, which had claimed and conquered the allegiance of worlds, gone for ever, but its very memory was extinct; and the enslaved Indian was elevated by a sentiment to which his brutalized Spanish master was insensible.

Aug. 18. General Kearney, conceiving that it was possible the enemy might still oppose his advance, drew up his troops in order of battle, and moved on, prepared to force his way into Santa Fé. The road passed through a cleft in that ridge of mountains which intervenes between the waters of the Pecos and the Rio Grande or Del Norte. This offered an excellent position for defence, and the Mexicans here, if anywhere, might have made a firm stand. No enemy, however, was found, although it was evident that the place had at one time been occupied, with the view of resistance. Across the narrow road, walled on either side by pre-

cipitous rock, some felled trees had been thrown, and upon the steep heights the wood had been cleared for the placing of a battery to command the passage. Such were the natural defences of this deep and narrow gorge, that a few hundred resolute men could have defended it against a host; but there was not a Mexican to be seen. The Americans marched on without opposition, and entered Santa Fé, where the inhabitants timidly presented themselves, supplicating, sobbing, and crying.

The city of Santa Fé, the capital of New Mexico, stretched its scattered huts of sun-dried bricks, or *adobes*, over a large surface of ground. Around the *plaza*, or square, were grouped the ruined churches and the more pretentious public structures, the chief of which was the governor's palace, a "long mud-edifice, one story high, with a portico formed by extending the roof some distance over the street, and supporting it by smooth trunks of trees."* A clear rivulet flows through the town, rising from a mountain-lake in the east, and disappearing in the sand, on the way to the Rio del Norte, on the west, about thirty-five miles from which Santa Fé is situated.

The inhabitants, some six thousand in number, for the most part a mixed race of Spanish and Indian blood, have the look and ordinary characteristics of the mongrel Mexican breed. The men, of every shade of color, are small in stature, indolent in disposition, and averse to all regular labor. Ignorant, cowardly, and treacherous, they are not to be relied

* Edwards.

upon as friends, and hardly to be feared as enemies. Their inanimate existence is passed in the gratification of a vanity which contents itself with a bright-hued *serape* or *poncho*, a silver button or jingling spur—in the excitement of a game at *monté*, or in the puffing of a *cigarito*. The women, though not handsome, have the lustrous Spanish eye, and black, flowing hair. Like the males, they are fond of ornament, and dress themselves in gaudy skirts and flaunting *rebosos* or scarfs, with which they gracefully envelop their heads and the upper parts of their flexible figures. They divide their idle days and nights between devotion at the church and dancing at the *fandangos*.

General Kearney, having hoisted the United States flag upon a mast in front of the governor's palace, within the roomy and naked spaciousness of which he had established his own quarters, and having ranged his artillery across the *plaza*, proclaimed with a salvo of thirteen guns the authority of the United States.

Aug. 19. The capital of New Mexico was thus acquired without shedding a drop of blood. The lieutenant-governor, Vigil, followed by secretary, *prefect*, and *alcalde*, submitted to the oath of allegiance without a murmur; and the inhabitants, with the ready acquiescence of a spiritless people, forgot their fears, and welcomed their conquerors with shouts, huzzas, and tears of joy.

The neighboring towns and villages hastened to follow the example of Santa Fé. Priests came in to acknowledge the authority of the Americans, and ask protection for their churches and property.

Indians, too, sent by their councils, offered their homage. One spirited chief presented himself to the American commander, saying: "He had heard of General Kearney, and had come to see him; that he desired to know what his intentions were—whether he intended to protect the *Pueblos*, or to murder them; that the priests had told them that the Americans would plunder and kill them, take their wives and daughters away from them, and that such as they took prisoners they would brand on the face with a red-hot iron, and thus make them American citizens; that he now desired to know if such were the truth; that, if it were so, he would go back to his people and encourage them to fight the Americans; that it was better to die honorably, in defence of his people and country, than to suffer these outrages. Governor Armijo," he declared, "had visited Taos, and persuaded the *Pueblos* to join his army; but that the wise men of the *Pueblos*—old, venerable men, who had great experience and great knowledge—told Armijo that it was useless to fight the Americans; that they were a numerous people; that if he whipped the Americans in one battle, or destroyed one army, others would keep coming on from the East, as long as the sun continued to shine; and that finally they would kill all the Mexicans, and then kill the *Pueblos*, their allies. Moreover, that Armijo would run when the fight came on, and leave the *Pueblos* to be slaughtered by the enraged Americans; that they first desired to have an interview with the American commander, to learn the truth of these things, before

they would go to war." General Kearney, telling the chief that "reports were for women and children to listen to, not men," dismissed him with assurances of friendship, and some handsome presents.

Rumors coming in daily that General Armijo, after being abandoned by his discordant troops and flying to the south, had mustered a fresh force, and was advancing upon Santa Fé to oust the Americans, Kearney determined to march out and attack him. He accordingly formed a detachment of seven hundred men; and, at the head of the column, surrounded by his own staff-officers, body-guard, and a *volunteer Mexican escort*, the general led his force to the Del Norte, and along

Sept. 2. the banks of the river to Tomé. Everywhere in the Mexican settlements the authorities—*alcalde, padre, and caballero*—came forward, welcoming the invaders. The inhabitants submitted willingly, and, hailing the troops with cries of "*Buenos Americanos!*" offered them the products of their rich vineyards, orchards, and gardens, and regaled the soldiers with grapes, melons, and sweetmeats. There was not a town throughout the fertile valley of the Rio del Norte that did not hail the advance of General Kearney with gratuitous offers of submission and service. Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Algodones, and the other hamlets and towns which succeed each other along the river in such frequent clusters, that the valley seems a continuous settlement for sixty miles, to San Tomé, received the conquerors with enthusiasm. Kearney, finding no enemy to oppose him, proclaimed the authority of the United States over his

bloodless conquests, and returned to Santa Fé.

The American general now devoted his attention to the organization of the civil government of New Mexico, and the conciliation of the Indian tribes of the neighborhood. In a proclamation addressed to the New-Mexicans, he told them that it was his intention to hold their country, with its "original boundaries (on both sides of the Del Norte), as a part of the United States, and under the name of the *Territory of New Mexico*." And, in the exercise of the same freedom of prerogative, he declared that he absolved "all persons residing within the boundary of New Mexico from further allegiance to the republic of Mexico"—claiming them as citizens of the United States.

The Indians continued to send the chiefs and warriors of their tribes to hold "grand councils" with the American commander. The Utahs gave in their submission, and promised to be peaceable, and obedient to the laws of the United States. A venerable chief of the wandering Apaches, accompanied by thirty of his tribe, came in, and, after being addressed by General Kearney with a few resolute words, warning him against robbery and violence, and advising him and his people to cultivate peace and its pursuits, answered with characteristic Indian eloquence:—

"Father, you give good advice to me and my people; but I am now old, and unable to work, and my tribe are unaccustomed to cultivate the soil for a subsistence. The Apaches are poor; they

have no clothes to protect them from the cold, and the game is fast disappearing from their hunting-grounds. You must, therefore, if you wish us to be peaceable, speak a good word to the Comanches, the Utahs, the Navajoes, and the Arrapahoes, our enemies, that they will allow us to kill buffalo on the great plains. You are rich—you have a great nation to feed and clothe you: I am poor, and have to crawl on my belly like a cat, to shoot deer and buffalo for my people. I am not a bad man: I do not rob and steal; I speak truth. The Great Spirit gave me an honest heart and a straight tongue. I have not two tongues, that I should speak forked.

“My skin is red, my head sunburnt; my eyes are dim with age, and I am a poor Indian—a *dog*; yet I am not guilty. There is no guilt there” (putting his hand on his breast), “no! I can look *you* in the face like a man. In the morning of my days, my muscles were strong, my arm was stout, my eye was bright, my mind was clear; but now I am weak, and shrivelled up with age: yet my heart is big, my tongue is straight. I will take your counsel, because I am weak and you are strong.”*

General Kearney, impressed by this burst of native eloquence, sent away the Nestor of the Apaches rejoicing, with a plentiful supply of blankets, knives, beads, mirrors, and bright-hued stuffs, for his fellow-chiefs and their squaws.

Having organized the government, and

* Hughes.

appointed George Bent the civil governor of New Mexico, Kearney now only awaited intelligence of Colonel Price and his reinforcements before proceeding on his march to California. An express finally arrived, with the news that Price was at the Cimarron springs, some three hundred miles east of Santa Fé, with twelve hundred men, principally volunteers from Missouri, among whom were five hundred Mormons, who, with characteristic tenacity of faith, had brought with them twenty-seven “laundresses.” The messenger also brought welcome intelligence to the American troops from their far-distant homes. An event was announced which is worthy of mention, as a fact peculiar to our country. Willard P. Hall, a private in a Missouri regiment of volunteers, had been elected a member of Congress, by a large majority; and the fact was as calmly stated by Colonel Doniphan, and received by his military subordinate, as the most ordinary occurrence.

General Kearney set out on his expedition to California with only three hundred dragoons. The rest of the troops were left under the com- **Sept. 25.** mand of Colonel Doniphan, at Santa Fé, to continue the construction of Fort Marcy, already in progress, and to hold the place until the arrival of Colonel Price, with reinforcements. On this accession to the force, all the men that could be spared were to march to the province of Chihuahua, to the south, where General Wool, with the “Army of the Centre,” was expected to be.

CHAPTER XIII.

Movement against Chihuahua.—A Terra Incognita.—General Wool in Command of the Expedition.—Life and Character of Wool.—His Birth.—Behind the Counter.—Partnership.—Prospects of Wealth.—Disappointment.—A New Career.—Military Service.—Distinction.—Inspector-General.—A Glowing Eulogium.—Promotion.—Visit to Europe.—Study and Observation.—The Mexican War.—Wool at San Antonio de Bexar.—Laborious and Vexatious Duty.—Martinet Habits.—Free Volunteers.—A Spirited Officer.—Operations at San Antonio.—Colonel Harney's Advance.—Engineers.—Departure of Wool.—An Aimless Expedition.—Want of Enthusiasm.—Questionable Policy.—Great Expense.—No Object.—Ignorance of the Route.—High Mountains and Arid Plains.—Making Roads.—Arrival of the Expedition at the Rio Grande.—Crossing the River.—“Fresh Fields and Pastures New.”—Wool at San Juan de Nava.—Ruins and Abandoned Gardens.—A Change.—Decay and Devastation.—Degenerate Inhabitants.—A Mountain-Barrier.—Hoisting the Flag at San José.—An Apathetic People.—The March to Monclova.—The Expedition to Chihuahua abandoned.—Possession of Monclova.—Delights of the Valley of Coahuila.

1846. In co-operation with the expedition of General Kearney, the government of the United States had planned a movement against the Mexican department of Chihuahua, lying to the west of the Rio Grande, and south of New Mexico. Chihuahua was but little known to the people of the United States; but the adventurous traders who, at rare intervals, led their caravans from that remote district through Santa Fé, across the wilderness, to St. Louis, had reported that the inhabitants were dissatisfied with the Mexican central government, and ripe for revolt. An American force was accordingly ordered to concentrate at San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas, in readiness to march across the Rio Grande into Chihuahua. The command of these troops, which numbered about three thousand, was bestowed upon General Wool.

JOHN E. WOOL was born in Orange county, in the state of New York. Losing his father at an early age, he was forced to shift for himself, and in his youth went to Troy, where he became a clerk in a

mercantile house. His assiduity in business and his integrity won for him the confidence of his employers, and he had hardly reached his majority when he was taken into a partnership. A fair prospect of wealth had opened before him, when it was suddenly closed by a disastrous fire, which consumed his property and left him almost penniless.

The war of 1812 breaking out, young Wool eagerly sought a new career, and received the commission of captain in the thirteenth regiment of infantry. On the border warfare with Canada which followed he greatly distinguished himself, and for his gallant conduct at Queens-town heights was promoted to a majority. In 1814, he served under General Mcomb at Plattsburg; and, heading a small band of two hundred and fifty militia in a spirited skirmish with the British on the banks of the river Saranac, he succeeded in foiling every attempt of the enemy to cross the stream. The rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a vote of thanks by Congress, rewarded his skill and spirit. He contin-

ued in active service until the end of the war, and acquired the reputation of an able and courageous officer.

In 1816, Wool was appointed inspector-general of the army. "His services in that capacity," says a rhetorical and ardent eulogist, "for more than twenty-five years, it is believed did much to prepare the army for the achievements which have added so much glory to our arms and our country. . . . His duties called him from the North to the South, from the East to the West, and even to Europe. He traversed every state and territory in the Union, by which he became acquainted with every variety of human character, from the wigwams of the rudest savages to the palaces of kings. Sometimes he might be found in the Indian country for months, with no white associate excepting his staff, holding daily intercourse with savage chiefs; sometimes in the metropolis of the nation, among men of high renown, and in society where manners and refinement were a study; sometimes with the hardy and rough backwoodsman of the frontier, and sometimes with the marshals of France and the chivalry of Great Britain. On his tours of inspection he might have been seen in a bark-canoe, piloted by a single Indian, gliding down the long, majestic rivers of the West, seeking the remote posts which he was to inspect, through vast and gloomy forests where the sound of the axe had never been heard, and living on biscuit and the chance game of the rifle. Again, he might have been found holding high banquet with the wise, the witty, and the learned of the land; and, again, the in-

mate of log-cabins, and then of mansions of imperial splendor. Sometimes he has been seen listening to the beat of the drum at Houlton, on the borders of Nova Scotia; and sometimes at Council Bluffs, almost in sight of the Rocky mountains, the great barrier of the Pacific ocean.

"By the chances of war, he has been thrown among *guerilleros* and robbers, as he traversed the wild mountains and valleys of Mexico; and sometimes he has been the associate of learned and pious priests; sometimes holding talks at Indian councils, and sometimes conversing with European kings; sometimes fixing sites of forts in the forests of Maine, and then by the side of King Leopold, witnessing the operations of the highest military science of Europe, at the siege of Antwerp."*

In 1826, Wool was breveted brigadier-general. Having been appointed chief commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Cherokees, in reference to their removal to the west of the Mississippi, he fulfilled the duties of this delicate mission with a success which was alike gratefully acknowledged by the government and the Indians. After a visit to Europe, where on the Champ de Mars he beheld the review of seventy thousand men, and at Antwerp was a spectator of the siege of that old Belgian city in 1831, he returned to the United States.

During the troubles on the frontier of Canada in 1837, on the breaking out of the revolt in that province, General Wool, acting with great discretion and firmness, contributed much toward preventing a war, to which it was feared that the ex-

* Francis Baylies.

cited feeling and irregular conduct of the borderers might lead. In 1841, he was promoted to the full rank of brigadier-general, while he received the command of the eastern division of the army.

On the commencement of the war with Mexico, General Wool was ordered to proceed to Cincinnati, for the purpose of mustering and organizing the volunteers from the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Mississippi, whom the president had called into service in accordance with the act of Congress. After a faithful performance of this laborious and vexatious duty, he was directed to proceed to San Antonio de Bexar, with a portion of the troops, for the expedition to Chihuahua, and leave the rest, under the command of General Butler, of Kentucky, for other service. Wool's martinet habits and severity of discipline, however favorable to the good order and efficiency of the troops, have at times rendered him unpopular with volunteers, whose freedom of will does not easily yield to the restraints of military rules. Wool, notwithstanding, ranks among the most capable and spirited of our veteran officers.

1846. On the 14th of August, the general reached San Antonio de Bexar, in Texas, where he remained till the end of September, waiting the arrival of reinforcements, military stores, and means of transportation, which were brought thousands of miles by sea, and over a desert region of prairie by land, at an immense expense of labor and money.

Sending forward in advance a part of his force, thirteen hundred strong, under

Colonel Harney, preceded by a corps of engineers, led by Captain Hughes, to examine and explore the route, General Wool followed three days subsequently, and overtook the ad-^{Sept. 29.} vanced column on the 1st of October. The remainder of the troops, under Colonel Churchill, were left at San Antonio, with orders to begin their march as soon as the means of transportation should arrive.

The object of the expedition seemed so aimless, that little enthusiasm was felt, either by general, subaltern, or soldier. Wool, however, was so thorough a disciplinarian and skilful campaigner, that he succeeded in overcoming obstacles which might have thwarted a less able and discouraged a more yielding commander.

There were those who boldly questioned the expediency of the march into Chihuahua. "Are the people of the United States," asked a spirited inquirer, "pursuing a war of conquest, of propagandism, or of necessity? Do they hope to convert provinces to their political faith by sending forth among them an armed soldiery to quicken their conclusions and give energy to their admiration? Are they desirous, by a grand military display, to exhibit to the Mexicans the vast superiority of their free institutions over their more humble neighbors? Do they hope, by a series of marches and counter-marches, by glittering bayonets and flashing sabres, by waving banners and the clangor of martial music, to intimidate a people too proud to work and almost too poor to be pitied? Do they wish, by a lavish expenditure of public

funds, to bribe a whole nation to throw off its allegiance? Are we to plant our flags at Presidio Rio Grande—beat our drums at San Fernando, Santa Rosa, and Monclova—carry the tramp of our war-steeds through Baira, Salado, San Carlos, and Chericotti—and let the thunders of our artillery roll within the walls of Chihuahua, merely to demonstrate the military prowess of a great nation, and the inherent energies of a free people? So far as can be seen or known at present, these are the sole objects of the expedition, conceived in folly, and which has already cost millions of the national treasure, although it has not yet passed the threshold.”

So total was the ignorance of the long route upon which an impetuous government had sent out some of its choicest citizens, that every inquiry failed to obtain explicit information. All informants, however, agreed that, with intersecting mountains and arid plains, the march, if not impracticable, was full of danger and difficulty.

Through the untiring efforts of the engineers and working-parties in levelling hills, filling up ravines, and constructing bridges, General Wool, with the road thus prepared before him, succeeded in reaching the Rio Grande with his advanced column. By means of boats brought by the engineers from San Antonio, the whole force, with its train of artillery, military stores, provisions, and baggage, crossed over the rapid stream in three days, without loss or accident.

Entering Presidio, in the Mexican territory, without even the menace of resist-

ance, the troops, after their weary trudge of a hundred and fifty-seven miles, were refreshed by an abundant supply of food. The country around, yet rejoicing in the skilful husbandry taught the indolent inhabitants by the Jesuit missionaries of a former time, abounded in sweet potatoes, Indian corn, wheat, cotton, sugar-cane, figs, oranges, peaches, plums, and rich pastures.

After leaving a working-party, in command of an engineer-officer, to raise a *tête du pont* and redoubt to cover the passage of the rear column of the army, soon to follow from San Antonio, the American commander pushed on with his advance for twenty-six miles, to San Juan de Nava. Here the crumbling ruins of the once magnificent churches and college of the Jesuits, and their abandoned gardens and fields gave proof of a former prosperity. Now, however, the scene was desolate. A meager, indolent, and miserable population, more abject, slothful, and ignorant than the Indians, skulked within the walls of Nava; and, forgetting the arts taught by the holy and politic fathers, or lacking the energy to cultivate them, they left the town to decay, and the country to devastation.

Continuing their march from town to town, which succeeded each other at remote distances over the plain, the Americans reached the base of the mountains of San José, which seemed to present an insurmountable barrier to their further progress. A practicable though difficult route, however, was at length discovered, which wound through the gorges, and led up and down the rugged ridges of the

hills; and thus the troops marched on, until they came to a plain, which extended before them to San Rosas, behind which rose precipitously the jagged outlines of the lofty Sierra Madre.

Having crossed the Alamos and the Sabinos, whose streams intersect the vast

Oct. 24. plain, the invaders entered the town, where the unwarlike and spiritless inhabitants, without the least defiance, quietly looked upon the hoisting of the American flag.

General Wool, finding it impracticable to penetrate the mountains which crossed the direct route to Chihuahua, now led his force by the circuitous road to Monclova. Here he opened a communication with General Taylor, at Monterey; and, fully impressed with the aimlessness of his expedition, he emphatically asked, "What is to be gained by going to Chihuahua?"

The judicious Taylor gave a decided answer to this question of his subordinate, in the declaration to the secretary of war, Mr. Marcy—"Nothing at all com-

mensurate with the excessive length of his [Wool's] line of operations;" and at the same time he ordered General Wool to remain at Monclova, where he could obtain subsistence for his troops, until their future disposition should be determined upon.

Here, finding some indications of resistance on the part of the inhabitants, the American commander unfurled the flag of the United States from the roof of the governor's palace, and took formal possession of the town. Though seizing a large quantity of provisions supposed to be intended for the Mexican army, and exercising military authority over the people, General Wool, by his wise and discreet management, succeeded in conciliating them. They soon mingled harmoniously with the American invaders, and friend and foe partook in common of the generous hospitalities of the wealthy proprietors of the *haciendas*, and revelled together in luxurious enjoyments among the olive-groves of the beautiful valley of Coahuila.

CHAPTER XIV.

Commodore Stockton proceeds to Monterey.—Startling News.—Threatened Attack of the Wah-lah-wah-lahs.—Stockton at San Francisco.—Colonel Fremont on the Move.—A Bold Expedition.—Among the Wah-lah-wah-lahs.—Promise of Redress.—The United States Flag.—The Indians subdued by Fremont's Talk.—A Gift of Braves.—Insurrection at Los Angeles.—Stockton and Fremont to the Rescue.—Monterey in Danger.—The Americans driven out of Los Angeles.—Their Escape to Monterey.—Stockton at San Diego.—Entering the Harbor.—Attack of the Insurgents.—Their Repulse.—Preparations for a Campaign.—News of General Kearney.—Communication solicited.—A Dangerous Enterprise.—Fremont on his March to Los Angeles.—Kearney on his Way to California.—Aid solicited by New-Mexicans.—Meeting with Kit Carson.—An Important Reinforcement.—Division of the Force.—A Perilous Journey.—Friendly Indians.—Red-Sleeve and his Braves.—Copper-Mines.—Over the Rocky Mountains.—Aztec Monuments.—The Tesotal.—Approaching the Borders of California.—Evidence of Hostility.—A Capture.—The Jornada.—A Toilsome Trudge.—Death of Horses.—Ranches and Rancheros.—Yankee Settlers.—Communication with Stockton.—The Enemy at San Pasqual.—Preparing for a Fight.

1846. COMMODORE STOCKTON, having organized the government of the territory of California, which had been so easily plucked from the weak hands of the Mexican authorities, prepared (after first notifying Colonel Fremont that he would appoint him governor) to leave the northern Pacific coast, and proceed to Acapulco.

On returning to Monterey, where he found every one tranquil and apparently contented, the commodore was startled with the intelligence that a body of one thousand Wah-lah-wah-lah Indians was threatening an attack upon Sutter's fort.

Sept. 6. Stockton immediately sent the Savannah to San Francisco, and followed himself in the Congress, in order to be in such a position that he might, as the occasion should demand, co-operate with his marines and sailors in protecting the settlement at Sutter's fort, on the banks of the Sacramento.

The alert Fremont was already advancing to the scene of trouble. Believing

the report to be exaggerated, however, he left his battalion behind him, and, taking but three tried men, rode forward to meet the Wah-lah-wah-lahs. The whole country was aroused to the supposed danger of an Indian incursion; but Fremont, with his meager company, pushed resolutely on, trusting to that self-reliance which never failed him.

Arriving at the Wah-lah-wah-lah encampment, Fremont with his three men rode boldly into the midst of the infuriated Indians, who were gathered in considerable force, but in smaller numbers than had been rumored. They thronged about him in a state of great excitement; but one of them, recognising Fremont as an old acquaintance, calmed his comrades and induced them to make the American leader the arbitrator between them and the whites. They told him of their wrongs—how they had been robbed, and one of their young chiefs killed, by the settlers. Fremont promised the Indians redress, if they would follow his advice.

He told them that he was going to the south, and could not attend to them until the spring; but that he would then meet them, at a place agreed upon, and have justice done them. In the meantime, he advised them to go off on a winter hunt; promised that he would let one of his own men go with them, to hold over them the United States flag, and declared that whoever struck that flag struck him.

The Wah-lah-wah-lahs were perfectly subdued by Fremont's talk, and manner of treating them; at once gave up their plan of attacking the whites, and agreed to go off on a winter hunt. They gave him ten of their young braves to go with him, who proved themselves among the best in his battalion.*

Sept. 30. While Fremont was still on the banks of the Sacramento, engaged in conciliating the Wah-lah-wah-lahs, news came that the Californians had risen in insurrection at Los Angeles, and with a large force were besieging Captain Gillespie in the government-house of that capital. Fremont immediately mustered a force of about one hundred men, and prepared to go to the relief of his countrymen.

In the meantime, Commodore Stockton, having also received intelligence of the events at Los Angeles, despatched a messenger to Fremont, bidding him to hasten to San Francisco with his men; and with the utmost speed began himself to collect the American settlers, in order to obtain a sufficient force to restore the authority of the United States.

Fremont promptly obeyed the sum-

* Upham's Life of Fremont.

mons, and, on arriving at San Francisco, embarked with his force on board of a trading-vessel bound to Santa Barbara, where he was to procure horses and advance at once upon the enemy, who were reported to be encamped in the neighborhood of Los Angeles.

Stockton at the same time sailed in the Congress, with the intention of directing his course to San Pe- Oct. 12. dro, and march from that point to cooperate with Fremont against the insurgents. While sailing down the coast, the Congress was spoken by a merchantman, and informed that Monterey was also threatened with an insurrection. Running into the bay of Monterey, Stockton landed two officers, fifty men, and some pieces of artillery, and then proceeded on his course to San Pedro. Here Oct. 23. he found the Savannah frigate, on board of which Captain Gillespie with his volunteers had sought refuge, after having been forced into a capitulation with General Flores, the leader of the insurgents at Los Angeles.

Establishing an encampment at San Pedro, Commodore Stockton proposed to make that town the basis of his operations; but, finding the open roadstead dangerous for his ships, the neighborhood in a state of insurrection, and disappointed in not hearing from Fremont, he re-embarked his force of sailors and marines, and the volunteers under Captain Gillespie, and proceeded farther south, to San Diego. Here word came from Fremont, saying that he had left Santa Barbara, where no horses could be procured, and was at Monterey, whence he would set

out at the earliest possible moment for Los Angeles.

On first arriving off San Diego, the ships had made an unsuccessful attempt to enter the harbor, probably from ignorance of the channel, which, although of great depth, is of a breadth little more than a ship's beam. On a second effort to enter, the Congress grounded; and, while all hands were at work with her spars, "to shore her up, and to prevent her from tumbling over," the insurgents made an attack upon the town of San Diego, a mile or so from the entrance to the bay. Notwithstanding the perilous position of the ship, however, a small force was landed under Captain Gillespie and Lieutenant Minor, who succeeded in driving back the assailants.

The little town, which had been deserted by the male inhabitants, was with its women and children bewailing their fate, and the want of all supplies, in the most miserable plight. The commodore, after feeding and clothing the people with stores from his ship, took possession of the place, built a fort for its protection, and sent out parties to obtain cattle and horses, and awe the surrounding inhabitants and Indians.

While Stockton was thus engaged for several weeks, a letter arrived from General Kearney, apprizing the commodore of his approach, and expressing a wish that he would open a communication and inform him of the state of affairs in California.

Captain Gillespie was ordered to proceed immediately to the camp of Kearney, accompanied by Lieutenant Beale,

Passed-Midshipman Duncan, ten Dec. 3. carbineers from the Congress, Captain Gibson, and twenty-five men of the California battalion, who had all spiritedly volunteered for the arduous and dangerous service.

A few days subsequently, another letter came, with the intelligence that General Kearney had had an engagement with the Mexicans, and, having suffered considerable loss, requested aid. Soon another and another messenger hurried into San Diego, with news of a more serious character, and urgent appeals for prompt relief. A force of two hundred and fifty men was immediately mustered and sent forward, under the command of Lieutenant A. F. V. Gray, to hasten to Kearney's camp.

In the meantime, after considerable delay, Colonel Fremont proceeded Dec. 27. to Santa Barbara, where he remained until the 3d of January, 1847, when, having overcome the difficulties of obtaining supplies and recruits, he took up his march for Los Angeles.

As General Kearney now becomes a prominent actor in the re-establishment of American authority in California, it is proper to resume the history of him and his three hundred dragoons, who, as has been stated in a previous chapter, set out on their adventurous journey from Santa Fé to the shores of the Pacific.

On commencing his arduous route, the general sent back to the United States the horses and mounted his men upon mules, which, together with oxen, were Sept. 25. likewise employed to draw the wagons. These hardy animals, it was

thought, might thrive where, from the scant pastures and rough work, the more spirited and less-enduring horses would suffer and die.

Pursuing the road through the New-Mexican villages on the Rio del Norte, General Kearney forded the river at Albuquerque, and proceeded along the right bank. His route lay through a narrow valley, where the inhabitants had crowded their settlements, and subsisted upon the rude culture of the fields watered by the mountain-streams. The *alcalde* of Paluvera, hearing of the advance of Kearney and his dragoons, sent a messenger, soliciting their aid in driving off the Navaho Indians, who were then attacking the village. Kearney promptly sent a company of men to its succor, and the savages soon took to flight, driving off with them, however, into their mountain-retreats, a large number of cattle.

Having sent back orders to Colonel Doniphan to make a campaign into the country of the Navahoes, in order to repress any future attempts upon the New-Mexican settlements, Kearney now pursued his journey to Secore, whence, as he was informed, lay the direct route over which he proposed to continue his course from the Del Norte to the river Gila.

Oct. 6. On the first day after leaving Secore, however, an accidental meeting with one whom he little expected to find in that remote region, somewhat varied Kearney's plan. This was Kit Carson, who, with fifteen men, six of whom were trusty Delaware Indians, had been despatched by Fremont with letters to Washington, informing the govern-

ment of his action, in conjunction with Commodore Stockton, toward revolutionizing California. Carson was urgently solicited by the general to return and act as his guide. He answered that he had pledged himself to go to Washington, and must fulfil his promise. Kearney told him that he would relieve him of all responsibility, and send on the despatches by a trusty person. Carson consented, and turned his face again to the west, just as he had entered the settlements, after the trials and fatigue of a journey through the wilderness, and when his heart was set upon soon meeting his wife and family. This bold adventurer had started with fifty mules and head of cattle, most of which he had been forced to leave by the road, or to give up, in unequal contest, to the Indians. When he got among the fierce Apaches, he was surprised at his friendly reception, until he heard, for the first time, that New Mexico was in possession of the Americans.

Kearney, thus reinforced by the skilful Carson and his party as guides, pushed forward for ten miles, when he encamped his force amid a beautiful grove of cottonwood. Here the general reduced his command to one hundred men, and sent back the remainder, under Major Sumner, to New Mexico. The officers who were now retained for the expedition to California were Captains Tanner and Johnston; Major Swords, quartermaster; Assistant-Surgeon Griffin; Lieutenants Warner and Emory, topographical engineers; Captain Morse, and Lieutenants Hammond and Davidson, of the first dragoons.

Taking a farewell of their comrades,

General Kearney and his little band resumed their perilous journey. After keeping the Rio del Norte on their right for Oct. 15. more than two hundred miles, they left the banks of the river, and boldly directed their course across the Sierra de los Mimbres.

They were now in the country of the warlike Apaches, and shut off from all certainty of safe communication with New Mexico and the United States. The Indians, however, seemed to be in no hostile mood, and conciliated the Americans by bringing in four of their young men as guides to the expedition. As Kearney penetrated farther into their territory, he reached the mountains abounding in mineral wealth. Here an adventurous American had already made his fortune in mining the rich veins of copper, when he was forced to abandon all hope of further accumulation by the interference of the Indians. The Apaches now showed themselves more frequently, and in greater numbers. Red-Sleeve, one of the principal chiefs, rode into the encampment, with a cavalcade of a score of his braves and their squaws.* These were true denizens of the western wilds: some, who were wont to roam within the confines of civilization on the Californian and New-Mexican frontiers had learned the use of firearms, and to deck them-

* The Apaches "ride small but fine horses." The men "are partly clothed like the Spaniards with wide drawers, moccasins, and leggings to the knee. They carry a knife, frequently in the right legging, on the outside. Their moccasins have turned-up, square toes. Their hair is long, and mostly they have no head-dress; some have hats, some fantastic helmets. They have some guns, but are mostly armed with lances and bows and arrows, their lances pointed with stone points."—JOHNSTON.

selves with the slashed trousers and the flashy girdles of the Mexican *ranchero*; but the most of them, with bodies nearly naked and hair dishevelled, had a wild look, and were armed with bows and arrows and stone-pointed lances. Some of them cultivated small patches of corn here and there, on the sides of the mountain-rivulets; some even engaged in trade, and became expert dealers in horses and mules; but all loved more to rob and destroy than to cultivate, or buy and sell. An old Apache chief, with unusual frankness, confessed the invincible bias of himself and his people, when he addressed these words to General Kearney: "You have taken Santa Fé; let us go on and take Chihuahua and Sonora: we will go with you. You fight for the soil—we fight for plunder; so we will agree perfectly. Their people are bad Christians: let us give them a good thrashing!"

From the copper-mines amid the Sierra, Kearney pursued his way through a deep and winding gorge, walled on either side by rugged steepes of volcanic rock, and along a narrow creek, until he Oct. 20. reached the Gila river. Here the general encamped his party at the head of a *cañon*, which opened into the hills beyond. On the sands of the river-banks traces were seen of the beaver, the bear, the deer, and the wild turkey, and tracks of herds of Indian horses; while the waters afforded a good supply of delicate fish, and the neighboring woods of sycamore and black walnut abounded in game, and the prairie-grass with quail.

With the next day began a toilsome journey over the rocky hills; now over

steep cliffs—now through deep gorges; again, across mountain-plains, and with frequent fordings of the Gila. Thus they continued their route to the west, meeting with little to vary the scene and in-

Nov. 10. terest the observer, until they reached the vestiges of the ancient Mexicans, who, under the rule of the great Montezuma, had flourished and raised their halls and temples, where now among the ruins skulked their humbled and persecuted descendants.

The intelligent aid-de-camp of General Kearney has left in his "Rough Notes" a record of these monuments of the once mighty Aztecs. "We saw to our left," he says, "the Casa de Montezuma. I rode to it, and found the remains of the walls of four buildings, and the piles of earth showing where many others had been. One of the buildings was still quite complete, as a ruin; the others had all crumbled, but a few pieces of low, broken wall. The large *casa* was fifty feet by forty, and had been four stories high; but the floors and roof had long since been burnt out. The charred ends of the cedar-joists were still in the wall. I examined them, and found that they had not been cut with a steel instrument. The joists were round sticks, about four inches in diameter.

"There were four entrances—north, south, east, and west—the doors about four feet by two; the rooms as below, and had the same arrangement on each story. There was no sign of a fireplace in the building. The lower story was filled with rubbish, and above it was open to the sky. The walls were four feet thick at the bottom, and had a curved in-

clination inward to the top. The house was built of a sort of white earth and pebbles, probably, containing lime, which abounded on the ground adjacent. The walls had been smoothed outside, and plastered inside; and the surfaces still remained firm, although it was evident that they had been exposed to great heat from the fire. Some of the rooms did not open to all the rest, but had a hole, a foot in diameter, to look through; in other places were smaller holes.

"About two hundred yards from this building was a mound, in a circle a hundred yards around the mound. The centre was a hollow, twenty-five yards in diameter, with two vamps or slopes going down to its bottom. It was probably a well, now partly filled up. A similar one was seen near Mount Dallas.

"A few yards farther, in the same direction, northward, was a terrace, one hundred yards by seventy, and about five feet high. Upon this was a pyramid, about eight feet high, and twenty-five yards square at the top. From this, sitting on my horse, I could overlook the vast plain lying northeast and west, on the left bank of the Gila. The ground in view was about fifteen miles, all of which, it would seem, had been irrigated by the waters of the Gila. I picked up a broken crystal of quartz in one of these piles.

"Leaving the *casa*, I turned toward the Pimos, and, travelling at random over the plain (now covered with *mosquete*), the piles of earth and pottery showed for hours in every direction. I also found the remains of a *sicía*, which followed the range of houses for miles. It had been

very large. When I got to camp, I found them on good grass, and in communication with the Pimos, who came out with a frank welcome. Their answer to Carson, when he went up and asked for provisions, was—‘Bread is to eat, not to sell: take what you want.’ The general asked a Pimo who made the house I had seen. ‘It is the Casa de Montezuma,’ said he. ‘It was built by the son of the most beautiful woman who once dwelt in yonder mountain. She was fair, and all the handsome men came to court her, but in vain. When they came, they paid tribute; and out of this small store she fed all people in times of famine, and it did not diminish. At last, as she lay asleep, a drop of rain fell upon her navel, and she became pregnant, and brought forth a boy, who was the builder of all these houses.’ He seemed unwilling to talk about them, but said there were plenty more of them to the north, south, and west. He said that, when he first knew this *casa*, it was in better preservation; but that it had been burned too long ago for any of them to remember. I showed him the hieroglyphic, but he did not understand it.

“Some other Pimos and Cocomaricopas arrived, and messengers were sent to their village to buy watermelons and provisions, which soon came, although it was several miles. They wanted white beads for what they had to sell, and knew the value of money. Seeing us eating, the interpreter told the general that he had tasted the liquor of Sonora and New Mexico, and would like to taste a sample of that of the United States. The dog had a liquorish tooth, and, when given a drink

of French brandy, pronounced it better than any he had ever seen or tasted.

“The Maricopa messenger came to ask the general what his business was, and where he was going. He said his people were at peace with all the world, except some of their neighbors the Apaches, and that they did not desire any more enemies. He was, of course, told to say to his chief that our object was merely to pass peaceably through their country; that we had heard a great deal of the Pimos, and knew them to be a good people. We were all struck with their unassumed ease and confidence in approaching our camp—not like the Apaches, who bayed at us like their kindred wolves, till the smell of tobacco and other (to them) agreeable things gave them assurance enough to approach us.

“The Pimos and Cocomaricopas live alongside of each other, but are a distinct people, speaking different languages. The latter once lived near the mouth of the Gila. The Pimos have long lived at their present abode, and are known to all the trappers as a virtuous and industrious people. They and the Maricopas number over two thousand souls. At the river I saw a cinder, which might have been from the smelting of some ore.”*

Crossing the Tesotal, which stretched a wide desert for forty miles, where neither water nor grass could be obtained, General Kearney and his men were for a while out of reach and view of the Gila, but again entered its valley, at the Big-Horn mountain. As they approached the borders of Califor

Nov. 15.

* Captain A. R. Johnston.

nia, Kearney heard in the Indian villages rumors of the preparations which had been made by General de Castro to oppose his advance. On arriving at the delta of land formed by the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, these rumors were confirmed by the frequent traces discovered of horses' feet, and of recent camp-fires. Still stronger proof was obtained on a reconnoitring-party being sent out, which captured a number of Californians, with a large drove of horses, and bearing letters from De Castro, then in Sonora. The sorry animals, worn down by their long travel, were taken possession of; some of them were killed for food—for Kearney's supplies had long since fallen short—and the rest appropriated for service in the trying passage across the *Jornada*, which now lay before the expedition, an unmitigated desert of sand, for ninety miles.

With great toil and suffering the Americans pursued their weary way over the barren waste, marked at each stretch by the carcasses of their horses, which fell

exhausted on the route. At length they reached a pass among the snow-clad peaks and pine-covered acclivities of the Coast Range. They were now amid the California *ranchos* and settlements; and, meeting constantly with Mexican *rancheros*, Yankee settlers, and Indians, they learned something of the state of affairs in the territory.

On riding forward to the *ranch* of an Englishman, Kearney received information that Stockton was at San Diego; and the next day, on continuing his march for that place, and when within forty miles, he met Captain Gillespie, with the small force which the commodore had sent to his aid. From him full intelligence was obtained of the insurrection in California, and of the measures preparing by Stockton and Fremont to quell it; while Gillespie, moreover, reported the presence at San Pasqual, some nine miles distant, of a body of the enemy. Kearney now sent out a party to reconnoitre, and made instant preparations for a fight.

Dec. 1.

Dec. 4.

CHAPTER XV.

The Enemy at San Pasqual.—March of General Kearney.—The Californians in Line of Battle.—Charge of the American Dragoons.—The Pursuit.—Rally of the Enemy.—Suffering of the Dragoons.—The Mules declare for the Enemy.—Turner in Command.—The Californians at Bay.—Reinforcements solicited.—Kearney at San Bernado.—A Dash at the Foe.—Loss of Cattle.—Desperate Position of Kearney.—Spirited Messengers.—An Unsuccessful Attempt at an Estampede.—Bold Effort at Extrication.—A Welcome Reinforcement.—The March to San Diego.—Kearney and Commodore Stockton.—The March against the Enemy.—A Flag of Truce.—The Proposition of the Californians refused.—The Enemy at the Rio San Gabriel.—Crossing the River.—The Foe repulsed.—The Americans in Possession.—The Enemy again attack.—Their Repulse and Flight.—The River Mesa.—Surrender of Los Angeles.—Escape of General Flores to Sonora.—San Luis Obispo surprised by Colonel Fremont.—Capture of Don Jesus Pico.—His Trial.—Verdict of Death.—Castilian Dignity.—Pardon.—Capitulation of Comarga.—The Entry into Los Angeles.—Misunderstanding of the American Commanders.—A Common Patriotism.—Conquest of California.—The Greatest Acquisition of the War.

1846. THE reconnoitring-party of Kearney having returned in the night with intelligence that the enemy were in force, one hundred and sixty strong, and well mounted, under Don Andreas Pico (as it was afterward discovered), at San Pasqual, three leagues distant, the general at once, before break of day, marched out to attack them.

Dec. 6. Captain Johnston, with twelve dragoons, mounted on the best horses in the camp, led the van, accompanied by General Kearney and his staff, and followed by fifty dragoons under Captain Moore, mostly on the tired mules which they had ridden from Santa Fé. Next came the volunteers, under Captains Gibson and Gillespie; while Lieutenant Davidson brought up the rear, with two mountain-howitzers, and a small party of dragoons to manage them. The rest of the force was left behind, with orders to follow on the trail at the earliest moment, with the baggage, and secure its safety.

At dawn, on coming within view of the

village of San Pasqual, the Californians were found already in their saddles, and, with poised *escopetas*, ready for the conflict. Kearney, without delay, ordered the advance to charge; and the little band of dragoons was at once upon the enemy, and in close action. The Californians, after a single volley, gave way, and were pursued by Johnston and his troopers, followed by Moore and his fifty men. Most of the latter, however, being mounted upon sorry mules, were soon left far in the rear; and the enemy, rallying and turning upon the few horsemen in advance, charged with their lances. The scattered dragoons thus suffered severely: Captains Johnston and Moore were killed, Lieutenant Hammond mortally wounded, General Kearney, and several of his officers wounded, sixteen non-commissioned officers and privates left dead on the field, and eleven more wounded. Before the howitzers could be brought into action, the pair of mules before one of them became frightened, and, break-

ing from their drivers, dragged the gun into the ranks of the enemy.

The general being temporarily disabled, Captain Turner, of the dragoons, succeeded to the command; and the rear, with the baggage, having been brought up, the Californians were kept at bay for the night, and the Americans rested on their arms in a rocky defile, in the neighborhood of the village, until the following morning. In the meantime, a messenger was despatched to San Diego, forty miles distant, to inform Stockton of the position of affairs, and to solicit a speedy reinforcement.

Dec. 7. Early the next day, General Kearney resumed the command of the troops, and moved on toward San Bernado, taking with him all his baggage and a herd of captured cattle. The Californians retired from the hills in front as the Americans advanced, and now ensued a race for some high ground on the right. The enemy reached it first, but, being dashed at by the dragoons in advance, were forced from the ground, although by a rear movement they succeeded in driving off all of Kearney's cattle.

The general's position was now becoming desperate. The well-mounted lancers of Pico so completely gave him the advantage in rapidity of movement, that it was found useless to attempt to overtake the California leader, or dispute his possession of the country. With his provisions all gone, his horses dead, and his mules exhausted, Kearney could only remain on the safe ground which he had chosen, and await with patience the re-

lief he expected from Commodore Stockton.

Killing the fattest mule for meat, and boring holes for water, the Americans were enabled to make shift for a while; and, in the meantime, Kit Carson, Lieutenant Beale, of the navy, and an Indian servant, volunteered to go to San Diego, distant thirty-nine miles, and obtain succor. The expedition was full of peril, for the enemy were in possession of all the roads; but these spirited men, overcoming every obstacle and escaping every danger, reached Stockton's quarters in safety.

During their absence, Pico attacked General Kearney's position, driving in before his lancers a herd of wild California horses, with the view of producing alarm and an *estampede* in the American camp. The attempt, however, failed: the rush of the animals was checked by a steady resistance, and the horses frightened off, although the starving men took care to secure some of them for food.

General Kearney, finding his position so desperate from the want of provisions (for he was soon left without a horse or a mule), he determined to make a bold effort to extricate himself. While thus reflecting during the night upon the almost hopeless struggle with the enemy whom in his extremity he had resolved upon attacking in the morning, Lieutenant Gray made his welcome appearance with some two hundred sailors and marines, whom Commodore Stockton—having learned from Carson and Lieutenant Beale of Kearney's emergency—had sent to his relief. **Dec. 10.** Pico now

retired with his whole force, and allowed the Americans to march without further resistance to San Diego, where they arrived on the 12th of December.

Stockton and Kearney, with mutual good will, now prepared an expedition against the enemy. The general volunteered to lead, but the commodore, who also proposed to accompany it, still asserted the prerogative of commander-in-chief. Five hundred men and six pieces of artillery composed the force. Sixty were dismounted dragoons, under Captain Turner; fifty were California volunteers; and the rest marines and sailors.

Dec. 29. Setting out from San Diego, the troops marched through the rolling vales of the Coast Range of mountains, without the occurrence of any incident of interest, until the 4th of January, 1847, when they reached the deserted mission of Flores, on the road to the Ciudad de los Angeles, the capital of the province. Here they were met by a flag of truce from General Flores, the chief of the California insurgents, proposing a suspension of hostilities, and to leave the sovereignty of California to be decided by the general result of the war between the United States and Mexico. Stockton, in his assumed capacity of governor and commander-in-chief, at once refused to agree to the proposition, and the troops accordingly pushed on.

Jan. 8. On reaching the Rio San Gabriel, the Californians were discovered, six hundred strong, all mounted men, posted on the rising ground which formed the opposite bank. As the Americans moved amid the thickets along the

slope which led to the brink of the river, they were met by a scattering fire, and at the same time the enemy were busy planting their guns upon the height. A party of sailors was ordered to cross in advance; and, fording the stream, which flowed in a rapid current knee-deep, the men reached the other side, a distance of one hundred yards, in the face of a fire, but without loss. The artillery was next dragged over, and immediately opened upon the commanding position of the guns of the enemy, whose fire was thus checked, and an opportunity given for the safe passage of the train and the cattle. The Californians strove, but in vain, with their lancers, to cut off the rear, and then made two successive charges upon the right and the left, both of which, however, were stoutly received by the Americans in square, and quickly repulsed. General Kearney now led his men up the height; but, before they got to the top, the enemy had fled, leaving the ground in possession of the assailants, who encamped there for the night.

On resuming the march next **Jan. 9.** morning, the Californian horsemen continued to hover about the front and the flanks of the Americans; and on reaching the plains of Mesa, the main body of the enemy was discovered in position, on the right of the road, and under cover of the crest of a hollow. As the Americans advanced, the guns of the foe opened, but were soon silenced by Kearney's artillery. General Flores now concentrated his lancers, and made a furious charge upon the American left, but was firmly repulsed. The Californians then

turned their horses and fled, picking up their dead and wounded while their animals were at full speed, without dismounting, and thus exhibiting their remarkable skill in horsemanship.

The Americans now moved on without further molestation to the banks of the river Mesa, three miles below the city of Los Angeles. Their loss during the two engagements amounted to only one killed and fourteen wounded, among whom were two officers.

Jan. 10. On the following morning the city surrendered to the Americans. The troops marched in, and the flag of the United States once more floated over the capital of California. General Flores, with a remnant of his cavalry, fled to Sonora.

Fremont (now promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel), while at Santa Barbara, determined to quash the insurrection at the mission of San Luis Obispo. Advancing cautiously for a hundred and fifty miles, he came upon the place so secretly, that he captured Don Jesus Pico and thirty-five others before they suspected his approach. Pico was the brother of the governor of California, and, having broken his parole, was, now that he was retaken, in danger of losing his head. He was brought before Fremont, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. Through the whole examination, "he remained cool and composed, and received his last sentence with true Castilian dignity. The hour of twelve was fixed for the execution. About an hour before, an unusual noise was heard without; and, before we had time to ascertain its cause,

a company of ladies and children rushed into the room to which the colonel had retired, threw themselves on their knees, and with an eloquence which only such an emergency could inspire, begged that the life of the husband and father might be spared.

"Fremont, who was both a husband and a father, and whose thoughts were suddenly hurried back over the wilderness and the mountain, to their distant homes in the East, was unprepared for this appeal, and surrendered to the impulses of humanity without resistance. Raising the broken-hearted mother, he exclaimed, but with choking utterance, 'He is pardoned!' He would have turned to escape the grateful blessings which were invoked upon his head, and from witnessing the tears of joy which followed the tears of despair from their now-delighted eyes, but they would not permit it. As the shortest and fittest way of closing the trying scene, Colonel Fremont sent for the prisoner to receive his pardon in the presence of his family.

"When Pico entered the room, the countenances of all present told him of his good fortune; and when it was confirmed by the word of the colonel, he was for a moment speechless. He had borne misfortune and disgrace with firmness, but the news of his pardon was too much for him. Overcome with emotion, he flung himself upon the floor before Colonel Fremont, clasped his knees convulsively, swore eternal fidelity to him and his, and begged the privilege of fighting and dying for him. From that day forth, Colonel Fremont had no firmer friend

than his former inveterate antagonist, Pico.”*

Fremont now took up his march for the capital with a force of three or four hundred men and three pieces of artillery. On his route he heard of the success of Stockton and Kearney, and their possession of Los Angeles. The enemy were in the immediate neighborhood, and soon there came two officers into Fremont's camp to treat for peace. After a negotiation which continued for some days, articles were agreed upon, and signed on the 13th of January, 1847. This was the “capitulation of Comarga,” by which all further hostility ceased between the Uni-

* Bigelow.

ted States and California. On **Jan. 14.** the following day, Colonel Fremont entered the Ciudad de los Angeles, and joined his forces to those of Stockton and Kearney.

The future misunderstandings which arose between these various commanders it is not within the scope of this narrative to relate. Whatever may have been their dissensions in regard to relative authority, they had all combined, with one common feeling of patriotism, in securing to the United States the possession of California, which, with its vast mineral wealth and commercial prosperity, was by far the greatest acquisition of the war.

CHAPTER XVI.

Termination of General Taylor's Armistice with the Mexicans at Monterey.—Action of the American Government.—Its Want of Deference.—Indignation of Taylor.—General Patterson's Departure.—Increased Activity of the Naval Force.—Fall of Fontera.—Subjection of Tobasco.—Failure of Attempts upon Alvarado and Tuspan.—Danger of Tampico.—Its Surrender.—Fall of Laguna.—Taylor marches to Saltillo.—An Agreeable Encampment.—Surrender of Saltillo.—General Worth appointed Governor.—Paso del Muerto.—Return of Taylor to Monterey.—Difficulties of a March to San Luis Potosi.—Plans of Taylor.—His Line of Defence.—Impatience of General Wool at Monclova.—“A part in the Great Drama.”—March of Wool.—Before Parras.—Description of the Place.—Military Exactions.—The Compliant Inhabitants.—Saltillo threatened.—The Aid of Wool invoked.—A Prompt March.—Arrival at Patros.—A Game of Chess.—“All is lost!”—Agua Nueva.—An Obstacle.—No Appearance of General Santa Anna.—Movements of Taylor.—Possession of Victoria.—A False Rumor.—A Mob of Peons.—Conquests of Taylor in Mexico.—His March to San Luis Potosi abandoned.—Expedition against Vera Cruz.—Preparations.—General Winfield Scott in Command.

1846. GENERAL TAYLOR, in obedience to the orders of the government, sent word to Santa Anna that the armistice agreed upon at the capitulation of Monterey in September must terminate; and accordingly preparations were made for carrying on the war with fresh energy.

The authorities at Washington had resolved upon an expedition to Tampico, and desired General Taylor to co-operate by marching a part of his force against San Luis Potosi. At the same time, they had, with a strange disregard of the deference due to the commander-in-chief, given orders to his subordinate, General Patterson, to move without consulting his superior. Taylor believed his own force inadequate to the demands made upon it, as General Santa Anna himself was concentrating his troops at San Luis Potosi, and he felt indignant that the government should have treated him with so much disrespect as to correspond directly with a general under his command.

Taylor delayed his own co-operation, but magnanimously waived his privilege as chief, and threw no obstacles in the way of General Patterson, who was permitted to withdraw some of the troops at Monterey, and muster a force at Camargo, preparatory to the attack upon Tampico.

In the meantime, the naval force, under Commodore Conner, in the gulf of Mexico, which from the beginning of the war had been engaged in blockading the Mexican ports and defending the Texan coast, was stimulated to more active duty. A squadron, under Commodore Matthew C. Perry, accordingly proceeded to the mouth of the Tabasco. Oct. 23. Here the seaport of Fontera yielded without a struggle; and, upon entering the river and reaching the town of Tobasco, the opposition of that place, after a brief resistance, was effectually checked.

Two attempts which were made upon Alvarado by Commodore Conner were less successful, in consequence of the

grounding of the vessels on the bar ; as was the third, upon Tuspan, from a similar difficulty.

To carry out a proposed campaign, the object of which was, after reducing the city of Vera Cruz and its famous castle, to march upon the capital of Mexico, the naval force was ordered to attack Tampico, in order to concentrate the attention of the enemy upon that point, and facilitate the ultimate design.

Although Santa Anna was made aware of the danger of Tampico, by the capture of some despatches of the United States government, he abandoned all idea of defending the place ; and, having destroyed and hid away the guns and stores, he withdrew the garrison. Accord-
Nov. 14. ingly, when Commodore Conner arrived with his flotilla, he was met by a deputation of the authorities, with proposals for the surrender of Tampico, which, on being taken possession of, was garrisoned by a force sent by General Patterson from Camargo, and strictly blockaded by the men-of-war.

A few days subsequently, the little port of Panuco also yielded, without a struggle ; and again, toward the end of December, the town of Laguna followed the example.

Taylor, after his notification to Santa Anna of the renewal of hostilities, set out
Nov. 13. for Saltillo with a detachment of twelve hundred men, under the immediate command of General Worth. This city, the capital of the department of Coahuila, is distant about seventy-five miles from Monterey. With its comparatively well-built houses, its paved streets,

its spacious *plaza*, its imposing cathedral, its graceful fountains, and its picturesque position on the cultivated acclivity of a hill, it presented an attractive aspect, and the American troops found within its walls an agreeable encampment. Taylor, when within twelve miles of Saltillo, was met by a message from the governor, protesting against his advance ; but, as the general continued his march, a deputation of the principal inhabitants came forward and welcomed his approach.

Entering the town with colors flying and drums beating, the Americans took possession without resistance. The soldiers stacked their arms in the
plaza ; and General Worth, who
Nov. 16. was left as military commandant, quartered himself in the palace just deserted by the fugitive governor, who had fled to join Santa Anna at San Luis Potosi.

The possession of Saltillo, thus easily acquired, was deemed of great importance, since, commanding the *Paso del Muerto*—a narrow defile between the mountains, on the road to Monterey—it was essential in case of further advance, and from its abundant resources could supply the army with subsistence.

General Taylor returned to Monterey, fully convinced that the proposed march through Saltillo to San Luis Potosi, in order to carry out the views of the government at Washington, was one involving great difficulty and danger. The route extended for some three hundred miles, through narrow defiles and over a country nearly destitute of water ; for Santa Anna, anticipating the advance of the Americans, had destroyed the tanks on

the way usually kept as receptacles for rain, which was almost the sole reliance, such was the scarcity of springs and the frequency of droughts. The general, in consequence, strenuously urged upon the government the necessity of abandoning the impracticable scheme of a march to San Luis, and to adopt the plan of taking Vera Cruz and thence advancing upon the Mexican capital.

This plan finally found favor with the authorities at Washington, as we shall find in the course of the narrative. In the meantime, however, Taylor directed his movements according to his own opinions, but so as to facilitate, as far as possible, the ulterior objects of the government. The general's plan was to occupy a defensive line, by which the territory already wrested from Mexico might be securely held, though with a comparatively small force. This line, he thought, could be safely guarded by a strong garrison at Monterey; his advanced troops, under General Worth, at Saltillo; and a small corps posted respectively at Monclova, Linares, Victoria, and Tampico. To carry out this design, Taylor ordered General Wool to take post at Parras; and General Patterson, then at Camargo, preparing to march his whole force to Tampico, was directed to join the commander-in-chief with a regiment of mounted riflemen from Tennessee, and the Illinois brigade, at Victoria, whither he himself was about to proceed.

General Wool had become conscious of the utter uselessness of the proposed arduous march to Chihuahua, being persuaded that all he should find to conquer

was distance, and at the same time was impatient of his delay and inactivity at Monclova. Sending an aid-de-camp to Taylor's camp, in order to convey a full account of his views and position, he also wrote a letter to Major Bliss, the assistant adjutant-general, in which he emphatically expressed the hope that he would not be left in his actual position one moment longer than was necessary. "Inaction," he said, "is exceedingly injurious to volunteers. It is extremely difficult to confine them to drill while stationary. Volunteer officers will give their men permission to be absent, and consequently the men get into difficulties and broils with the inhabitants." He added: "I have to urge that you will submit this communication to the general. If he is not present, send it forward with my aid-de-camp to his headquarters, in order that he may receive from him such instructions as he intends to give me, and particularly to designate the part I am to play in the great drama. I trust we shall not remain here longer than to receive an answer from the general. *Delays are dangerous.* This is the favorable time for operating against the enemy. Take time by the forelock, and push on before the enemy collects too large a force to bring against us. Urge the general to concentrate his forces. Do not allow the enemy to beat us in detail. In conclusion, I repeat, urge the general not to leave us here. Go we must; and when an opportunity occurs, we will do good service."

Five days subsequently, the impatient Wool marched out of Monclova, leaving

behind him a small force to guard the place, and, after a day's march, **Nov. 21.** met his aid-de-camp on his return. He bore a communication from General Taylor, in which it was stated that the expedition to Chihuahua was abandoned, and Wool was directed to occupy Parras. This town was now the point to which he pushed on with the utmost speed, and encamped before it on the 8th of December.

"The city of Parras contained about eight thousand inhabitants," wrote a careful chronicler. "A vigorous and protracted defence might have been made. The position was important. In the rear, the city abutted on a high range of mountains; the streets were narrow, the buildings of stone, and surrounded by high walls. It was within a hundred miles of Saltillo, and a hundred and fifty of Monterey; and it was considered the key to Chihuahua, though four hundred and fifty miles intervened. It was in the centre of the best grain-producing country in Mexico, although its immediate vicinity was covered by extensive vineyards, producing delicious grapes, from which wine and brandy were manufactured. It was a delightful country, and in its delicious climate the American soldiers found a temporary relaxation after their long and severe labors. Provisions could have been obtained in sufficient abundance to supply the armies of Taylor and Wool."

The resources of this fertile district were about to be tested, by the orders of General Taylor to procure provisions for five thousand men of the "army of occupation." The people having been con-

ciliated by the discreet management of Wool, he met with no obstacle in his efforts to satisfy the extensive demands of his superior; but, while being engaged in compliance, his services were suddenly diverted by another and more serious call upon him and his troops. Intelligence was brought from General Worth that Santa Anna, at the head of the Mexican "grand army," was on his march, and threatened the American position at Saltillo. Worth, aware of his danger (as he had under his command but twelve hundred men and eight pieces of artillery), invoked the immediate aid of General Wool.

This prompt commander quickly responded, and in two hours and a half after receiving the communication he had begun his march with his whole **Dec. 17.** column and its immense train of three hundred and fifty wagons, loaded with ammunition and stores for a year's campaign, and sixty days' rations for each soldier. A little more than a day's march brought them to Patros, forty miles distant from Parras, so rapid was the movement, though over a country almost destitute of roads and bridges.

At Patros there was a brief delay, in order to refresh the troops and obtain forage for the mules and horses. The inhabitants received the American army with a glad welcome. The general was cordially invited to the *hacienda* of Señor Jacopo Sanchez, a wealthy proprietor. After a generous banquet, Captain Sanchez, the nephew of the don, challenged Wool to a game of chess. The stakes were jokingly made the *conquest of Mexico*

on the one side, and the *surrender of the American troops* on the other. Señora Sanchez, who, like her husband, was an ardent patriot, watched the game with the intensity of interest always felt by the Mexican race in the fluctuations of play, and seemed as deeply concerned as if the stakes were real, and the fate of her country depended on the issue. Observing that Wool was too strong for his antagonist, whose best pieces were rapidly swept from the board, she threw up her arms, and cried out with despair: "All is lost! Our knights and castles are taken!" The general won the game.*

The next day the march was resumed, and the army soon reached Agua Nueva, twenty-one miles in advance of Dec. 21. Saltillo, and a hundred and twenty miles from Parras. General Wool, by his prompt movement, had now placed his force on the great road between San Luis Potosi and Saltillo, and interposed an obstacle to the advance of Santa Anna. On his arrival, however, Wool discovered that the Mexican chief had not removed from his position, as had been falsely reported by the emissaries of the enemy, but that he still remained at San Luis, collecting his powerful array of troops for the contemplated march against his antagonist.

In the meantime, General Taylor had been carrying out his plan of a defensive line by moving a force to take possession of Victoria. General Twiggs, with his division and the seventh regiment of infantry, was sent on in advance. General Quitman's brigade followed, accompanied

* Baylies.

by the commander-in-chief; and all the troops had arrived at Montemorelos, on the route, about to proceed to Victoria, when the rumor, which had already stimulated the activity of Wool, reached them. General Taylor at once turned back, at the head of Twiggs's division, and, on arriving at Monterey, hastened to give his succor in the expected struggle at Saltillo. He had proceeded but a few miles on his route, when he was met by a messenger, with an account of the falsity of the rumor of Santa Anna's approach. He now counter-marched his troops, and resumed the expedition to Victoria, whither General Quitman had meanwhile advanced and occupied the town without meeting Dec. 29. any resistance. A week afterward, Taylor entered with Twiggs's division; and on the same day came General Patterson, with his brigade. Thus was a force of more than five thousand American troops concentrated at Victoria, ready to be employed with the greatest effect in whatever emergency might occur in the prosecution of the war.

These marches and counter-marches had all been made through the enemy's country, without resistance, and with no encounter except a brush on the part of Lieutenant-Colonel May and a detachment of dragoons, whose rear-guard and baggage had been cut off by "a mob of peons," or Mexican peasants, while the American commander was reconnoitring the mountain-passes, in order to discover the most practicable route for the passage of the army.

Eight months only had now passed,

since the beginning of the war, and more than half of the whole territory of Mexico was already in the power of the United States. California, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Durango, Coahuila, New Leon, and Tamaulipas, were all, if not actually conquered, at least awed into temporary subjection, by the American arms. By his victories, Taylor had completely subdued the territory watered by the Rio Grande, and now held it securely by his triumphant "army of occupation." He was prepared at any moment to concentrate his force and march upon San Luis Potosi, where Santa Anna had gathered his large army, but was soon gratified to learn that the government at Washington had abandoned the project, which appeared so full of difficulty and risk, of marching against the Mexican general from the north. The other and more

feasible campaign, as suggested by Taylor, had been determined upon by the American cabinet.

Vera Cruz, the principal port on the gulf of Mexico, was now the point of attack proposed, and a force was at once organized for this object. Nine new regiments of volunteers, including one of Texan horse, were called for by President Polk, in accordance with the act of Congress, in order that these might be substituted for the regulars and experienced volunteers which it was designed to withdraw from the command of Taylor and send against Vera Cruz. A Congressional bill for ten additional regiments was also in contemplation, and its passage sanguinely anticipated. To General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief of the American armies, was assigned the leadership of the projected movement.



Winfield Scott.

CHAPTER XVII.

General Winfield Scott.—His Birth and Descent.—A Scotch Jacobite in Virginia.—An Orphan.—Scott at College.—At the Bar.—In South Carolina.—Martial Tastes.—The War of 1812.—A Volunteer in the Petersburg Horse.—A Captain of Artillery.—Under General Wilkinson.—Freedom of Speech.—Convicted of Disrespect.—Improved Leisure.—Complimentary Sympathy.—Declination of Office.—A Delicate Duty.—Visit to Europe.—A Confidential Mission.—Honors.—Scott and Kosciusko.—Return to the United States.—In Command of the Seaboard.—Marriage.—Studies and Writings.—Expedition against Black Hawk.—Fearful Ravages of the Cholera.—Scott at Prairie du Chien.—The Victory of Bad Axe.—Conferences with the Indians.—Picturesque Scenes.—Indian Braves.—Dances, Games, and Mock Fights.—Successful Negotiations.—Scott at the South.—Nullification.—Conciliatory Conduct.—The Seminole Difficulty.—Osceola.—A Ruthless War.—Scott in Command.—A Prompt Reply.—A Barren Campaign.—Scott in Georgia.—His Quarrel with General Jesup.—Recall of Scott.—The Revolt in Canada.—American Sympathizers.—The Affair of the Steamer *Caroline*.—Judicious Conduct of Scott.—His Mission to the Cherokee Country.—His Humanity.—A Worthy Tribute.—Scott again a Peacemaker.—Negotiation with Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick.—Successful Mediation.—Popularity of Scott.—He is nominated for the Presidency.—Made Commander-in-Chief of the American Army.—Scott on the Rio Grande.—Disappointments.—The Rendezvous on the Island of Lobos.

1846. WINFIELD SCOTT was born on the 13th of June, 1786, near Petersburg, Dinwiddie county, in Virginia. His descent is traced to a Scotch Jacobite, who, after taking part in the unfortunate rebellion of the Young Pretender in 1745, so cruelly crushed by the rude and bloody hand of the duke of Cumberland, and losing an elder brother on the fatal field of Culloden, escaped to America. Here he made Virginia his home, practised law, married, died young, and left a son William, who became the husband of "Ann Mason, a lady of one of the most respectable families of Virginia." Winfield Scott was the younger of two sons of this William, who, after a retired life as a Virginian farmer, died in 1791. His widow, with careful anxiety, attended to the nurture of her children, and gave them every facility of education.

At the age of seventeen, Winfield, by the death of his mother, became an or-

phan. Although left mostly to his own guidance, he, with a worthy desire for improvement, voluntarily entered the college of William and Mary, in order to complete the education begun under the careful direction of his parents. After two years of academic discipline, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Virginia in 1806.

After practising about twelve months in his native state, Scott sought in South Carolina another field of labor; but, finding that a year's residence was required before he could exercise his profession, he was temporarily without occupation. While thus at leisure, his naturally ardent temperament readily sympathized with the martial spirit astir throughout the country in consequence of the repeated aggressions of Great Britain which threatened the war that broke out in 1812.

In the summer of 1807, young Scott, having returned to Virginia, joined as a

volunteer the Petersburg troop of horse, which had been called out, after the attack on the frigate Chesapeake, **June 22.** to aid, in accordance with the proclamation of President Jefferson, in preventing the entrance of British vessels into the harbors of the United States. With a short service at Lynn bay, his first military duty ceased.

As the war, however, became more imminent, the martial ardor of young Scott increased, and, on his application for a commission, he was appointed a captain of artillery in May, 1808. A year subsequently, he was ordered to New Orleans, to join the army under the command of General Wilkinson, sent to protect Louisiana from an anticipated invasion by the British. Here he became embroiled with his crafty and intriguing commander, in consequence, it is said, of his firm resistance to the repeated efforts of Wilkinson to attach him to his questionable political designs.* The sturdy integrity of the subaltern vexed the irritable superior, who sought and soon found an opportunity of taking revenge. On Wilkinson being superseded in the command of the southern department by General Hampton, Captain Scott, with youthful indiscretion, spoke freely of the political intrigues of his former commander, and was soon called to answer before a court-martial for "disrespectful language toward his superior officer." To this charge was added that of intentionally withholding his men's money for two months. On being tried, he was acquitted of all fraudulent intention in regard to the soldiers'

* Mansfield.

pay, but convicted of the disrespect; for which he was sentenced to suspension from rank, pay, and emoluments, for one year.

Captain Scott made good use of this forced leisure, by studying diligently every work on the military art which he could command; and he was at the same time consoled by the complimentary expression of sympathy in an invitation to a banquet by his fellow-citizens; for the penalty he was suffering for his youthful indiscretion.

Scott's career during the war of 1812 has been already traced in these pages, and its incidents are among the most stirring of those of that eventful period.

Having achieved a high renown by his conduct during the war, General Scott was hailed with the grateful applause of the people, and honored by the government. On the ratification of peace with Great Britain, he was asked to become secretary of war, but modestly declined, declaring to President Madison that he was "too young for that." The delicate duty, however, of reducing the army to a peace establishment he readily assumed; and, after its completion, still suffering from the wounds inflicted at Niagara, he was sent to Europe, not only for the restoration of his health, but for professional improvement. At the same time, the confidence of the government in his discretion and capacity was shown by its intrusting to him the confidential mission of ascertaining the views of the leading European courts in regard to the revolutionary struggles then going on in South America against the Spanish yoke, and

likewise the suspected designs of Great Britain upon the island of Cuba.

In Europe, Scott was honored and esteemed by the greatest and best. Kosciusko, then awaiting in retirement at Soleure, in Switzerland, an opportunity to unsheathe his sword in the cause of his native Poland—always so ready to leap from its scabbard at the call of freemen—wrote, expressing his regret that he was unable to meet the American hero. In Paris, Scott was cherished by the warriors who had won renown on the great battle-fields of Europe; and in the society of the men of letters and of science in that refined capital he received a warm welcome, and those opportunities for general and professional improvement of which he never failed to take advantage.

On the return of General Scott to the United States, the command of the seaboard was assigned to him; and he now found in the tranquillity of peace a companion, by marrying (in March, 1817) a Miss Maria Mayo, the daughter of a citizen of Richmond, in Virginia.

Scott, always a diligent student of the military art, now published the result of his investigations, in a volume entitled "*Guard Regulations for the Army; or, Military Institutes*," a careful compend of the best authorities on tactics. His various reports on similar subjects prove his diligent devotion to the theory of a profession, in the practice of which he had been always so shining an exemplar. His efforts to improve the soldier extended to his moral welfare; and he strove, not only by personal guidance, but by the influ-

ence of his writings, to reform the habits of the men. An early and remarkable essay on the subject of intemperance in the army, shows him to have been among the first to direct public opinion toward reforming this harmful vice.

Early in 1832, a portion of the Indian tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, at the instigation of that ruthless chieftain, Black Hawk, had devastated the banks of the Rock and Winnebago rivers, stained their streams with the blood of the whites, and aroused to arms the settlers of Illinois. It was feared that the Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, and other tribes of the Northwest, were gathering at the call of Black Hawk, and a general Indian war would ensue. Scott was ordered by the government to hasten to the scene of action, and to take the command of the troops destined to quell the savage insurrection.

The general accordingly embarked his thousand men at Buffalo, in July; but while the steamboats were on their way to Chicago, the cholera began its fearful ravages. In six days, out of two hundred and twenty men on board one boat, an officer and one hundred men died, and eighty more were left ill at Chicago. On another boat a detachment of four hundred men was diminished by death and desertion to a hundred and fifty! The surviving troops were landed near Fort Gratiot, at the lower end of Lake Huron, and here a frightful scene of suffering, dismay, and death, soon presented itself. Most of the men were swept off by disease, and nearly all of the frightened survivors deserted, but only to perish miserably by the wayside. The dead and the

dying literally strewed the road. No one dared to approach the sufferers, to give them a cup of water, or bring the least relief to their agony. Six were seen lying together under the same tree, and all in the tortures of the disease; while the bodies of the dead, half devoured by the wolves and wild hogs, were passed everywhere in the woods and by-places. The few straggling survivors were occasionally discovered wandering, they knew not whither, with their knapsacks on their backs, and shunned by the terrified inhabitants as the source of the pestilence.

General Scott found that only four hundred out of the thousand men who had embarked at Buffalo were now left, to continue the march to the west. Having with careful humanity done his best for the relief of the suffering sick, Scott pushed on in advance across the prairies, in order to join General Atkinson, who was in command of the force already collected on the banks of the Mississippi. The diminished troops were left at Chicago, with orders to follow after their commander.

On his arrival at Prairie du Chien, General Scott found Atkinson in the full glow of the victory of "Bad Axe," over Black

Aug. 2. Hawk and his band of Sacs, who had been beaten and dispersed the day previous. The fugitive Indians were overtaken and brought in as prisoners. The chiefs of the allied tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, and those of the Winnebagoes, the Sioux, and the Menominees, suspected of conspiring with Black Hawk, were summoned to the camp, now established on Rock island.

A negotiation was begun, when the cholera, continuing its destructive sweep, burst upon Atkinson's troops, and, after a frightful ravage of a month, moved on in its march of death, and at last left the remnant of the army to resume its service in quelling the Indian insurgents.

The savages no longer openly resisted, and negotiations were accordingly recommenced. The conferences which ensued were surrounded by all the picturesque variety of savage life and military show. The Indian braves, with flowing mantles of scarlet dye, streaming hair, and feathered head-dresses, came to each daily audience, mounted on their swift horses. Bursting upon the camp with a run, they suddenly checked their reins, and, with a quick spring, alighting upon the ground, arrayed themselves in order, and were conducted through lines of soldiers to the tented pavilion, where they were received by General Scott and Governor Reynolds, who had been appointed commissioners on the part of the United States to treat with the Indian tribes.

In the intervals between the conferences, the camp was enlivened by Indian dances, games, and mock fights. The chief of the Sacs, Ke-o-kuk ("he who has been everywhere"), was not only the first in council, but the most skilful in the chase, vigorous on the ball-ground, and energetic in the dancing-tent. The military bands mingled their music with the discordant shouts and war-whoops of the savages. Military officers vied with the flaunting braves in splendor of costume, and regulation uniforms alternated with barbaric trappings in the dance and the

game. With conciliatory tact, General Scott, upon whom devolved the leadership of the negotiation, succeeded in making those treaties with the Indians that secured to the United States the vast territory now constituting the states of Iowa and Wisconsin, while the aborigines consented to retire to a "reservation" farther west, where they were left to hoe their corn and pursue the buffalo, until an insatiate and ever-encroaching civilization again hungered for their lands. In the meantime, the principal chiefs, including Black Hawk, after visiting President Jackson at Washington, were taken through several other cities on their way homeward, with the view of duly impressing the minds of the savages, and convincing them of the power and resources of the whites.

Scott's next important military service was the delicate one of taking the command of the United States troops at the South, where, during the agitation of the "nullification" doctrines in 1832, there was fear of a collision between the state of South Carolina and the federal authorities. At this critical period, Scott exhibited great firmness, and at the same time a spirit of conciliation, which secured the confidence and good feeling of all.

The Seminole outbreak in Florida, in 1835, soon offered another and wider scope for the generalship of Scott. The half-breed chief OSCEOLA, by his commanding courage and capacity, and aspiring desires, had acquired great influence over the Indians, not only of his own tribe, the Creeks, but also of the Seminoles and the

Mickasukies, and, after pretending friendship, gathered his savage followers and made war upon the whites.

At this time, General Clinch, at the head of a few regulars and some volunteers of Florida, was stationed at Fort Drane, about seventy miles southwest of St. Augustine. As he was supposed to be in imminent danger from the Indians, and also in great want of supplies, Major Dade set out on his march from Fort Brooke, at the head of Tampa bay, with a hundred and twelve men, to his relief. He had proceeded but about half the distance, when, four days afterward, the savages, who were hid in ambush, suddenly sprang upon him. The major and all but four of his men were killed; and these four, horribly mangled, afterward died of their wounds. One of them, supposed to be dead, was thrown into a heap of the slain, around which the Indians danced, in exultation of their victory.

On the very day of Dade's massacre, the daring Osceola, with a small band, was prowling in the vicinity of Fort King, situated about twenty miles southwest from Payne's Landing, and sixty-five miles from St. Augustine. General Thompson, the agent of the government (who had, during the negotiations which preceded the war, given mortal offence to Osceola by putting that chief in irons), was here stationed. As the general and a few friends were dining at a storehouse, distant only two hundred and fifty yards from the fort, they were surprised by a sudden discharge of musketry, and five out of nine were killed.

The body of Thompson was found pierced by fifteen bullets. Osceola and his party rushed in, scalped the dead, and retreated before they could be fired upon by the garrison of the fort.

Dec. 30. Two days afterward, General Clinch engaged and repulsed the Indians on the banks of the Withlacoochee. The savages, however, emboldened by their present successes, now began a ruthless war of death and devastation. From their hiding-places in the marshes and tangled woods they rushed out at every opportunity, and with torch and knife destroyed the white settlements and murdered the inhabitants.

The government of the United States was at length impelled to energetic action; and, early in 1836, General Scott **Jan. 30.** was ordered to take command of the troops sent to subdue the Indians. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Scott saw the secretary of war at Washington, to whom he had been summoned, and was asked when he could set out for Florida. "To-night!" was the prompt reply. Official action was less rapid, and the general was delayed, waiting for his instructions, until the next day. On the 22d of February, he was at Picolata, on the river St. Johns, where he organized his force and set out on the campaign, which proved, however, from the nature of the country, barren of result.* The Indians, hiding in the dreary wilds and forests of the "hammocks," or in the inaccessible morasses and mangrove-jungles of the "everglades" of the peninsula of Florida, eluded every search.

* Mansfield.

General Scott was now persuaded that his force was inadequate, and wrote to the secretary of war: "Not less than three thousand troops are indispensable—two thousand four hundred infantry and four hundred horse—the country to be secured and occupied requiring that number."

In May, the Creeks of Georgia and Alabama having followed the example of their savage brethren in Florida, Scott left St. Augustine and proceeded to the fresh scene of war. In Georgia, the Indians were readily quelled by the prompt action of General Jesup, who was in command of the United States troops in that state. Scott arrived in time, however, to aid in the organization of the victorious force; but soon after, in consequence of a misunderstanding with General Jesup, which resulted in his recall, he returned to Washington. A court of inquiry into his conduct of the Seminole war was assembled some months after his arrival. Scott vindicated himself by a clear exposition of his plans and their execution, and was unanimously acquitted by his judges, who declared that "the Seminole campaign was well devised, and prosecuted with energy, steadiness, and ability."*

When the revolt of the disaffected inhabitants of Canada against the British authorities broke out in 1837, there was a warm sympathy with their cause expressed by their near neighbors lying on the borders of the United States. Among them were many reckless adventurers, native and foreign, who sought, in the

* Mansfield.

prevalent agitation, occasion for carrying out their objects of private gain or public disorder. Deriving encouragement and aid from the insurgents in Canada, these men succeeded in gathering a considerable number of followers, whom they bound together by a secret oath, organized into a military force, and prepared to lead into British territory, for the purpose of assisting the disaffected of the province in overturning the constituted authorities. Van Rensselaer,* a restless borderer and indefatigable agitator, became one of the prominent leaders in the movement; and, having gathered together several hundred miscellaneous followers, he crossed from Schlosser and took possession of Navy island, near Niagara falls. To keep up communication with the American shore, he employed a small steamboat, called the *Caroline*, to ply between Schlosser and Navy island, which were directly opposite to each other.

Some loyal Canadians leagued together at Chippewa, and determined to capture the boat. Disregarding the rights of the territory of the United States, they crossed over in the night, and
Dec. 29. cut out the *Caroline*, while she was lying at the wharf at Schlosser. An American citizen, of the name of Durfee, was killed, and several wounded, during the struggle. The steamboat was then set on fire, and turned adrift over the falls.

An intense excitement in the United States followed this act of violation, to which rumor added the wantonness of

* This Van Rensselaer, though an American, was not one of the Van Rensselaers of Albany.

cruelty; for it was reported, though erroneously, that several wounded American citizens were left to perish with the boat in its descent down the cataract.

President Van Buren had already issued a proclamation, enjoining upon all good citizens to observe the strictest neutrality toward the British provinces; but this had not restrained the reckless adventurers of the border. On the violation of our territory by the Canadians, a stronger though a different motive impelled the government to action. The duty of protecting our own rights aroused all its energies, which had remained comparatively impassive under the obligations toward a foreign country.

General Scott was in Washington on the 4th of January, when the intel-
1838. ligence of the capture and destruction of the *Caroline* reached the government. He was at once summoned before the cabinet council, and ordered to repair to the frontier, with all the necessary authority to check American invaders on the one hand, and on the other to resist every attempt upon our territory by the Canadians. Having, on his way through New York, ordered all the men at the recruiting-stations to be sent after him, he hastened to the northern frontier, in company with Governor Marcy.

Here the general at once set about accomplishing the important objects of his mission, which was conducted with such a temperate firmness and skilful tact, that peace, when war appeared so imminent, was secured beyond peradventure. With unexampled activity, he was everywhere along the frontier, from Michigan to Ver-

mont, here exhorting the citizens to good order, and there checking the armed agitators with resolute words of command. "Fellow-citizens—and I thank God we have a common government as well as a common origin—I stand before you," said he, "without troops and without arms, save the blade by my side. I am, therefore, within your power. Some of you have known me in other scenes, and all of you know that I am ready to do what my country and what duty demands. I tell you, then, except it be over my body, you shall *not* pass this line—you shall *not* embark!" To the British, he presented the same firm attitude, alike determined that wrong should neither be done nor suffered.

In the same year (1838), General Scott was employed in a service which he performed with his characteristic humanity, and succeeded in avoiding an appeal to arms and the consequent bloodshed. He was appointed to take the command of the troops sent to the Cherokee country. This duty was to remove the Indians, who still clung to their mountain-homes in Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Tennessee, to the "reservation" on the Arkansas river. His orders were, to effect this object peaceably if he could, but forcibly if he must.* He accomplished all without the shedding of a drop of blood, and earned this tribute from the most earnest of peacemakers and warmest lover of his fellow-men: "To this distinguished man," wrote Doctor Channing of Scott, "belongs the rare honor of uniting with military energy and daring the

spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of a pacificator, and of a friend of mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half-civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done to this race can be atoned for, General Scott has made the expiation."

After his bloodless campaign among the Indians, Scott was again summoned as a peacemaker to the disputed territory between the British province of New Brunswick and the state of Maine. Here he met in the English governor, Sir John Harvey, an old antagonist whom he had fought in the war of 1812. A common chivalry had united the two by a mutual bond of esteem, and those who had been foes in battle became friends in peace. The personal friendship thus established led to conciliatory relations, which readily smoothed the way to the settlement of the dispute between Maine and New Brunswick. By the mediation of General Scott, all difficulty was removed, and an amicable adjustment agreed upon during the spring of 1839.

The popularity of Scott had now so extended, that he was presented for nomination to the presidency as one of the candidates of the whig convention held in 1840, which resulted in the choice of General Harrison. On the death of Major-General Macomb, at Wash-
ington, in 1841, Scott became

June 25.

* Mansfield.

commander-in-chief of the army of the United States.*

At the opening of the Mexican war, President Polk proposed to send General Scott to the scene of hostilities, to assume the chief command. His plans not meeting with a ready concurrence on the part of the authorities at Washington, led to an angry recrimination, and the suspected partisan opposition which he encountered extorted from Scott the petulant remark, "The enemy in front is not half so much to be feared as an attack from the rear." His services, therefore, were not called into full requisition until near the close of 1846, when he was
 Nov. 23. ordered to Mexico, to take command of the forces there, and especially to organize and set on foot an expedition to operate on the coast of the gulf of Mexico.

Scott promptly obeyed the order, and

* "In the character of Scott," says his biographer, "are mingled some elements generally supposed to be very opposite in their qualities, and yet have been completely harmonized in him. He is ardent, yet calculating; energetic, and yet mild; stern in discipline, yet humane; a warrior, and yet the friend of peace; authoritative, and yet obedient. In everything, we find the stern, strong, and vigorous elements of character, restrained and modified by mild and amiable dispositions."

Scott, with the physical proportions of a giant, being about seven feet high, has an almost feminine delicacy of feeling, which, while it nurtures gentleness of sentiment and prompts to humanity of action, is liable to extremes of sensibility, that, under provocation, real or suspected, degenerates into irritability of temper. Gallant, chivalrous, and aspiring, his lofty bearing and self-confidence have at times been wrongfully taken for vanity and pomposity, to which his rhetorical and exaggerated manner of speech has not a little contributed.

at once set sail for the mouth of the Rio Grande, fully trusting that the means for executing the proposed attack upon Vera Cruz would be speedily supplied. He had been assured that the requisite number of transports would be provided, surf-boats for the landing of the troops built, a train of siege-ordnance collected and sent forward, and ten new regiments added to the army after the meeting of Congress.*

On the 1st of January, Scott reached the Rio Grande, but found that his trust in the energetic action of the government was destined to disappointment. The ten regiments were not voted by Congress, and the commander-in-chief was forced to content himself with the meager army he could muster from the ranks of General Taylor, or give up all hope of the attempt upon Vera Cruz. He decided upon the former alternative; and, summoning the regulars from the scattered camps on the upper Rio Grande, and mustering them at the mouth of that river, he embarked and despatched them to the island of Lobos, the rendezvous selected for the concentration of the force, twelve thousand strong, with which he proposed to assault Vera Cruz. To Taylor he left but about seven thousand volunteers and a few companies of regular artillery. This was the force that won the victory at Buena Vista, the glorious incidents of which now claim a record.

* Mansfield.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Diminished Force of General Taylor.—Position of the American Troops.—Rumors of Santa Anna.—A Reconnoitring-Party.—Major Borland surprised at Encarnacion.—Escape of Captain Henrie.—Taylor taking Post at Saltillo.—Emboldening the Volunteers.—The Advance to Agua Nueva.—Description of the Post.—Its Advantages.—Capture of Despatches.—March of Santa Anna.—His Advance.—Strength of the Mexican Force.—Alertness and Spirit of the Americans.—Confidence and Insolence of the Enemy.—Vigilance of Taylor.—Movements of General Miñon.—The Expedition of Colonel May.—Ben M'Culloch on a Reconnoissance.—May at La Hedionda.—Expecting the Enemy.—Taylor falls back to Buena Vista.—Description of the Position.—La Angostura.—The Plateau.—The Village of Buena Vista.—Advance of Santa Anna.—His Confident Plans.—Order of the Mexican March.—Colonel Yell at Agua Nueva.—Reinforcements.—Approach of the Enemy.—Retirement to Buena Vista.—A Fire.—An Impressive Scene.—Santa Anna in the Pass of Camero.—Eager Expectation.—Disappointment.—Renewed Confidence of Santa Anna.—His Plans.—Continued Advance.—The Americans.—Fourth of July.—An Inspiring Battle-Cry.—Taylor at Saltillo.—General Wool in Command.—The Orders to march.—Three Cheers.—Quick Step.—To the Enemy.

1847. GENERAL TAYLOR, with the flower of his command, comprising all of General Worth's division and most of the other regulars, plucked from him by Scott to secure and adorn his expected triumph at Vera Cruz, was left with only seven thousand five hundred men, mostly volunteers. Five thousand of this meager force were concentrated at Monterey, and the rest were scattered along the defensive line previously established, although now somewhat restricted by the withdrawal of the troops from Victoria and other remote points.

In spite of the suggestions of the authorities at Washington, and the opinion of Scott, Taylor still held Saltillo, where General Butler, with the Kentucky and Indiana volunteers, was posted. Wool, with his command diminished by those who had marched with Worth to join the general-in-chief, was at Buena Vista, a position whose natural advantages as a holding-ground against any force which the Mexicans might bring, had strongly im-

pressed themselves upon his military eye. Here, having heard a rumor that the enemy were on the march from San Luis Potosi, the general sent out a reconnoitring-party of thirty-three men, of the Arkansas cavalry, under Major Borland, who were to proceed as far as Encarnacion, to discover if there were any traces of the foe.

Borland, in the meantime, having been joined by Major Gaines and Captain Clay, with thirty-five Kentucky horsemen, and meeting with no indications of danger at Encarnacion, passed the night there in fancied security, without even an outpost to guard him against surprise! In the morning, he proposed to push on still farther into the country, without awaiting orders from Wool, and continuing his observations on his own responsibility. The night passed quietly, without an alarm to disturb the confident repose of the unguarded sleepers. The little village was still and dark, and the plain which surrounded it was so

Jan. 18.

Jan. 19.

shrouded with a heavy mist, that a whole army might have approached unseen by

the most watchful eye. Next **Jan. 20.** morning, the careless troopers awoke from their deep slumber with a call to horse, and prepared to mount and take to the road. They had, however, hardly shaken off the lingering weight of their heavy sleep, and opened their languid lids to the light of day, when they saw at every door, in each lane, and on all the roads, the thronging Mexicans.

During the night, some of the inhabitants of Encarnacion had stolen away to Metahuala, and informed General Miñon, who was there, in command of the advanced corps of the Mexican cavalry, of the presence of the Americans. He at once had a thousand men in the saddle, and led them on in hot haste to Encarnacion, where he arrived before the break of day, and so completely surrounded the little place, that there was not left a single avenue of escape.

The American officers, for a moment, thought of making a desperate effort to cut their way through the crowded horsemen of the foe; but the utter hopelessness of success caused them to abandon the scheme almost as soon as it was suggested. They accordingly surrendered; and thus two majors, two captains, one subaltern, and sixty-six non-commissioned officers and privates, became prisoners-of-war without firing a shot.

A few days subsequently, seventeen Kentucky troopers, with their captain, Heady, met with a similar fate while examining the pass of Palmas Adentro, about five miles north of Saltillo. The

captives were all sent to San Luis Potosi, with the exception of Captain Henrie, a Texan, who had accompanied Major Borland, and who once before having been a prisoner, during the war between Mexico and Texas, and made his escape, feared that his head was in danger. He now attempted a second time to escape, and succeeded. Mounted on a thoroughbred horse, he broke from his guards, and, notwithstanding a hot fire poured after him, got to the rear in safety. Keeping to the right of the main road, to avoid detached parties of the enemy, who were scouring the country, the hard and long riding, with a want of water, broke down his weary beast, and he was forced to continue his wanderings on foot. Without arms, without food or drink, and in danger of being murdered by the people of the country should he stop at the *ranchos* to procure them, he at last succeeded, after three days of suffering, in falling in with a reconnoitring party of his comrades from Agua Nueva.*

In consequence of these threatening demonstrations of the enemy, and believing that they indicated an advance of the whole force of Santa Anna from San Luis Potosi, General Taylor set out from Monterey with five thousand men, leaving fifteen hundred to garrison that city, and took post at Saltillo, with a determination to give the Mexicans battle, should they come. **Feb. 2.**

Finding it politic to present a bold front, in order to encourage the emotional volunteers composing his main

* Ripley.

force, who had become somewhat dejected in consequence of the recent capture of their comrades, Taylor resolved to take a position still farther in advance. Moreover, by thus pushing on, he would not only inspirit his troops, but obtain possession of the southern extremity of the defile passing through the gorges of the Sierra Madre, and thus force the Mexicans to fight in the field, or strive with their adversaries while the latter, with their inferior numbers, were in a position which would give them every natural advantage of defence. Had the American commander fallen back to Monterey, as had been advised by the government and suggested by General Scott, Saltillo, with every resource for an army, would have been left open to the advance of Santa Anna, and have allowed him to manœuvre at his leisure.*

General Taylor accordingly moved forward with the five thousand men which he had brought with him, and encamped at Agua Nueva, eighteen miles south of Saltillo, on the road that led from San Luis Potosi. A small garrison, consisting of four companies of the Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren, was left to guard the town; and two twenty-four-pound howitzers, with several smaller pieces, were placed under the charge of Captain Webster and a company of artillerymen, to hold the strong redoubt constructed for the defence of Saltillo and its approaches.

Feb. 10. Agua Nueva, where the army was now encamped, was situa-

ted at the opening from the south of the beautiful valley of the Enastada. If the enemy should advance by the direct road from San Luis Potosi through Encarnacion, they would be compelled to march over a desert of thirty-five miles in extent which stretched from that place to Agua Nueva. Thus, if they ventured on an attack, they would come wearied by a long trudge over the waste, where there was not a drop of water to be had, and fight with the disadvantage of fatigue and exhaustion against the Americans, refreshed by the repose of the camp and its abundant supplies.

There were, however, two other routes by which the Mexicans could approach. These, though difficult, might be taken, which would bring the enemy on the flank of the Americans, and possibly cut off communication either with Saltillo or the pass of Buena Vista. Taylor awaited the movements of the Mexicans, and, if they threatened his rear, prepared to fall back to Buena Vista, and put his force in the pass, six miles in front of Saltillo, and farther back from Agua Nueva.

As the despatches of General Scott, in which he had written to Taylor an account of his proposed expedition, had fallen into the hands of Santa Anna, by the capture of Lieutenant Ritchie, it was supposed that the Mexican general would move with his whole force in the direction of Vera Cruz. Santa Anna, however, trusting to the garrison, and the strong castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, for the defence of the city on the gulf, and eager to satisfy the popular cry for

* Ripley.

a victory, and to establish his own influence by an immediate military triumph, determined to strike a prompt blow at Taylor, who with his meager force he believed was at his mercy.

The Mexican general accordingly began his march on the road to Saltillo, from San Luis Potosi, toward the close of January, and at length reached Encarnacion, where he concentrated his army of nearly twenty thousand men, and prepared for battle.

Feb. 19. As the enemy approached, the American camp at Agua Nueva was hourly kept on the alert by reports of the advancing force; and, as it was known to be of great strength, each man felt that a hard and bloody struggle was imminent, but not one doubted of a victorious issue. The inhabitants of the country were equally confident of the success of the arms of their own soldiers; and, as they thronged toward the coming hosts of their deliverers, they cast defiant looks upon the invaders, and insolently exulted in anticipatory boasts of crushing them.

The vigilant Taylor posted his guards night and day on every road and in every mountain-pass leading to his camp, and sent out his patrols and spies far into all the surrounding country. It was thus discovered that General Miñon, with an advanced force of two thousand cavalry, was hovering about the neighborhood. He, by his intimate knowledge of the country, derived from his spies and his sympathetic countrymen, was enabled to cross from highway to highway, from acclivity to acclivity

through the intricate defiles and narrow gorges of the mountains. Taylor therefore sent out Colonel May, with four hundred mounted men and some pieces of artillery, to watch the movements of the ubiquitous Mexican. Fearful that he might stealthily approach by La Hedionda, on the west, and thus by turning the left of the American camp, and taking a cross-road, reach Buena Vista, or, through the Palmas Adentro pass, Saltillo in the rear, May was directed to get upon his trace if possible, and bring back swift report of his manœuvres. At the same time, Major Ben M'Culloch, with a small band of Texan spies, was sent forward in the direction of Encarnacion, to the south, to get what intelligence he could of the main force of the Mexicans, whom Santa Anna was known to have concentrated in that quarter.

Colonel May made his way through the gorges of the mountains, ascended the hilltops, and narrowly scanned every valley, road, and by-way, for signs of the enemy. The natives of the country were equally watchful, and at every turn May could discover, from the signal-fires on the summits, that his movements were closely observed and thus telegraphed to the Mexican troops, of whose approach he himself was made aware by the great clouds of dust which rose from a neighboring valley.

Detained by the absence of some of his scouts, May determined to pass the night at La Hedionda. That he might be prepared for an attack which he supposed probable, as it was likely that General Miñon would attempt to cut off

his return to the camp, the colonel prepared to defend himself. Bales of cotton, found in great abundance in the village, were heaped up, to barricade the streets; the pieces of artillery were dragged into position; the men dismounted, to occupy the various yards and buildings; and the horses kept saddled, that they might be ready for service on the urgency of the moment.

The enemy, however, did not appear; but during the night one of the Mexican peasants came in with the startling intelligence that General Miñon was near by, and that Santa Anna was about to march with his whole army to attack Taylor at Agua Nueva. May now promptly proposed to return; for he knew that, with all the regular cavalry and a section of the artillery, he could be ill spared in the general engagement which seemed so imminent. As he began his night's march, the signal-fires again flamed from every mountain-top, to give information of the movement, it was supposed, to Miñon, in order that he might hasten to the junction of the roads from La Hedionda and Guachuchil, and, anticipating the arrival of May, cut him off from access to Agua Nueva. Everything was accordingly prepared by the Americans for instant combat. A strong advance-guard was thrown far to the front, and flankers to the right and left, to prevent surprise. The artillery kept the road, supported on either side by the regular dragoons, and the mounted volunteers followed in the rear. Fire-balls still burned from the mountain summits, throwing a lurid glare

upon the hillsides, and deepening the shadows of the gorges.

Thus the Americans moved on, expecting each moment to meet the enemy in fierce encounter, but ready, at every hazard of danger, to cut their way to the support "of the devoted little army remaining with our brave old general."* Miñon, however, failed to take advantage of his opportunity; and at daybreak, on the following **Feb. 21.** morning, Colonel May led his column into Agua Nueva, after a perilous march of sixty miles in less than twenty-one hours.

Major M'Culloch came back in the afternoon, having made a daring reconnoissance within the very pickets of the enemy, and, after a full view of their force at Encarnacion, confirmed the rumor that Santa Anna was there, with his whole army, in readiness to march to the attack.

General Taylor, well assured that Santa Anna was in great force on his front, and that Miñon was hovering about his flank, determined to fall back to Buena Vista, lest the Mexicans might turn the left or gain the rear of his more exposed position at Agua Nueva. Accordingly, on the morning of the 21st of February, the troops were withdrawn, and throughout the afternoon and evening the time was occupied in removing the stores; while Colonel Yell, with a portion of the Arkansas mounted volunteers, remained behind to guard the last wagon or man that lingered.

The new position, which General Wool, with a sagacious foresight, had

* The Battle of Buena Vista, by James Henry Carleton.

already suggested, was in the pass between the valley of La Encantada and that of Saltillo. Breaking through the range of arid mountains which stretch their lofty and rugged peaks from east to west, it leads through a steep defile, varying in width from one and a half to four miles, from the *rancho* of La Encantada, at the southern end (where it suddenly opens upon the plain of the valley of that name), to Saltillo, a distance of eight miles, where it abruptly terminates by a declivity at the north, upon which this town is built. Through the pass runs a stream, for the most part coursing close to the base of the mountains which rise on the western side, but leaving here and there patches of alluvial land in a state of cultivation. The road stretches on the eastern bank of the rivulet, upon the high table-land which rises some sixty or seventy feet above the water, and gradually ascends to the lofty mountains beyond.

The pass could only be entered from the southwest, in the direction whence the enemy were expected from Encarnacion, by the narrows called La Angostura—where the road, with hardly a foot of earth to spare, is closely compressed between the precipitous ridge on the one side to the east, and the perpendicular bank of the stream on the other to the west. With high mountains on the right and left, and a river, deep gullies crossing and recrossing each other, and an abrupt bluff scored with ravines intervening, there was apparently no other way for an army to enter but by the scant road.

General Taylor chose as the field of battle the plateau on the east, which extends back from the bluff above the narrow highway at La Angostura. "This plateau," writes a military observer, "is over four hundred yards in width nearest the road, and some two hundred yards at its upper extremity. In the rear of it there is a deep ravine, too precipitous for the passage of artillery, and very difficult for cavalry; in front there is another, still deeper and more difficult; thence all the way to La Encantada, the whole pass to the left of the stream is a succession of alternate ridges and *barrancas*, wonderfully calculated to cripple the movements of cavalry and artillery, and to deprive infantry of every advantage which it might otherwise possess by superiority in numbers."*

The village or *hacienda* of Buena Vista, built of flat-roofed houses of sun-dried brick, is situated about a mile and a half in the rear of the narrows and the plateau on which Taylor had determined to meet the enemy.

In the mean time, the American troops were encamped in the immediate neighborhood of the village, with the exception of Colonel **Feb. 22.** Hardin's regiment of volunteers, which was posted as an advanced guard on the high bluff which commanded the road at the narrows.

The confident Santa Anna, believing that the Americans were unconscious of his approach, and that he could thus, with his greatly superior numbers, fall

* Carleton.

upon them at Agua Nueva, strike them with a sudden and unexpected blow, and crush them at once, advanced from La Encarnacion at mid-day. **Feb. 21.** Four battalions of light-infantry, under General Ampudia, formed his vanguard, which was followed by a brigade of artillery of sixteen-pounders, a regiment of engineers and its train, and the park of the regiment of hussars. Next came the first division of heavy infantry, under General Lombardini, with five twelve-pounders and their park. General Pacheco then succeeded with his division, eight eight-pounders, and Juvera's cavalry. The remainder of the cannon, the general park, and the baggage followed, with a brigade of lancers, under General Andrade, to cover the rear.

The force of the Mexicans, according to their own estimate, consisted of over twenty thousand men, of whom four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight were cavalry, without counting the two thousand who, under General Miñon, were detached to hover about the flanks of the Americans and strive to turn them. The artillery was composed of twenty mounted guns, in addition to which there were several siege-pieces drawn in wagons.

When the approach of the enemy became known, two companies of the first dragoons and a part of the regiment of Kentucky mounted volunteers were sent forward from the American camp at Buena Vista, to reinforce Colonel Yell, who, with the Arkansas men, had been left at Agua Nueva, to cover

the removal of the stores and baggage. The night was far **Feb. 21.** advanced when the van of the Mexican army reached the pass of Camero, where Colonel Yell's picket being driven in, the men galloped back to Agua Nueva and gave the alarm of the coming of the enemy.

The order was now given, as had been directed by General Taylor, to set fire to the village; and the whole train of loaded and empty wagons hurried off at full speed for Buena Vista. The troops remained till the stores were burned, and then fell back to the American camp.

The whole scene presented was one of exciting and impressive interest. The blaze of the burning village lighted up the entire valley of La Encantada, throwing a momentary glare upon the lofty mountains from base to summit, and, by the contrast, deepening the gloomy darkness of the ravines. The crash of the falling timbers, the roar of the flames, the clouds of smoke, the armed horsemen swiftly passing here and there—now revealed to full view by the glare of the fire flashing upon their polished arms and gilded accoutrements, and again lost to sight in the murky atmosphere—the quick interchange of musketry, the rumbling of the retreating wagons, and the distant bugle-sounds of the approaching hosts of the Mexicans, made that "cold, deep midnight," writes an observer, "one which could never be forgotten."

It was daybreak before the Americans reached the camp at Buena Vista.

At the same moment Santa Anna with his army was entering the pass of Camero, intent upon striking that blow with which he expected to crush the whole force of General Taylor. As, however, his hosts in long array wound through the gorge, the first faint streaks of the morning light broke above the mountain-summits on their right, and, gradually penetrating the darkness of the valley, opened Agua Nueva dimly to their view. All eyes were eagerly peering forward to catch a glimpse of their expected foes. The ranks approach closer and closer, but with more guarded step, each hand clutching its weapon, and each heart fluttering with anxious emotion. The morning brightens more and more, and the day is now revealed in all its brilliancy throughout the valley, from the base to the highest peak of the mountains. Agua Nueva lies before them, a heap of burning ruins; but not one of the enemy is to be seen. The fact is quietly passed from man to man throughout the ranks, and the Mexicans exult in the belief that their American foes have fled from fear of their might.

Santa Anna, although disappointed in not catching General Taylor at Agua Nueva, was convinced that, unwilling to fight, he was flying before him.

Nevertheless, he hoped that he might yet succeed in crushing him and his whole force. General Miñon had been ordered to get to the rear of Buena Vista, and Santa Anna himself now determined to continue his advance in front, that he might thus surround Taylor with his multitude, and, closing in, extinguish the meager American force.

In the meantime, the American camp was active with preparations to advance and meet the coming enemy. It was the birthday of Washington; and the humblest soldier, as he obeyed the call to arms, felt that it was a day for heroic effort. A glow of ardent patriotism warmed each heart and nerved each arm. "*The memory of Washington!*" was shouted throughout the ranks as the battle-cry which invoked every American to duty.

General Taylor having gone to Saltillo, with a small force, to prepare for its proper defence, the command of the army in his absence devolved upon General Wool, who now gave the order to march to the battle-field. Three hearty cheers responded to the call; and the different regiments and corps, breaking into columns, moved with quick step, lively music, and flying colors, to the plateau which had been chosen as the ground on which to meet the enemy.

CHAPTER XIX.

Battle of Buena Vista.—The American Order of Battle.—Advance of the Mexicans.—Sounding a Halt.—The Gathering Hosts.—A Terrible Prospect.—Return of General Taylor.—Inspiring Words.—A Flag of Truce.—Surrender of the Americans demanded.—Refused by Taylor.—Santa Anna's Disposition for the Attack.—Movements on the Heights.—Movement on the Right and Left.—Taylor's Operations.—The Signal for Battle.—General Ampudia's Division.—Struggle with the American Riflemen.—Close of the First Day.—The Bivouac.—Taylor at Saltillo.—Renewal of the Engagement.—La Angostura strengthened.—The Mexicans in High Glee.—Wily Words.—Onset of the Enemy.—Success of Ampudia.—The American Riflemen reinforced.—Efficacy of O'Brien's Battery.—Exulting Shouts.—Push of the Enemy.—The Struggle at the Gorges.—A Momentary Check.—Brilliant Array of the Enemy.—Flight of Volunteers.—Efficacy of the American Batteries.—Continued Onset of the Foe.—The Mexicans at Bay.—Repulse of the Enemy at La Angostura.—Danger of the American Left.—The Sweep of the Mexicans.—Their Continued Advance.—Masses of Infantry.—Gaining the American Rear.—Taylor arrives on the Ground.—Santa Anna master of the Position.—Taylor strives to give him Check.

1847. GENERAL WOOL, on reaching the "plateau," promptly disposed the troops in order of battle. Captain Washington's battery was posted on the narrow road at La Angostura, just below the bluff on which Colonel Hardin and his first regiment of Illinois volunteers had stood to guard the pass ever since the army had fallen back from Agua Nueva. In the rear of Washington's battery, on a ridge within the enclosure of the two divisions of the road, was posted the second Kentucky regiment, under Colonel M'Kee. To the left of Hardin were stationed the second regiment of Illinois volunteers and a company of Texans under the command of Colonel Bissell; while again to the extreme left, and in advance, under the mountains, stood the squadrons of Kentucky and Arkansas mounted men, in observation, under Colonels Marshall and Yell. The rest of the force, consisting of the Indiana brigade, under General Lane; the first Missis-

sippi regiment of riflemen, commanded by Colonel Jefferson Davis; two squadrons of dragoons, and six guns of Sherman's and Bragg's batteries, occupied as a reserve the ridges in the rear of the plateau. Thus, in battle array, the Americans awaited the onset of the coming enemy.

The Mexican van of cavalry came on in full gallop, raising a great dust, which rose in vast clouds from the pass, clearly to the view of the Americans, from their positions on the elevated plateau and ridges. When the enemy, however, caught a sight of the battery across the road at La Angostura, the bugles quickly sounded a halt. Their advanced squadrons of horse, now wheeling about, galloped to a safe position behind some rising ground; while the rest of the Mexicans came rapidly up, and, forming in compact and serried masses on the right of their approach, extended from the road nearly half way to the mountains on the American left. **Feb. 22.**

While our little army looked upon these gathering hosts of the Mexicans, whose flags were proudly flying and their lances glistening in the morning sun, each soldier felt that the day's struggle would task heart and muscle to the utmost. The troops, however, stood defiantly at their posts, and awaited the attack with confident courage.

General Taylor now, upon his return from Saltillo, rode along the lines; and, as the loud shouts of welcome to the beloved commander arose, they were borne in clamorous defiance to the threatening enemy. General Wool, too, stirred the men with ardent and patriotic words, reminding them of the day, so revered by every American; and was answered by loud cheers.

During the pause, when the engineers and reconnoitring-parties of both sides were moving hither and thither, in order to make mutual observations of each other's strength and position, Santa Anna sent in a flag of truce, with the following condescending and considerate communication:—

“HEADQUARTERS OF THE LIBERATING }
ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC. }

“You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and can not, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops. But, as you deserve from me consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe; and for that purpose I give you this notice, in order that you may surrender

at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character. To this end, you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind to commence from the moment when a flag of truce arrives in your camp. With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration.

“God and Liberty! Camp at Encantada, February 22, 1847.

“ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

“Señor Gen. Z. TAYLOR,

“Commandante de las fuerzas de los E. U.”

General Taylor, with characteristic directness and promptitude, immediately replied:—

“HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
NEAR BUENA VISTA, February 22, 1847. }

“SIR: In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your wishes.

“With high respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“Z. TAYLOR,

“Major-General U. S. A. Commanding.

“Señor Gen. D. ANTO. LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,
“Commanding-in-Chief, Encantada.”

Santa Anna, having made his disposition for the attack, and received his answer from the ready Taylor, made his first move by ordering his light-infantry, under General Ampudia, up a slope of one of the mountains on his right, and to the left of the Americans. As the Mexicans were mounting the nearest acclivity, the Arkansas and

Kentucky riflemen, who were on the alert, and had quietly observed the movement, dismounted and began rapidly to ascend the slope of an opposite height. This, however, was joined to the other above, where the two ridges united in the summit of the mountain, but separated below by a ravine which divided the two slopes from the base on the plateau nearly to the hilltop. While these two opposing detachments were striving to outflank each other by hastening to the summit, where the two acclivities met, Santa Anna was making a move in another direction.

The Mexicans were now stretched from the base of the mountains on the east, along the rising ground toward the west. The divisions of Generals Pacheco and Lombardini, in two lines, occupied the centre. A battery of sixteen-pounders, with a regiment of engineers to support it, formed the right. Two batteries of twelve and eight pounders were posted on the left; and the famous battalion of Leon was formed on a height in advance, and opposite to La Angostura.

Although Santa Anna was evidently bent upon operating principally by the mountains on his right, whither he had directed his first movement, with the view of turning the American left on the plateau, he now made his second move by pushing a detachment toward the American right. General Taylor quickly met this by sending two guns of Bragg's battery, with the second Kentucky regiment as a support, across the stream, to take a position between it and the

base of the mountains on the west, and somewhat in advance of La Angostura. General Wool, at the same time, proposing to detach a piece from Washington's battery, from which two had already been withdrawn, to strengthen the position on the plateau, asked the gallant captain in command if it could be spared.

"Yes," answered Washington.

"But what will become of this key to our position, if you are deprived of three of your guns?"

"I WILL DEFEND IT!" was the resolute reply; and Lieutenant O'Brien was immediately despatched with the third gun to join the others, and take the command of the whole, while the second regiment of Indiana volunteers was ordered to his support.*

The day had now far advanced, and it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that a shell was thrown from the enemy's lines as a signal for beginning the battle. **Feb. 22.** General Ampudia had led his men far up the slope of the mountain on the east; the dismounted riflemen of Arkansas, Kentucky, and Indiana, had, with equal pace, mounted the acclivity opposite. The two forces were now separated from each other by a narrow and deep gully.

The Mexicans opened fire, and continued a hurried succession of volleys. The Americans, with the deliberation of practised marksmen, posted themselves under the ridge which bordered the ravine, and shot with steady and unerring aim. Thus the conflict was

* Carleton.

begun by and confined to these skirmishers, who continued the struggle, closing nearer and nearer to each other, as they moved up toward the summit of the mountain, where the two acclivities united.

Another shell, at nightfall, was thrown up from the Mexican line, as a signal for General Ampudia to cease his firing; and thus ended the first day of the engagement. The American riflemen had suffered little, having only four men wounded, while of Ampudia's force three hundred were killed and wounded.

Both armies now bivouacked, and lay upon their arms, ready for the next day's struggle. Cold gusts of wind and scuds of mist and rain during the night swept down the mountains, through the narrow gorges, and over the plains, wetting the untented soldier and chilling him to the bone. The men, finding that they could not sleep for the cold, arose, and gathering the roots of the *yuca* and the dry stalks of the *sotol*, which grew upon the brinks of the ravines, made fires, which lighted up the mountain from base to summit, and in shivering groups crowded about them until dawn.

General Taylor, persuaded that no serious attack would be made before morning, rode back to Saltillo, with the Mississippi regiment and Colonel May's second dragoons, in order to make such arrangements for the protection of his depot there as would secure it against General Miñon, who with fifteen hundred cavalry had gained the rear, and was hovering in the neighborhood, with the evident purpose of attacking the

guard, capturing the American stores, and harassing the rear of the army at Buena Vista. Having strengthened the garrison at Saltillo with a six-pounder and two companies of Mississippi riflemen, Taylor hurried back with his escort to the field of battle. Before his arrival on the ground, the action had been renewed.

The American force at La Angostura had made good use of the night of the 22d in strengthening its position. Colonel Hardin's men had raised a parapet on the bluff above; an *épaulement* had been constructed below, across the road, in front of Captain Washington's battery; and a ditch with an embankment to the right, extending to the impassable ravines into which the stream worked in its broken course. Thus, with the defences of art, the still stronger defences of nature, and the valiant little band which guarded them, every attempt of the enemy to pass the narrows was defied.

Before the morning dawned, and while darkness still hung over the rugged peaks of the mountains, and filled the valleys, passes, and ravines with gloom, shrouding all with the universal pall of night, loud shouts of "Viva Santana!" ("Long live Santa Anna!") ("Viva la República!") ("Long live the Republic!") "*Libertad ó muerte!*" ("Liberty or death!") arose from the Mexican lines, followed by a burst of music. Hoarse cry and melodious strain were both borne in distinct sound to the watchful ears of the American soldiers, who, clutching their weapons with sudden grasp, made ready to meet their foes.

Santa Anna, having inspirited his men with wily words of rhetorical flattery to swell their natural vanity, and of exaggerated contempt for the "handful" of their opponents to stimulate their constitutional apathy of courage, began, long before the break of morning, his operations for the day. Some of the advanced pickets of the Americans were driven in, by an impetuous onset; and two thousand infantry were detached from the divisions of Generals Lombardini and Pacheco, to reinforce the light troops of General Ampudia, which had been engaged until night of the previous day with the American riflemen across the gorge of the mountain, on the Mexican right. With this increase of numbers, and under the cover of the darkness, Ampudia had succeeded in gaining the heights on the left flank and in the rear of our riflemen.

At the break of day, General Wool, who was in command, as Taylor had not yet returned from Saltillo, finding that General Ampudia had been reinforced on the mountain to the American left, and that our skirmishers were likely to be hard pressed in that quarter, pushed forward to their aid Major Trail, with a battalion of Illinois volunteers and a company of Texans. Lieutenant O'Brien, too, who had brought his three guns to the plateau from La Angostura below, was in readiness to advance in the same direction at the proper moment.

The thronging troops of Ampudia began a noisy fire, and, while some continued their flanking movement over

the hilltop, the rest plunged into the ravine which separated them from the American riflemen, and strove by a closer combat to crowd off our men, posted among the rocks on the opposite ridge of the mountain. The American marksmen, though struggling against overwhelming numbers, held their ground manfully, and made every shot tell with murderous effect. O'Brien at this moment pushed forward his howitzer, and, pointing it directly at the dense masses of the enemy filling the ravine, threw several shot right among them. As their ranks staggered and fell before each discharge of O'Brien's well-aimed pieces, the Americans, from hillside, plateau, and pass, raised an exulting shout.

In the meantime, General Micheltorena, the chief of Santa Anna's staff, had succeeded in planting a battery of eight-pounders on a ridge near the base of the mountains over which Ampudia's men were thronging, and now strove to silence O'Brien's terrible fire. The distance, however, was so great, that the Mexican shot fell short of the American battery, and O'Brien did not deign to reply; but when they were turned upon the plateau, they opened with greater effect.

The enemy were now evidently determined to press forward, and, if possible, drive the Americans from their position. General Wool accordingly made every practicable disposition to resist the coming onset. Bragg's guns and Colonel M'Kee's regiment remained on the extreme right, beyond the

stream, toward the mountains on the west. La Angostura, or the Narrows, with Washington's battery to hold it, Colonel Hardin's regiment divided between the bluff above and the trenches on the low ground to the right in support, and the third regiment of Indiana volunteers on the road in the rear, was felt to be secure, and left as before.

The force on the plateau was thus disposed: Three gorges, running in nearly parallel lines, broke through from the plain down to the road and pass below. The bluff which bounds the edge of the first, at its termination toward the road, and which overhangs La Angostura, was held, as before stated, by a portion of Hardin's regiment. At the head of this gorge, on the plateau, was posted a company of mounted Texans, under the command of the adventurous Major Mc'Culloch. At the head of the second gorge, also on the plateau, were stationed the six companies of Colonel Bissell's second regiment of Illinois volunteers; while somewhat in their rear were a twelve-pounder howitzer and a six-pounder gun belonging to Captain Sherman's battery—the former, under Lieutenant French, being on the left, and the latter, under Lieutenant Thomas, on the right. The rest of Sherman's battery, commanded by himself, was kept in reserve on another stretch of level ground in the rear of the plateau upon which the American main force had been formed. Two companies of the first dragoons were placed at about equal distance between the second

Illinois volunteers, at the head of the middle gorge, in their front, and the Texans at the head of the first, in their rear. The second Indiana regiment of volunteers was posted at the head of the third gorge, which was the nearest to the enemy, and cut the farthest into the plain. On its right was Captain O'Brien's battery of three guns. Most of the Arkansas and Kentucky volunteers had dismounted, and were struggling to hold their ground, as we have seen, on the slope of the mountains, against the thronging numbers of Ampudia. The rest of the Kentucky and Arkansas men remained in the rear of their comrades, at the head of a gorge which bounded the plateau on the east.

Santa Anna, in turn, had made his disposition for the attack, and bore down in three strong columns. The first, formed of the regiment of engineers, the twelfth, the *Fijo de Mexicana* (Fixed battalion of Mexico), the battalion of Puebla, and the famed *Guarda Costa* of Tampico, all under the command of the chief-engineer, General Mora y Villamil, advanced along the road toward La Angostura, with the object of carrying that formidable pass. The second column, composed of the divisions of Generals Lombardini and Pacheco, gathered at the base of the mountains on the Mexican right, with the view of turning the American left on the plateau. General Ampudia's troops, on the hillsides, formed the third column, which, if successful in its present struggle with the American skirmishers, was to unite with the sec-

ond column and sweep down from the mountains, turn the American left on the plateau, and fall upon the rear of our little force with all their combined weight. Each column was supported by a strong force of cavalry. A battery of twelve-pounders and a howitzer was brought forward to aid General Mora y Villamil in his attack on La Angostura; and a powerful reserve, under General Ortega, stood ready in the rear.

In the meantime, General Ampudia's troops were momentarily checked in their rush through the gorge and over the hillsides, by the well-aimed shots of the American marksmen and the plunging fire of O'Brien's battery. Pacheco's and Lombardini's divisions now began their sweep to the American left, to join Ampudia. They came on handsomely: the steady march of the infantry; the regular movement of the cavalry; the tinselled caparisons of the horses; the polished muskets, lances, and sabres, and the bedizened accoutrements of the officers and men; the flaunting standards and colors—all presented a brilliant show, which in the sunlight was clearly beheld, and not without admiration, by the Americans whom this formidable military array threatened to overwhelm.

Swift messengers now galloped to and fro, and soon word came from General Wool (who was at La Angostura, preparing to meet the threatened assault of Mora y Villamil), ordering General Lane, who was in immediate command of the American left on the plateau, to push forward his force.

Captain O'Brien, with his three guns, and the second regiment of Indiana volunteers as a support, were accordingly thrown some two hundred yards in advance.

General Lane was making this disposition, when Pacheco's troops reached the ridge between the ravine from which they had thronged and the gorge at the head of which the American battery and its support were forming. The Mexicans at once opened fire from their lines, which was returned with spirit by the Indiana riflemen and O'Brien's guns. The ranks of the enemy were again and again so cut up and shaken, that for a time all order was lost, and the whole of the fresh corps of Guanajuato in front was thoroughly broken by carnage and flight.

The Mexican eight-pounder battery had now been so placed, that it opened with terrible effect upon the left flank of Lane's troops, and so harassed them, that their commander, with the view of getting them out of its range, and at the same time of improving the advantage already gained in their struggle with the enemy, strove to push forward to the crest of the ravine, and to drive back Pacheco's division to the bottom. Captain O'Brien brought up his guns with prompt alacrity, and renewed the slaughter. The Indiana volunteers, however, prompted by the inexplicable order of Colonel Bowles "to cease firing and retreat," broke off one by one from the ranks, and fled in confusion.*

* Carleton.

In the height of the struggle, the Arkansas and Kentucky volunteers, who had been kept in reserve far to the distant left, were brought up to the support of their comrades; but, at the first fire, they too turned and fled, and were not again seen until after the battle.

Captain O'Brien was thus left to sustain the conflict alone. He nevertheless stood his ground manfully, for several minutes, firing away gun after gun, and at each discharge sweeping scores into eternity. When at last the thronging enemy pressed thickly upon him, cutting down his men and killing his horses, he limbered up two of his guns and reluctantly turned from the ridge, leaving the third, a four-pounder, to the foe, but not until every man and horse attached to it had been struck prostrate.

General Pacheco now crowded forward with his division, followed by that of General Lombardini; and the force thus combined on the plateau presented a host that seemed about to sweep all before it. The second Illinois volunteers, under Colonel Bissell; the squadron of second dragoons, under Captain Steen; and the two guns of Lieutenants Thomas and French, however, advanced from their ground near the second gorge, and prepared to stem, if possible, the crushing torrent. On it came, like a great river of lava, rolling with its waves of fire over every irregularity of ground, and dashing directly for the barrier which the ranks of our men presented to check its fatal course.

The Mexicans concentrated their fire

upon the Americans in front. It was returned with cool and effective aim. "Every discharge of Thomas's and French's pieces caused their immense masses to reel and waver, as the balls, opening a wide and bloody path, went tearing through them; while the rapid musketry of the gallant troops of Illinois poured a storm of lead into their serried ranks, which literally strewed the ground with the dead and dying."*

Gallantly, however, as the Illinois men, the squadron of dragoons, and the two pieces of artillery, resisted the torrent of the enemy, and checked its rush for a moment, it came on again with renewed and irresistible force. Finding their way clear before them over the mountains to the left, by the dispersion of the American skirmishers, the Mexicans not only advanced in front, but skirting the east of the plateau, passed down in numbers on the flank, and even threatened the rear of their antagonists.

Colonel Bissell, thus finding his men (who, however, remained as steady as if on parade) attacked in front and on the left flank, and likely to be beset on all sides, gave the order: "Face to the rear! Battalion, about face! battalion, forward, march!"

The gallant Illinois volunteers calmly obeyed the command, and manœuvred without a faltering step. When they had reached a point near the ravine, where there was less danger of being outflanked, they were again halted, and these brave fellows once more faced

* Carleton.

about, right in the teeth of a murderous storm of the enemy's bullets, and, being joined by the two fieldpieces of Lieutenants Thomas and French, renewed their fire with the cool promptitude and precision of veterans.

At the same moment, from the pass below the elevated plateau came the loud thunders of artillery, shaking the bases of the hills like an earthquake—passing in resonant tremulousness up the acclivities, and mounting from summit to summit, until the whole range of mountains echoed and re-echoed with the terrific noise. General Mora y Vilamil, at the head of his dense column, numbering upward of four thousand men, had advanced upon the road toward La Angostura.

Captain Washington, who was on the alert with his battery at the pass, awaited the proper moment with eager watchfulness, and, as soon as the enemy came within range, opened fire. At the very first discharge, the front ranks of the Mexicans wavered, halted, and in a moment after, as a second iron shower from Washington's guns came pouring upon them, they broke in disorder, fled into the third gorge on their right, and sought a cover under the brink of the ravine in front.

While the American position at La Angostura was thus proved, with its natural advantages and the resolute firmness of the gallant band which defended it, secure beyond every hazard, General Wool (who was still in the chief com-

mand, in consequence of the continued absence of Taylor at Saltillo) was striving to protect the American left on the plateau, where the danger was extreme. Accordingly, the rest of Sherman's battery, which had been held in reserve; Bragg, with his battery, and the second regiment of Kentucky volunteers, which had hitherto remained on the extreme American right; and Colonel Hardin's first regiment of Illinois volunteers, so long on the bluff which overhung La Angostura, were all shifted to the ground on the plateau where Colonel Bissell's Illinois men, Lieutenants French and Thomas, with their two guns, and the six companies of the first dragoons, were so manfully striving to stay the overwhelming hosts of the enemy.

The Mexicans, having swept all before them on the extreme left, were now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the bases of the mountains, and were rapidly gaining the rear of the plateau, with the view of turning the American flank.

At this critical moment, General Taylor arrived at Buena Vista from Saltillo. With him came Lieutenant-Colonel May, at the head of two companies of the second dragoons; and Colonel Davis, leading eight companies of Mississippi riflemen. Taylor, after a quick appreciation of the situation, of which Santa Anna was at the moment the master, promptly strove to check the Mexican general in his seeming progress to victory.

CHAPTER XX.

Battle of Buena Vista, continued.—Coolness and Promptness of General Taylor.—Operations.—A Gloomy Aspect.—The Mississippians on the Left.—Success of Colonel Davis.—Repulse of the Mexican Cavalry.—General Torrejon in the American Rear.—Colonel May to the Rescue.—Struggle in the Village.—Flight of Torrejon.—Charge of the Mexican Cavalry.—Brilliant Array.—An Appalling Fire.—Slaughter and Flight of the Enemy.—The Danger on the American Left.—The Mexicans checked by May.—A Storm.—Tempestuous Sympathy.—Bragg's Battery.—Obstinacy of the Enemy.—Havoc and Terror.—The Mexican Right.—A Curious Inquiry.—An Unworthy Ruse.—Escape of Mexicans.—The Fire resumed.—A Last Desperate Effort.—Successful Defence of Saltillo.—A Heavy Blow from Santa Anna.—Loss of American Guns.—Taylor to the Rescue.—“A little more Grape, Captain Bragg!”—Great Havoc.—Repulse of the Mexican Line.—The Day saved.—Rout of the Enemy.—Losses of the Americans.—Close of the Day.—An Anxious Night.—A Shout.—Doubt.—Eager Listeners.—“Victory! victory!”—Retreat of Santa Anna.—Taylor's Glory.

GENERAL TAYLOR, taking a rapid survey of the field of battle on his return from Saltillo, acted with his usual calmness, readiness, and despatch. Apparently unmoved by the disastrous aspect of the state of affairs, he went to work as coolly in his efforts to recover, if possible, what had been lost, as if about to accomplish any ordinary business under the most encouraging circumstances. He immediately ordered the Mississippi companies, under Colonel Davis (allowing the men only time to quench their thirst and fill their canteens), to turn off by the road to the left from Buena Vista, in order to reinforce their fugitive comrades in that direction, and to check the advance of their pursuers; while he himself, with the cavalry, rode on to the battle-field, where he soon arrived, and assumed the command. General Wool, at the same moment, hurried to the left, in order to make an effort to restore order and rally the yielding troops in that quarter.

“The aspect of affairs,” reports a

sharer in the trials of that day, “was now most gloomy, and our condition most critical. The scale for a short time appeared to be preponderating against us, and Victory to be deserting our banners and winging her way to those of the enemy. But the idea of yielding the day, so long as there was a man left to fight, never for a moment came into the mind of our determined leader; and in his indomitable resolution to compel Fortune to favor our side, he was seconded by men true as the steel they wore, and firm and unyielding as the mountains around them.”*

While Taylor, with his artillery and line on the plateau, kept the Mexicans in front at bay, he patiently awaited the result of the movement of the Mississippians whom he had despatched to the left from Buena Vista. They and their gallant commander soon gave, in their noble conduct, a satisfactory report of themselves. As Colonel Davis moved forward with his steady phalanx, and met with the fugitive volunteers

* Carleton.

of Indiana, he endeavored, by loud calls to duty, to bring them back to the field. None, however, heeded the summons but a few scattered men here and there, among whom was Colonel Bowles, their leader, who seized a rifle, and, as a private in the ranks, joined the Mississippians. As the latter continued to push forward, General Wool rode by, and, cheering them on, galloped off to bring up the third Indiana regiment to their support.

Colonel Davis, however, although the enemy were coming down upon him in great numbers, determined to meet them at once in front, without waiting for reinforcements. He accordingly kept right on, only halting his riflemen to pour their deadly shots into the thick masses of the Mexicans, who returned heavy volleys of musketry. A single ravine now only interposed between the combatants. The Mississippians, eager for a closer conflict, raised a loud shout, and, plunging into the gorge, soon rose climbing up the opposite brink, and planted themselves on the same plain and in the very face of the foe.

The dense masses of the enemy stood grimly before them. In advance, were the close ranks of General Ampudia's infantry, flanked on either side by squadrons of cavalry; while far behind extended portions of the divisions of Pacheco and Lombardini in solid support.

The Mississippians did not stop to reckon on the immense odds against them, but pressed forward, pouring their volleys into the crowded enemy,

whose ranks were so torn by the havoc of the riflemen's quick and unerring shots, that all order was soon lost, and the Mexican multitude began to reel to and fro, and finally to give way in tumultuous confusion. Their cavalry on the left flank strove to cross the ravine and gain the rear of the Mississippians. Davis, having routed the enemy in front, now moved to the right, and, hurrying his men to within rifle-shot distance, came up with the Mexican horsemen just as they were on the brink of the ravine. Some few, among whom was their commander, got across, but never returned; for the Mississippi marksmen did not fail to drop them as they appeared on the other side. The first volley dispersed the rest of the cavalry, who galloped back and joined the fugitive infantry.

Colonel Davis and the Mississippians, having thus by their gallantry saved the day in this direction, when the enemy were on the point of gaining the rear and surrounding the whole American army, now, after collecting their wounded and dead, recrossed the ravine. Here, being joined by the third Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, and a single piece of artillery, they formed in line of battle, and stood ready for further duty.

In the meantime, General Torrejon, at the head of his brigade, numbering one thousand strong, had skirted the mountains on the extreme left of the American position; and, as the mounted volunteers of Arkansas and Kentucky continued to give way before



him, he had got to the rear, and was now within striking distance of the village of Buena Vista.

General Taylor, made aware of the danger in his rear, which threatened the train parked there, at once despatched Lieutenant-Colonel May to the rescue, with four companies of regular dragoons and two of Arkansas volunteers. Torrejon no sooner caught a glimpse of May's force, than he fell back. May, in his turn, supposing the danger over, returned back to the plateau. Torrejon took advantage of his departure, and again pushing forward, came down upon the Arkansas and Kentucky volunteers, who had at length come to a stand near Buena Vista. The Americans, overpowered by numbers, fled into the village, followed by the Mexican cavalry in pursuit.

Some of the fugitives from the battleground, together with Trail's and Gorman's skirmishers, who had returned from the mountains early in the day, had taken refuge in Buena Vista; and now, under cover of the mud-walls and houses, they began a brisk fire upon the Mexican horsemen. In the midst of the conflict, in which the heroic Colonel Yell, Captain Porter, and Adjutant Vaughan fell, May again came to the rescue; and General Torrejon, once more frightened off, fled with his whole brigade, severely harassed in its retreat by two guns under Lieutenant Reynolds, sent by Taylor to the relief of the village.

Upon the failure of Torrejon to carry Buena Vista, a fresh brigade of Mexican cavalry strove to gain the road, in face

of Colonel Davis and his gallant Mississippians, who now stood on an intervening ridge to oppose them. The third Indiana regiment was also there, and a goodly number of the second, whom Major Dix had rallied by his spirited words and example. Riding his horse right in among the fugitives, he seized their colors, and swore that the flag of Indiana should not be disgraced by being carried out of battle until it could be borne in triumph. "Back it shall go," he cried out, "if I have to take it there, and defend it alone!" Most of the men were touched by this appeal, and, with three cheers for Indiana, rallied and gathered again around the flag of their state.

The left wing of Colonel Davis was now strengthened by a howitzer of Captain Thomas's battery; and the whole American line, small though it was, awaited with cool courage the coming enemy.

The Mexican horsemen were formed in close column of squadrons, and came down the opposite slope at an easy hand gallop. Their ranks were well closed, the troopers riding knee to knee, and dressing handsomely on their guides. "All the flags and pennons were flying, some fifteen hundred of them; the men were in full uniform, and the horses elegantly caparisoned. Every lancer sat erect, and kept his charger well in hand; and the whole brigade, preserving exactly its intervals and the direction of its march, moved forward with the ease and regularity of the best-drilled troops on a field-day."*

* Carleton.

As the Mexicans advanced, they hoped to draw the fire of the Americans; but not a man moving, nor a piece being discharged, each horseman checked his reins, and the whole brigade, instead of making one impetuous charge, came on at a walk, and halted within fire, thus madly offering themselves ready victims to their foes. The Americans formed a re-entering angle, with the two sides stretched apart to receive within their fatal entrance the coming enemy. The riflemen had been ordered to withhold their fire until the last moment; and now, as the splendid array of Mexican cavalry came slowly within reach, each marksman poised his weapon, and, moving it about in the air, felt as it were for his aim. In a moment more the word "Fire!" was given, and "two sheets of flame converged on that beautiful brigade. It was appalling! The whole head of the column was prostrated, and riderless horses—a multitude, and crimson with blood—scattered from it in every direction." The battery at the same time opened a plunging fire of grape and canister, which added to the carnage, and sent the survivors in rapid flight to the mountains.

Although the battle was continually raging in his front on the plateau, where the American artillery and infantry could only keep back the ever-thronging enemy by the utmost alertness of fire from both cannon and rifle, General Taylor found that the main danger was on his left, and directed thither his chief attention. The second dragoons, Lieutenant Reynolds's section of artillery, Captain

Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse, and some few volunteers, mounted and on foot (who, after flying, had recovered their pluck), now came up, on their return from Buena Vista, whence they had expelled General Torrejon. Taylor ordered this whole force, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel May, to advance on the left, toward the base of the mountains, and check any forward movement of the Mexican masses in that direction.

May hurried forward with his troops, and the artillery being quickly brought within range, opened fire, and did fearful execution upon the dense ranks of the enemy, crowded into the narrow gorges and ravines. At the same time, a sudden darkness overspread the scene of death, and soon there broke from the heavens flash after flash of lightning, peal upon peal of thunder, and a storm of hail and rain, which, driven by the gusts of wind, swept down the mountains and went rushing through every gorge. The rage of man emulated the fury of the elements; the sabre-stroke, the roar of cannon, and the flash of musketry fell, sounded, and glared with the hail, the thunder, and the lightning, and all were mingled in tempestuous sympathy.

As May continued to press on in advance with his force, Captain Bragg galloped up with his light artillery; and the Mississippians, under Colonel Davis, with the rallied portion of the Indiana regiment followed, supporting Captain Sherman and his howitzer. The artillery now opening, and three pieces on the plateau being also pointed against the enemy

on the left, nine guns were at the same moment pouring their destructive fire upon the foe.

The Mexicans met this concentrated attack with spirit. Their eighteen and twenty-four pound battery was so served as to play directly upon the advancing Americans, and great havoc was made in their ranks. Our troops, however, steadily moved forward, in spite of this sweeping cannonade on their flank and the brisk fire of musketry from the enemy in front.

The resolute advance of the Americans, their sure-aimed rifle-volleys, and the unceasing discharge of the light artillery, soon struck terror to the hearts of the Mexicans, who now no longer thought of stopping to resist, but pressed on in tumultuous confusion closer and closer to the mountains, until they were penned within its walls of stone. "They were about five or six thousand in all; cavalry and infantry mingled in confusion; an armed multitude; a mere chaos of men and horses, and dead and dying, with flags, pennons, lances, and muskets, all mixed up. Hundreds of them endeavored to escape by clambering up the steep sides of the mountains; but most of them stood huddled together, while our shot," testifies an eye-witness, "went crashing through them, and our shells likewise, opening for themselves a bloody circle wherever they exploded."*

While the right of the Mexican army was thus at the mercy of the Americans, three of Santa Anna's officers made their appearance upon the plateau in front of

Taylor's position, with the evident purpose of opening a parley. Upon being conducted to the general, they inquired of him, in behalf of their commander, "what he wanted." Taylor was surprised at the question, but promptly replied by demanding a surrender of the Mexican army, and allowed time for consideration.

In the meantime, the American fire and pursuit on the left were stayed by an aid-de-camp sent forward for that purpose, and to carry the summons to the Mexican position. The enemy gathered around the messenger, and, taking advantage of the temporary cessation of fire, moved off in mass with him to the safe neighborhood of Santa Anna, and thus escaped total annihilation or unconditional surrender. It seemed to be an unworthy *ruse* on the part of the Mexican general; for he immediately resumed his fire, and concentrated his force for a last and desperate effort.

With this view, Santa Anna moved forward his eight-pounder battery nearer to the plateau, called up his reserves from the rear, reformed his scattered right, and, reinforcing it with the battalion of New Leon and the eleventh regiment of infantry, prepared to strike a blow upon the American front.

While these movements were in progress, word was received of the successful defence of Saltillo by Captain Webster, in command of the redoubt and battery at that post. General Miñon had succeeded in interposing his cavalry upon the road between Buena Vista and Saltillo. A brisk fire from Webster's re-

* Carleton.

doubt, and a sally of a piece of light artillery, supported by a miscellaneous party of mounted volunteers, soon drove the wary Mexican commander and his troopers skulking from the public road into the ravines.

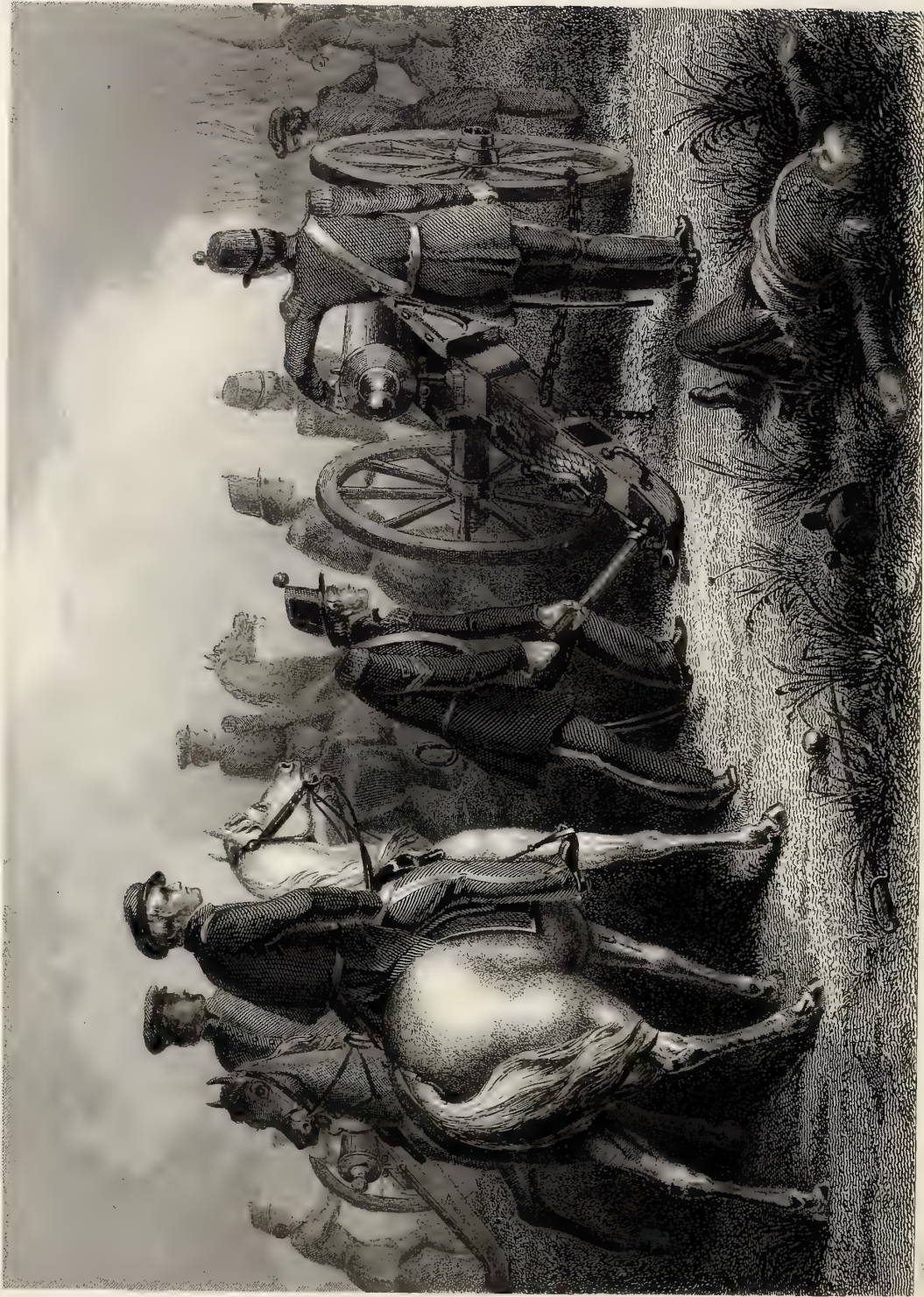
General Taylor, having ridden from the field of battle to order the troops on his left to be brought forward during the pause which ensued while Santa Anna was marshalling his whole force for a last desperate effort, was suddenly recalled by "a very heavy musketry-fire." The enemy had formed in a ravine, out of sight, and thus they sprang suddenly in full force upon the plateau, and with horse and foot charged the American line, almost without a moment's notice. General Perez had the immediate command of the troops, but Santa Anna rode on in company, and directed the movement in person.

Captain O'Brien's artillery and the second Kentucky and Illinois regiments were in advance, and bore the brunt of the attack. The deadly fire of the enemy's battery thinned the American ranks, and the whole moving force of the Mexicans, numbering some 12,000 men, burst in a blaze of fire upon our volunteers, and forced them to give way and seek a cover in a gorge in their rear. O'Brien stood his ground manfully, firing away till the last moment, and doing terrible execution; but finally, when he found himself without support, he was forced to retire, leaving his guns on the field. Most of the horses attached to the pieces had been killed, or, prostrate on the earth, were struggling in their en-

tangled gear. Two of O'Brien's horses had been struck dead under him, and he himself wounded. Few of his men were left, and these so weak, from the loss of blood, that they could hardly load the pieces. Their spirited commander, however, invoked them to "give the Mexicans one more round," as the enemy thronged up to the very cannon's mouth. The last shot was fired, the surviving cannoners limped away, and the American battery was seized by the Mexicans with an exulting shout.

At this critical moment, General Taylor reached the scene of struggle. On coming up, and catching with a quick glance the situation of affairs, he immediately ordered Captain Bragg to bring forward his battery, to unlimber, to load with grape, and await till the masses of the enemy should come close to his muzzles. Bragg asked for a support. "Major Bliss and I will support you," was the reply of Taylor, who had none other to give, and who now stood with his horse, calm and resolute, exposed to the thickest of the shower of musket-balls which came from the enemy's advancing ranks.

Bragg opened fire. The Mexicans wavered for a moment, but again pressed forward. "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" cried out the old general, who, with calm, professional eye, was watching the effect of the fire. A second discharge made great havoc, and staggered the whole line. The third drove the foe back in disorder, and saved the day. The gallant Mississippians, hurrying from the left, together with the third Indiana regiment, came up on the plateau



ARTILLERIE IN DER SCHLACHT VON GRAVINA, 1806.

in time to support the artillery at the last moment, and to complete the rout of the Mexicans, who, as they fled from the battle-ground, and thronged through the ravines toward the road, came within range of Captain Washington's battery at La Angostura, and were further felled by a well-aimed fire. The Americans had suffered greatly in this last desperate charge of the enemy, which had been so gallantly repulsed by Bragg's artillery. Colonel Hardin, of the first Illinois, and Colonel M'Kee and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay (son of the great statesman), of the second Kentucky regiment, fell mortally wounded while bravely leading on their men.

The beaten Mexicans, as they retired, turned now and then to exchange a shot with their victors; but as they got closer to their camp, and as the sun of the declining day was shedding its last rays upon the bloody field of battle, their fire became less and less, and at last ceased altogether as the evening threw its shadows across the mountains and filled the valleys with darkness.

All was now still, and the army bivouacked on the bare ground, weary with the day's conflict, which had lasted for ten long hours, but still ready to renew the strife at the first dawn of morning. The Mexicans, however, had struck their last blow, and, exhausted in strength and spirit by their unavailing efforts to drive the Americans from their position, had abandoned the ground and retreated during the night.

Our troops rose shivering in the cold morning air, from the damp earth on

which, with tired limbs and anxious hearts, they sought repose **Feb. 24.** in vain. The men clutch their weapons as they catch the sound of a distant murmur. Closer and closer it comes, louder and louder it sounds; it passes from the outstretched pickets to the lines, and now all hear the words "Victory! victory!" Each man, but a moment before, expectant only of the dreaded summons to battle, snatches with eager ear the joyful sound, and with quick transition is in a tumult of delight, which bursts forth in shouts of "Victory! victory!"

The Mexicans had fallen back to Agua Nueva during the night. In a few days more, they abandoned that position, leaving it to General Taylor, and again continued their retreating course, even beyond La Encarnacion.

The loss of the Americans in the momentous battle of Buena Vista amounted to two hundred and sixty-seven killed and four hundred and fifty wounded. "The Mexican loss in killed and wounded," reported General Taylor, "may be fairly estimated at one thousand and five hundred, and will probably reach two thousand. At least five hundred of their killed were left upon the field of battle."

The victory added greatly to the reputation of Taylor; for, by his pertinaacious courage, his resolute self-reliance, and his unfaltering readiness, he had succeeded with a small number of irregular troops in defeating the skill of the ablest Mexican general, exhausting the spirit and overpowering the numbers of the best and largest army which the enemy could bring on the field.

CHAPTER XXI.

Colonel Doniphan's Expedition against the Navajoes.—Rendezvous at Bear Spring.—The Tartars of the West.—Dangers and Difficulties.—Successes.—Negotiations with the Indians.—Concentration of Doniphan's Forces.—The March.—Journey of the Dead.—The Delights of Doña Ana.—The Province of Chihuahua.—A Christmas in the Wilderness.—A Surprise.—Loss of a Good Hand.—To Arms.—Meeting with the Enemy.—A Black Flag.—A Summons.—The Reply.—Preparing for a Charge.—No Quarter.—Battle of El Paso.—Success of Doniphan.—Welcome to El Paso.—Alarms.—The March to Chihuahua.—Tramp across the Desert.—Through the Mountains.—Sight of the Enemy.—Doniphan prepares for Action.—Battle of Sacramento.—Report of Doniphan.—His Victory.—The Losses.—Triumph of Doniphan.—The Capital of Chihuahua.—Progress of Doniphan.—His Return to the United States.—A Parallel: Xenophon and Doniphan.—Advantage of Doniphan.—His March of Victory.—Disadvantage of Doniphan.—Wanted, an Historian.

1846. It will be recollected that General Kearney, when on his route to California, sent back orders to Colonel Doniphan, at Santa Fé, to delay his expedition to Chihuahua, and proceed to the country of the Navajoes, in order to punish those savages, who had refused to treat, and were continuing their cruel depredations upon the New-Mexicans.

Colonel Price being left in command at Santa Fé, Doniphan set out on his expedition, dividing his troops into
Oct. 2. four detachments, three of which were commanded by Major Gilpin, Captain Reid, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, and the fourth by himself. These were each to take a different course to the country of the Navajoes, west of the Rio del Norte, and to hunt up these roving savages, over plain and through gorge, to their fastnesses amid the spurs of the Rocky mountains. Bear spring was the rendezvous appointed for the concentration of the detachments, after the accomplishment of their respective duties.

The perils and hardships in pursuit of these Tartars of the western wilderness were great, but were all overcome by the indomitable energies of the Americans. Now the route lay through winding ravines, again over lofty mountains, and at times the passes were almost impenetrable, from the deep snows which obstructed them. Climbing the steep granite ridges, the men were forced to lead their horses, plunging to the girths in the snow, and for days to struggle up the ascents made rugged with masses of rock detached at some remote period from the parent-mountain, and now lying in confused heaps on the route. Many of the animals were lost by the way. Some tumbled headlong over the precipices, into the abysses below; some sank beneath the depths of the snow, and others perished from the cold and want of food.

With various adventures and with general success against the Indians, who did not venture upon open hostility, the several detachments met at Bear spring, making a force in all of three hundred

and thirty men. Hither, also, came the Navajo chiefs, Sarvilla Largo, Caballada de Muerte, Sandoval, Kiatanito, Narbona, and others. After due preliminaries of negotiation, shrewdly conducted by Colonel Doniphan, he succeeded

Nov. 22. in making a treaty, and prepared to set out on the long and arduous journey to Chihuahua, where he had been ordered to form a junction with General Wool, who was supposed to be there, in accordance with the plan of march originally contemplated.

Having concentrated his force among the ruins of the ancient town of Valverde, in the valley of the Rio del Norte, Doniphan sent out his band, eight hundred strong, in various detachments, and soon after followed himself. The *Jor-*

Dec. 19. *nada del Muerto* (the Journey of the Dead) stretched its desert waste of sand before them for a distance of ninety miles. Without water or wood, the men suffered greatly on the march from thirst and the cold winds which swept over the arid desert. After several toilsome days of march and dreary nights of encampment over the dismal *Jornada del Muerto*, the weary and worn campaigners struck the little town of Doña Ana, and found in the fresh waters of the flowing streams, in the fruits growing upon the banks, and the herds of cattle feeding upon the pastures, abundant refreshment. Here they feasted and reposed. As the various detachments gathered again, and their leader, Colonel Doniphan, came up, the whole force resumed its march, and,

Dec. 25. arriving at Brazito, or Little Arm, on the east side of the Rio del

Norte, prepared to encamp. They were now in the province of Chihuahua, and skulking spies and hovering horsemen betokened the approach of the enemy.

It was Christmas-day; and, notwithstanding the threatening danger, the dare-devil Americans were disposed to give full vent to their frolicsome humors. All were preparing for the day's enjoyment; and they did not hesitate to express the hope that a battle might add its stir to the excitements of the occasion.

"While the men," writes one of the campaigners,* "were scattered everywhere in quest of wood and water for cooking-purposes, and fresh grass for their animals, and while the trains and straggling men were scattered along the road for miles in the rear, a cloud of dust, greater than usual, was observed in the direction of El Paso; and in less than fifteen minutes, some one of the advanced guard, coming at full speed, announced to the colonel, 'The enemy are advancing upon you!'

"It is said that Colonel Doniphan, and several of his officers and men, were at this moment engaged in playing a game of *three-trick loo*. At first he observed that the cloud of dust was perhaps produced by a gust of wind, and that they had as well *play their hands out*. In another moment the plumes and banners of the enemy were in view! The colonel quickly sprang to his feet, threw down his cards, grasped his sabre, and observed, 'Boys, I held an invincible hand, but I'll be d—d if I don't have to play it out in steel now.'

* Hughes.

The trumpet now sounded the call to arms. The men, throwing down their buckets of water and their armfuls of wood, ran to their posts, and soon the whole force was ready for the foe. The Mexicans came on in gallant array, and halted on an elevated part of the road, across which, in front, Colonel Doniphan had formed his eight hundred men, who were mostly dismounted, in a single line.

The enemy, commanded by General Ponce de Leon, were upward of a thousand strong, and presented a splendid array. On their right was drawn up a numerous body of mounted lancers. Their scarlet trimmings, their high, brass-mounted helmets with waving plumes of horse-hair, their glittering sabres, and their polished lances with streaming pennons of green and red, made a brilliant show. Their centre and left were composed of mounted volunteers, infantry, and several pieces of artillery.

The Mexicans had no sooner come to a halt, than there burst from their ranks a bedizened cavalier, waving "a black flag, having a skull and cross-bones worked upon it."* He came on at full speed, until within sixty yards of the American line, when he suddenly drew up and gracefully waved his ominous standard. An interpreter was sent forward to meet the messenger, who at once peremptorily declared, "The Mexican general summons your commander to appear before him."—"If your general desires peace, let him come here," was the prompt reply. "Then we will break your ranks and take him there!" rejoined the Mex-

* Edwards.

ican. "Come, then, and take him," answered the interpreter. "Curses be upon you! prepare for a charge—we neither ask nor give quarter!" was the fierce retort; and the messenger, digging with his spurs and waving his black flag, galloped back to the Mexican lines.*

The enemy now sounded a charge, and on came their cavalry at full gallop, directly for the American left wing. Doniphan's men, being ordered to withhold their fire until the horsemen were within a few rods, awaited patiently the proper moment, and then fired a close and destructive volley. At the same moment, Captain Reid, who had succeeded in mounting sixteen of his men (for these were all who, in the hurry, were enabled to take the saddle), came forward at a run, and sprang with a crushing force right in among the Mexican cavalry—breaking their ranks, beating them down on all sides with sabre-strokes, and throwing them into utter confusion.

Some thirty fearless fellows, posted in the American centre, finding the Mexican artillery aimed directly at them, started from the ranks without waiting for orders, and made right for the enemy's line. Here they seized a brass six-pound howitzer, and dragged it down the hill into their own ranks, where it was manned and turned against the Mexicans.

The infantry and volunteer horsemen, who formed the enemy's centre and left, now moved against the American right. As they came on cautiously, under cover of the *chaparral* on the roadside, Colonel Doniphan ordered his men to lie down

* Hughes.

on their faces, and reserve their fire until the Mexicans came within sixty paces. The enemy, deceived by this manoeuvre, and thinking that the Americans were falling fast before their volleys, pushed forward more boldly, shouting exultingly, "*Bueno! Bueno!*" In a moment after, the Americans sprang to their feet, and poured a fire into their ranks, which forced them to turn and fly at the first shot.

The enemy were now totally beaten, and in full retreat to the mountains, with the few Americans who were mounted close at their heels. The pursuit was, however, soon abandoned. The loss of the Mexicans was seventy-one killed and about one hundred and fifty wounded, among whom was their leader, Poncé de Leon. The Americans had eight wounded, but not a single man killed!*

Dec. 27. On the second day after the battle, Colonel Doniphan led his little band into El Paso the key to New Mexico, where the authorities and inhabitants met the conqueror with tokens of peace and expressions of welcome. The soldiers now revelled in the generous profusion of the fertile valley watered by the Rio Grande. The people gave up their stores of grain to the invaders, and regaled them with the choicest fruits of the pear, apple, orange, and grape, and the richest wines.

The Americans were kept on the alert by frequent alarms of the threatened approach of the Mexicans from Chihuahua, and by the repeated raids of the fierce Apaches from the mountains, who

* Hughes.

at every chance swept off the herds of mules and flocks of sheep while feeding on the rich slopes which bordered the settlement.

For forty-two days, Colonel Doniphan tarried at El Paso, waiting for reinforcements from Santa Fé, and did not set out for Chihuahua till the 8th of Jan-
1847.
uary. In six days the bold adventurers, now numbering over a thousand men, had reached a point on their route where they were forced to leave the pleasant valley of the Rio del Norte, and commence an arduous tramp across the sandy desert and over the rugged mountains. For whole days together the men and animals were without a drop of water; exhausted by thirst, and wearied with the hard pulling through the deep sand, many of the mules broke down, and were left as a prey to the wolves of the desert. Some of the wagons, with their heavy loads of precious flour and stores, were also abandoned, in order to lighten the march. Irregular mountain-gorges, obstructed by great boulders of stone, succeeded to the desert; and again broad wastes of sand renewed the difficulties and sufferings of man and beast.

At length, after a toilsome march of three weeks, a reconnoitring-party from a high, rocky peak in advance, **Feb. 28.** saw the Mexicans in full encampment, four miles distant, at Sacramento. Colonel Doniphan at once determined to push forward and give them battle.

"At sunrise on the 28th, the last day of February," wrote the commander himself, "we took up the line of march, and formed the whole train, consisting of

three hundred and fifteen heavy traders' wagons and our commissary and company wagons, into four columns, thus shortening our line so as to make it more easily protected. We placed the artillery, and all the command, except two hundred cavalry proper, in the intervals between the columns of wagons. We thus fully concealed our force and its position, by masking our force with the cavalry.

"When we arrived within three miles of the enemy, we made a reconnoissance of his position and the arrangement of his forces. This we could easily do, the road leading through an open prairie-valley, between the sterile mountains. The pass of the Sacramento is formed by a point of the mountains on our right, their left extending into the valley or plain so as to narrow the valley to about one and a half miles. On our left was a deep, dry, sandy channel of a creek, and between these points the plain rises to sixty feet abruptly. This rise is in the form of a crescent, the convex part being to the north of our forces. On the right, from the point of mountains, a narrow part of the plain extends north one and a half miles farther than on the left. The main road passes down the centre of the valley and across the crescent, near the left or dry branch. The Sacramento rises in the mountains on the right, and the road falls on to it about one mile below the battle-field, or the intrenchment of the enemy.

"We ascertained that the enemy had one battery of four guns, two nine and two six pounders, on the point of the mountain (their left), at a good elevation

to sweep the plain, and at the point where the mountain extended farthest into the plain. On our left (their right) they had another battery, on an elevation commanding the road, and three intrenchments of two six-pounders; on the brow of the crescent, near the centre, another of two six and two four pounders and six culverins, or rampart-pieces, mounted on carriages; and on the crest of the hill, or ascent between the batteries, and the right and left, they had twenty-seven redoubts dug and thrown up, extending at short intervals across the whole ground. In these their infantry was placed, and was entirely protected. Their cavalry was drawn up in front of the redoubts, four deep, and in rear of the redoubts, two deep, so as to mask them as far as practicable.

"When we had arrived within one and a half miles of the intrenchments, along the main road, we advanced the cavalry still farther, and suddenly diverged with the columns to the right, so as to gain the narrow part of the ascent on our right; which the enemy discovering, endeavored to prevent by moving forward with a thousand cavalry and four pieces of cannon in their rear, masked by them. Our movements were so rapid, that we gained the elevation with our forces and the advance of our wagons in time to form before they arrived within reach of our guns. The Mexicans halted, and we advanced the head of our column within twelve hundred yards of them, so as to let our wagons attain the high lands and form as before.

"We now commenced the action by a

brisk fire from our battery, and the enemy unmasked and commenced also. Our fire proved effective at this distance, killing fifteen men, wounding several, and disabling one of the enemy's guns. We had two men slightly wounded, and several horses and mules killed. The Mexicans then slowly retreated behind their works in some confusion, and we resumed our march in our former order, still diverging more to the right to avoid their battery on our left (their right) and their strongest redoubts, which were on the left, near where the road passes.

"After marching as far as we safely could, without coming within range of their heavy battery on our right, Captain Weightman, of the artillery, was ordered to charge with the two twelve-pound howitzers, to be supported by the cavalry, under Captains Reid, Parsons, and Hudson. The howitzers charged at full speed, and were gallantly sustained by Captain Reid; but, by some misunderstanding, my order was not given to the other two companies. Captain Hudson, anticipating my order, charged in time to give ample support to the howitzers. Captain Parsons, at the same moment, came to me, and asked permission for his company to charge the redoubts immediately to the left of Captain Weightman, which he did very gallantly.

"The remainder of the two battalions of the first regiment were dismounted during the cavalry-charge, and following rapidly on foot, and Major Clark advancing as fast as practicable with the remainder of the battery, we charged their redoubts from right to left, with a brisk

and deadly fire of riflemen; while Major Clark opened a rapid and well-directed fire on a column of cavalry attempting to pass to our left, so as to attack the wagons and our rear. The fire was so well directed as to force them to fall back; and our riflemen, with the cavalry and howitzers, cleared it after an obstinate resistance. Our forces advanced to the very brink of their redoubts, and attacked them with their sabres.

"When the redoubts were cleared, and the batteries in the centre and our left were silenced, the main battery on our right still continued to pour in a constant and heavy fire, as it had done during the heat of the engagement; but, as the whole fate of the battle depended upon carrying the redoubts and centre battery, this one on the right remained unattacked, and the enemy had rallied there five hundred strong.

"Major Clark was directed to commence a heavy fire upon it, while Lieutenant-Colonels Mitchell and Jackson, commanding the first battalion, were ordered to remount and charge the battery on the left, and Major Gilpin was directed to pass the second battalion on foot up the rough ascent of the mountain on the opposite side. The fire of our battery was so effective as to completely silence theirs, and the rapid advance of our column put them to flight over the mountains in great confusion.

"Captain Thompson, of the first dragoons, acted as my aid and adviser on the field during the whole engagement, and was of the most essential service; also Lieutenant Wooster, of the United

States army, who acted very coolly and gallantly. Major Campbell, of Springfield, Missouri, also acted as a volunteer aid during part of the time, but left me and joined Captain Reid in his gallant charge.

"Thus ended the battle of Sacramento. The force of the enemy was twelve hundred cavalry from Durango and Chihuahua, three hundred artilleryists, and fourteen hundred and twenty *rancheros*, badly armed with *lassos*, lances and *machetes*, or corn-knives; ten pieces of artillery (two nine, two eight, four six, and two four pounders), and six culverins, or rampart-pieces. Their forces were commanded by Major-General Heredia (captain-general of Durango, Chihuahua, Sonora, and New Mexico), Brigadier-General Garcia Conde (formerly minister of war for the republic of Mexico, who is a scientific man, and planned this whole field of defence), Brig.-General Justimani, General Uguarte and Governor Trias (who acted as brigadier-generals on the field), and colonels and other officers without number.

"Our force was nine hundred and twenty-four effective men, at least one hundred of whom were engaged in holding horses and driving teams.

"The loss of the enemy was his entire artillery, ten wagons, masses of beans, *pinole*, and other Mexican provisions, about three hundred killed, and about the same number wounded, many of whom have since died, and forty prisoners.

"The field was literally covered with the dead and wounded from our artillery and the unerring fire of our riflemen. Night put a stop to the carnage, the battle

having commenced about three o'clock. Our loss was one killed, one mortally wounded, and seven so wounded as to recover without any loss of limbs."

Thus had Colonel Doniphan, with his adventurous band totally routed the army of Central Mexico, and accomplished a great victory, planting the flag of his country in triumph on the walls of the capital of Chihuahua, a **March 1.** flourishing city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, where he remained in undisputed possession for two months.

From Chihuahua, Doniphan marched across Durango, crushing a band of fierce Comanches at Paso, on his route thence to New Leon; trod the battle-field and received a hero's welcome from the hero of Buena Vista; reported himself to General Wool, whom he had sought in vain at Chihuahua, but found in triumphant possession at Saltillo; and finally, with his gallant band, proceeded to the mouth of the Rio Grande, at Brazos Santiago, and embarked for the United States in the summer of 1847.

A parallel has not been inaptly drawn between the march of Xenophon, of olden time, and that of Colonel Doniphan, of our day. The famous Greek led his ten thousand men from the centre of Persia to Chrysopolis, through a hostile country, and over an unknown and mountainous region. This march of nearly three thousand five hundred miles was accomplished in fifteen months. Its history, written two thousand years ago, by Xenophon, himself not only a soldier but a scholar, is read by every schoolboy with admiration and wonder.

Colonel Doniphan led his band from Missouri, through New Mexico, Chihuahua, Durango, and New Leon, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, in twelve months, over a region six thousand miles in extent, less known and more desolate

than the Armenian mountains. Xenophon's march was a retreat: Doniphan's a succession of victories. Literature has shed an unfading lustre upon the former: the latter should not be forgotten for want of a fitting record.

CHAPTER XXII.

General Scott's Force at the Island of Lobos.—Organization of the Army.—Description of Lobos.—Its Topography and Products.—Its Beauties.—Condition and Spirits of the Troops.—Embarkation of the Army.—Anchorage of Transports and the Naval Squadron.—Reconnoissance by General Scott and Commodore Conner.—Fear of "Northerners."—Place of Landing.—Sailing of the Fleet.—Scott in the Van.—Enthusiasm.—The Surf-Boats.—Delay.—A Fair Day.—Successful Debarcation.—No Enemy.—Landing of Stores.—Investment of Vera Cruz.—Hard Work.—Cheerful Labor.—Opening Fire.—Skirmishes.—Bombardment.—The Summons.—Peremptory Refusal.—Increased Fire.—A Terrible Night.—Fright of the European Consuls.—A Demand and Refusal.—Overtures from the Mexican Commander.—Appointment of Commissioners.—Capitulation signed.—The Terms.—The Mexicans march out.—The Americans take Possession of Vera Cruz and San Juan d'Ulloa.—The Losses.—Condition of the City and its Inhabitants.—Discretion and Firmness of General Worth.—Combined Movement against Alvarado.—Alvarado Hunter.—Disobedience of Orders.—Court-Martial and Sentence.—Capture of Tuspan.—Tobasco taken.—Occasional Skirmishes.—Services of Commodore Perry.—Sober Duties of the Navy.

As the troops, consisting chiefly
1847. of the division of regulars, under General Worth, withdrawn from Taylor at Monterey, reached Brazos Santiago, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, they embarked on board of the transports, and sailed for the island of Lobos. Thither also went General Patterson's division, which had marched from Victoria to Tampico, and thence sailed to the common rendezvous, where additional troops from the United States had already landed. General Scott soon followed, then Worth, and finally Twiggs, of the two latter of whom each had been left in turn to superintend the later embarkations.

Early in March, General Scott had concentrated his whole force of twelve thou-

sand men, which was organized as follows: "The first brigade of regulars, under General Worth, was made up of Duncan's field-battery; the second and third regiments of artillery; the fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth regiments of infantry; and two independent companies of volunteers. The second brigade, under Twiggs, consisted of Taylor's field-battery; the first and fourth regiments of artillery; the first, second, third, and seventh regiments of infantry; and the regiment of mounted riflemen.

"The volunteers were organized into a division of three brigades, under General Patterson.

"The brigade under General Pillow consisted of the first and second Tennes-

see and first and second Pennsylvania regiments, and Steptoe's field-battery of twelve-pounders. General Quitman's brigade was made up of the South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama regiments; and General Shields's of one regiment of New York troops and two of Illinois.

"In addition to this force of infantry and field artillery was the cavalry, consisting of detachments from the first and second regiment of dragoons, and one regiment of Tennessee horse."*

Lobos is a beautiful island in the gulf of Mexico. Over its sea-deep foundations of coral is spread a rich alluvial soil, which a bountiful Nature, with but little aid from the indolent hands of the Mexicans, has covered with a profuse tropical vegetation. The little island, set like an emerald in the blue expanse of the waters of the gulf, has barely a surface of two miles, and yet it teems with an abundant growth of tropical plants and fruits; the lemon, the fig, the banana, the vine, and the palm, intermingle their different tints and forms of green, and offer their prodigal harvests. Situated twelve miles from the mainland, between Tampico on the northwest, sixty miles distant, and Vera Cruz, a hundred and twenty-five to the southeast, Lobos was most conveniently placed for the gathering of the American force destined to operate against the formidable strongholds of the Mexicans on the gulf. The sea-breezes coolly fanning the isle, the spreading trees shading the glare of a burning sun, and the fertility offering a generous and wholesome sustenance, made Lobos a spot where the

soldiers, detained by unavoidable delay, could refresh their spirits and invigorate their strength for the trials and dangers of the approaching conflict.

The men, in fine condition and cheerful mood, now received with ready welcome the intelligence that they were about to try their strength with the enemy. A great fleet, probably the largest force ever under the command of a single American naval officer, was now gathered in the gulf of Mexico. A crowd of transports was at anchor off the isle of Lobos; and the men-of-war were concentrating, in order to join with the land-force in the contemplated attack upon Vera Cruz and its famous citadel of San Juan d'Ulloa. The vessels, loaded with troops, sailed from Lobos, and anchored between the island of Salardini and Point Antonio Lizardo, some ten or twelve miles to the eastward of Vera Cruz. Here also was the naval squadron, under the command of Commodore Conner.

General Scott and Commodore Conner, going on board the steamer Princeton, made a reconnoissance, in order to decide upon a proper place of landing for the force, which it was determined to debark at the earliest practicable moment, since it was feared that a "norther" (one of those gales to which the gulf is so subject) might come on, and stop the contemplated movement. The beach opposite to Sacrificios, an island in the channel leading to the roadstead, and within two and a half miles of the walls of Vera Cruz, was selected as the best place for landing.

* Ripley.

Mar. 8. On the day following this, the troops were transported to the men-of-war, and the fleet set sail. General Scott led the van, in the steamship *Massachusetts*. As the vessel steamed through the squadron, to take her position, the stately person of the commander-in-chief, who stood conspicuously upon the quarter-deck, was observed in the clear evening's light by each sailor and soldier, and cheers burst forth from every ship and craft as he passed by.

One hundred and forty-one surf-boats, built sharp at either end, somewhat like those used by whalers, had been ordered for the landing of the troops. Sixty-five of these, however, had only been completed in time, and they were now hoisted out by the respective vessels in which they had been stowed, and hauled up on the beach, in order and number corresponding with the men-of-war from which the several corps were to descend.

A "norther" threatening to blow, the debarkation was put off till the following day, when the sun shone brilliantly out of an unclouded sky, and the blue sea reposed undisturbed by the gentle southeasterly breeze, which barely fluttered the flags on the mast-heads, and hardly rippled the waters on the shoals bordering the roadstead. Two of the armed steamers and five gun-boats having been anchored in line as close to the beach as possible, to cover the landing, the signals were hoisted from the masts of the men-of-war, the surf-boats pushed off from the beach to the ships' sides, and the debarkation began. The first line of the army was brought to the

shore, then the second, and lastly the reserve; and, in less than twelve hours, twelve thousand men, with stores and provisions for several days, were safely deposited upon the shore. Not an accident occurred; and a few only of the soldiers (who were forced to wade waist-deep, from the grounding of some of the boats) were even wetted.

Not a foe showed himself, to dispute the ground; and the American troops formed upon the neighboring sand-hills, with the quiet and order of a parade in their own country. The transports came up, day after day, and by means of the surf-boats landed the artillery, horses, provisions, and stores.

The line of investment, five miles in extent, which had been accurately defined by General Scott and his engineers from the exactest information beforehand, was immediately occupied by the troops. **Mar. 12.** The men cheerfully and earnestly went to work, though contending against the difficulties of innumerable hills of loose sand, which, at every blow of a norther, swept in drifts deep enough to bury reclining horse or man, and thickets of *chaparral* that yielded only to the axe.

During the night, the trenches were opened; and the army, with the sappers and miners, gradually closed in around the besieged city. **Mar. 18.** The Mexicans opened fire from the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa and the town, but their shot and shells did little damage. Occasional skirmishes took place between the advanced parties of the enemy and those of the Americans, in which the for-

mer were generally worsted and driven back.

Seven of the ten-inch mortars having been planted, and everything in preparation to begin the bombardment **Mar. 22.** of the city, Scott now summoned General Morales, who commanded both town and castle, to surrender. A peremptory refusal was returned. The Americans at once rejoined with a heavy fire, which was replied to from city and castle. One of the ten-inch shells from the latter burst through the parapet of the besiegers, killing the gallant Captain Vinton and wounding several privates.

The American lines were reinforced with three thirty-two pounders and three Paixhans, manned by a brigade of naval volunteers, under Captain Alexander Sli-dell Mackenzie; while the smaller vessels of the squadron hauled close in to the shore, followed at some distance by the larger; and the fleet, now commanded by Commodore Perry, added its heavy guns to the land-batteries.*

A terrible fire now opened from ship and shore. This continued, without ceasing, from the 22d to the 25th of March. The scene is described as terrific. "The darkness of night was illuminated with blazing shells circling through the air. The roar of artillery and the heavy fall of descending shot were heard through the streets of the besieged city. The roofs of buildings were on fire. The domes of churches reverberated with fearful explosions. The sea was red-

dened with the broadsides of ships. The castle of San Juan returned from its many batteries the fire, the light, the smoke, the noise of battle."*

The terrors of this night awakened the alarm of the European consuls residing in the city; and they **Mar. 25.** accordingly sent a memorial to General Scott, representing the terrible effects of the bombardment on the town, and soliciting a truce, that they and the women and children might retire to a place of safety. Scott replied that such a request could only be granted on a proposition from General Morales to surrender; that "safeguards had already been sent to the foreign consuls, of which they had refused to avail themselves; that the blockade had been left open to consuls and neutrals to the 22d of March; and that the case of women and children, with their hardships and distresses, had been fully considered before one gun was fired."†

General Scott had made his preparations for carrying the city by assault on the following day. Early in the **Mar. 26.** morning, however, there came overtures from General Landero, who had succeeded to the command, on the illness (or its pretence, as was suspected) of his superior. Accordingly, Generals Worth and Pillow, and Colonel Totten, were made commissioners on the part of the Americans, to meet those appointed by the Mexican governor; and **Mar. 27.** during the night, articles of capitulation were signed. By these, Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, with all their armaments and munitions

* Commodore Conner, in consequence of ill health, had made over the command to Commodore M. C. Perry, on the 21st of March, and returned home.

* Mansfield.

† Ib.

of war, were surrendered. The garrisons were allowed to retire, after laying down their arms; the officers giving their parole for themselves and their men, not to serve during the war, until exchanged. The Mexican troops were permitted to march out of the city with the honors of war, to the field where the surrender of arms was to take place; also to salute their flag when struck; and the civil and religious rights of the inhabitants were guaranteed.

In accordance with the terms of surrender, the Mexican troops marched out

Mar. 29. and laid down their arms; and General Worth entered with his division, and took possession of city and citadel. This great success was effected with the trifling loss, on the part of the Americans, of three officers killed and three wounded, ten privates killed and sixty wounded.

Thus easily was won Vera Cruz, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, its solid fortifications, its eighty-six heavy guns, and its garrison of three thousand troops. With it fell the sea-girt castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, which rose so defiantly from the gulf, upon a reef facing the city, but a thousand yards distant, and threatened the assailants from its walls and outworks of coral, with a hundred and twenty-eight guns of great weight, and a garrison of a thousand men. A more resolute resistance was anticipated, and every resource of power, skill, and courage had been concentrated in order to overcome it.

General Worth, having been appointed governor of Vera Cruz, from the walls

of which and its famous citadel were now flying the flags of the United States, at once, by a prompt, firm, and discreet rule checked every rising disorder. The fallen buildings, which had been crushed into ruins and scattered by the bombardment, were cleared away; the foul streets cleaned; the starving poor fed by ten thousand rations gratuitously distributed from the military stores; the insolence and violence of the conquering soldier repressed; and soon the inhabitants, restored to confidence, renewed their daily habits of life and business.

On the day after the surrender of Vera Cruz, a combined movement was made against the port of Alvarado. General Quitman, with a brigade of volunteers, was ordered to proceed by land and co-operate with the naval force in the capture of the little place, **Mar. 29.**

which had been hitherto twice attempted without success. "Commodore Perry directed Charles G. Hunter, commanding the steamer *Savage*, to proceed in advance with that vessel and blockade the harbor, while he himself followed with the other vessels more slowly, so as to co-operate with General Quitman when he should arrive in the rear of the town. But Lieutenant Hunter, who reached the bar on the 30th of March, allowed himself to be tempted by his zeal into an immediate attack upon the fortifications at the mouth of the river, instead of obeying the letter of his orders and simply maintaining a blockade. The next day, after a renewal of the attack, the Mexicans withdrew from the batteries and from the town, when Lieutenant Hunter

entered the river, captured four schooners, left a garrison to guard the place, and proceeded up to Tlacotelpam. This town surrendered without resistance.”*

April 1. The next day, General Quitman arrived; too late, however, to accomplish his chief object, which was to capture a supply of beeves and mules, for the Mexicans had driven them all off. He found the United States flag flying over Alvarado, and a party of sailors in full possession of the town. On the day following, Commodore Perry appeared on the coast with his squadron, but found that the little Savage had left nothing for his powerful armament to accomplish. Lieutenant Hunter was immediately put under arrest, subsequently tried, and sentenced by a court-martial to dismissal from the navy, for disobedience of orders.

General Quitman, after his bootless expedition, returned to Vera Cruz, and Commodore Perry directed his movements to an attack upon Tuspan. The guns of the brig-of-war Truxton (which vessel had been lost on the bar in an attempt upon the place) had fallen into the possession

* Cooper.

of the Mexicans, and were now mounted on the forts which defended Tuspan. It was a point of honor with the navy to retake them. Commodore Perry, with a large portion of his fleet, soon **April 17.** arrived off the town. Landing about fifteen hundred men, he succeeded, with the aid of the gun-boats, in silencing the forts, and driving back the Mexican General Cos, who, with a force of six hundred and fifty, made but a feeble resistance.

About two months later, Tobasco was spiritedly captured by a force of sailors and marines landed from the **June 16.** vessels. Occasional skirmishes occurred with the enemy, on the coast; but the navy had no opportunity for a display of those brilliant qualities which it never fails to exhibit when a sufficient occasion evokes them. The duty which devolved upon our naval officers and sailors was of a sober kind, and this they performed with vigilant fidelity. Commodore Perry continued with unabated activity, till the end of the war, in keeping a watch with his squadron on the various Mexican ports, and preventing supplies from reaching the enemy by sea.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Basis of Operations at Vera Cruz.—The Proposed Campaign of General Scott.—Means of Transportation.—The Orders to March.—Movement of the Advanced Corps, under General Twiggs.—Ignorance of the Enemy's Movements.—Rumors and Messengers.—March of Scott and Worth.—Movements of General Santa Anna.—Santa Anna in the City of Mexico.—Insurrections.—Successful Efforts of Santa Anna.—Mexican Recruits.—Largess of the Clergy.—March of Santa Anna.—Reinforced at Puebla.—Takes post at Cerro Gordo.—Description of the Mexican Position.—Arrival of Scott at Plan del Rio.—The American Encampment.—Twiggs's Plans changed.—Confidence of Scott.—Reconnoissances.—Scott's Plan of Attack.—Cutting a Road.—Repulse of the American Working-Parties.—Beginning of the Attack.—A Prophetic Order of Battle.—Advance of Worth.—Movement of Twiggs.—Dispersion of Mexican Skirmishers.—Fire from Cerro Gordo.—El Telégrafo carried.—Dragging of Heavy Guns.—The Attack on Cerro Gordo.—Santa Anna to the Rescue.—Ascent of the Hill.—The Struggle.—Capture of Cerro Gordo.—Movement of General Shields.—Rage of Santa Anna.—Repulse and Flight of the Mexican Troops.—Failure of General Pillow's Division.—Surrender of the Mexican Right Wing.—Its Gallant Defence.—Pursuit of the Enemy.—Complete Victory of the Americans.—The Losses.

1847. HAVING secured Vera Cruz as a basis of operations, General Scott now pursued his campaign into the interior of the enemy's country, with the view of fighting his way to the capital, and by its conquest striking a last decisive blow, which was to force the Mexicans to such terms as the conquerors might please to dictate.

The means of transportation to be supplied by the United States arrived slowly at Vera Cruz; but the eager Scott, contenting himself with those already at hand, and forcing into service the few draught-animals he could obtain from the neighborhood, resolved to advance. The order to march was given. The April 8. veteran General Twiggs led out his division, and moved along the high-road toward Jalapa. On the next day, General Patterson followed with two brigades. The rest of the troops were to move as soon as the dilatory supplies, now daily expected, should arrive at Vera Cruz.

Little was known of the movements or intentions of the enemy; and the Americans, with presumptuous and characteristic boldness, marched into the heart of the country, with hardly a thought of the probability of opposition. It is true that, after the departure of the advance-troops from Vera Cruz, Scott received the information that Santa Anna had arrived at Jalapa, with six thousand men; but, although he sent on the report to Twiggs and Patterson as he received it, he was not fully persuaded of its truth. These generals, as it was afterward discovered, had marched within almost striking distance of the full force of the Mexicans; and, though made aware of their proximity, they were so ill informed of their numbers, that they were variously estimated from two to three thousand strong. General Pillow, who was in the rear, was persuaded that the enemy numbered no more than three thousand in all. Scott, basing his calculations on these estimates, under-rated the force of the Mexicans,

April 12. but discreetly hastened to meet it, whatever it might be, and was followed on the next day by Worth's division.

Santa Anna had acted with the readiness and expertness of an able general. Repulsed at Buena Vista, he had returned to San Luis Potosi, where he had hardly arrived with the dejected remnant of his great army, when he heard of political disorder and tumult at the capital. At the head of a chosen body of his troops, he hastened to the city of Mexico. Here he quelled an insurrection, and stayed the civil strife in which fellow-citizens had stained their own homes with that blood, every drop of which should have been sacredly stored as a precious libation only to be poured out on the altar of their country, to expiate those social and political crimes which had brought the angry invaders to their shores.

Santa Anna, re-establishing order in the capital, and diverting the fury of civil discord to the enthusiasm of patriotism, succeeded in stirring his countrymen to make an effort for the defence of their land, now in such imminent danger from the fall of Vera Cruz and the threatened advance of the American army. The clergy offered, from their stores of wealth, the generous largess of a million and a half of dollars; recruits came in with zealous haste; and Santa Anna marched out of the city of Mexico with eight thousand men.

Taking the road toward Vera Cruz, in order to check the advance of General Scott, the Mexican commander-in-chief was joined at Puebla by a large number

of national guards, and again at Jalapa by two thousand men. Thus strengthened, Santa Anna marshalled a force of over thirteen thousand troops; and, continuing his march, he posted his army in the pass of Cerro Gordo. This is a defile, about thirty miles from Jalapa, and sixty from Vera Cruz, through which the great national road passes in its course from the capital to the coast.

On their right the Mexicans, as they encamped in the pass, were flanked by three hills which extended along one side of the road. These, separated by deep ravines, which were filled in with jagged rocks and a confused growth of *chaparral*, rose from the precipitous banks of the Rio del Plan, a small but rapid stream. To this natural defence of heights and river on his right, Santa Anna added batteries on each of the three hills, redoubts in the rear, and intrenchments in front; while here and there other works were constructed, and mounted with artillery. To the left of the Mexican position rose the towering heights of Cerro Gordo, commanding every approach. On the summit was built a citadel, around which was a strong work mounted with six pieces of cannon. Near its base was a stone breastwork, for the cover of foot-soldiers; and El Telégrafo and other eminences of the neighboring irregular ground were likewise occupied by small detachments of Mexicans.

A little in advance of Cerro Gordo, and on its left, where a bend of the tortuous road nearly touches the steep bank of the river, was a battery of six large brass guns, the fire of which could sweep the

pass for most of its length. Thus protected, Santa Anna bade defiance to the approaching Americans.

April 14. Two days after his departure from Vera Cruz, General Scott reached Plan del Rio, where the American force was now encamped. Here the national road crosses the Rio del Plan, and (the *tierra caliente*, or low land of the country washed by the gulf, terminating) now rises with abrupt transition into the mountainous region that extends over the Cordilleras, to the table-land upon which stands the Mexican capital. General Twiggs having, before the arrival of Scott, made a reconnoissance, was enabled to correct his first surmise of the smallness of the force of the Mexicans; and discovering their great numbers and the strength of their position, he was persuaded, by the interposition of his superior, General Patterson, to forego his original intention of an attack until the arrival of the commander-in-chief.

Scott, knowing the security of his own position—so well protected by having Vera Cruz as a basis of operations, and General Worth with his division but a day's march in the rear—went deliberately to work. Throwing forward reconnoitring-parties in every direction, he succeeded in learning the precise strength and attitude of the Mexicans; and, after several days of patient investigation, ascertaining that their left was their more assailable point, he resolved to turn it, and assault them in the rear.

To effect this purpose, it became necessary to cut a road; and the engineers and working-parties being at once set dil-

igently about the undertaking, **April 15.** soon made such progress, in spite of "slopes and chasms," as to open communication, by a circuitous route to the north, on the left of the enemy. While pushing on still farther, with the view of completing the road until it joined the highway again, where in the rear of the Mexican position it led to Jalapa, the enemy became alarmed and drove back the working-parties.

General Worth arriving in the camp at midnight, Scott determined to **April 16.** begin the attack at once. Accordingly, as soon as morning dawned, General Twiggs was ordered forward with his division, to take the new road, force its completion, and assail the heights of Cerro Gordo, where it now terminated. Soon after, Scott issued that order of battle, which has been so deservedly celebrated for the precision of its directions and the exactness of its calculations. It reads like the oracular utterance of a prophet:—

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
"PLAN DEL RIO, April 17, 1847. }

"The enemy's whole line of intrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned, early in the day to-morrow—probably before ten o'clock, A. M.

"The second (Twiggs's) division of regulars is already advanced within easy turning distance toward the enemy's left. That division has instructions to move forward before daylight to-morrow, and take up a position across the national road in the enemy's rear, so as to cut off a retreat toward Jalapa. It may be re-

inforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments—one or two taken from Shields's brigade of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brigadier-General Shields, who will report to Brigadier-General Twiggs, on getting up with him, or the general-in-chief, if he be in advance.

“The remaining regiment of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

“The first division of regulars (Worth's) will follow the movement against the enemy's left at sunrise to-morrow morning.

“As already arranged, Brigadier-General Pillow's brigade will march at six o'clock to-morrow morning, along the route he has carefully reconnoitred, and stand ready as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right, or sooner if circumstances should favor him, to pierce the enemy's line of batteries at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse; or, if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

“Wall's field-battery and the cavalry will be held in reserve on the national road, a little out of view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at nine o'clock in the morning.

“The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue with vigor.

“This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified positions toward Jalapa. Conse-

quently, the body of the army will not return to this encampment, but be followed to-morrow afternoon, or early the next morning, by the baggage-trains of the several corps. For this purpose, the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps. A commander of the present encampment will be designated in the course of this day.

“As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment and one for the cavalry will follow the movement, to receive, under the directions of medical officers, the wounded and disabled, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in general hospital.

“The surgeon-general will organize this important service and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers to be left at it.

“Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy, will take the usual allowance of ammunition, and subsistence for at least two days.

“By command of Major-General Scott:

“H. L. SCOTT, *A. A. A. General.*”

General Twiggs, with his division, starting early, and pushing on with rapidity, soon approached the ground where he was to encamp his men for the night, and when reinforced, to assault in the morning the enemy's works on Cerro Gordo. As his advance-guard diverged from the highway, and began to pursue the new road which had been cut, the Mexicans observed the movement, and opened a

heavy fire from their batteries. The troops, however, suffering but little—as the distance was great, and the route was covered by the dense *chaparral* and the irregularities of the ground—continued to push on.

Some Mexican skirmishers now showed themselves in force on the crest of a hill in front and to the left. Colonel Harney, who was in temporary command of General Persifer F. Smith's brigade, forming a portion of Twiggs's division, in consequence of the illness of his superior, sent forward a company, under Lieutenant Gardner, to dislodge the skirmishers, but the latter proved too numerous for him. While the lieutenant valiantly held his ground, Harney despatched to his aid a portion of the rifles, commanded by Major Sumner, and the first artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Childs. The enemy were soon scattered, and the Americans followed in hot pursuit, coming within range of the Mexican battery at the base of Cerro Gordo, which opened a severe fire of canister. The Americans, though suffering much on their flank from the cannonade, pushed right forward and carried El Telégrafo, an intervening height, with a rapid rush.

The impetuous Childs, with his regiment, separated from the rest of the force in the confusion of the assault and pursuit, now led his men into the valley below, and began to ascend Cerro Gordo, with the daring purpose of assaulting it with his little force. At this moment, however, the *reveille* sounded in his rear; and, true to a soldier's duty, he obeyed the summons and withdrew his regiment,

having lost thirty-two men in killed and wounded by the enemy's batteries on Cerro Gordo.

Colonel Harney, at the same time that the recall was ordered, being fearful lest Childs was too closely engaged to retire, formed the rest of the rifle-regiment and the seventh infantry, and sent them to make a diversion, on the other side of Cerro Gordo, in his favor. The gallant Childs, however, although the Mexicans thronged thick in his rear, with the apparent purpose of pursuit, brought back his regiment without further loss, and rejoined his comrades upon the hill of El Telégrafo, to the crest of which had been dragged a battery of mountain-howitzers, which, by their sweeping fire, kept the enemy at bay.

The cannonade, reverberating from hill to hill, having been heard in the American camp at Plan del Rio, General Scott at once ordered Shields, with two regiments of volunteers, to the support of Twiggs's division. With the troops came two twenty-four pound howitzers and one twenty-four pounder gun. As the new road was rough and incomplete, the difficult march was protracted till dark. On reaching the base of El Telégrafo, it was only by sheer force of muscle that the men succeeded, after a whole night's labor, in dragging the heavy cannon up the steep sides of the hill.

In order to co-operate with the proposed attack next morning by Twiggs on the Mexican left, General Scott during the night sent an eight-inch howitzer, to be placed on the south side of the river, which flowed from west to east, on the

right of the Mexican position in the pass. This heavy gun "was drawn from the bridge at Plan del Rio, the entire distance, two miles and a half, by hand. The route was rugged, blocked up with rocks and palmetto-trees, and of alternate elevation and declivity; yet the detachment having the work in hand toiled on during the night, gaining ground foot by foot, until, by nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th, that too was in position, where it could play upon the enemy's right."^{*}

At the first break of day, Worth with his division and Pillow with his brigade set out from the camp at Plan del Rio. The former was ordered to take the new road and sustain General Twiggs's movement against the enemy's left and rear; while the latter was to pursue a route reconnoitred by Scott, in order to assault and carry the Mexican batteries on the right. Both of these routes diverged from the highway, nearly at the same point: that pursued by Worth, as he turned to his right, leading to the enemy's left by Cerro Gordo; and that taken by Pillow, as he turned to his left, leading to the batteries of the Mexicans on their right. While these commanders were pushing forward, General Twiggs, in advance, had already begun the conflict.

The American guns, which had been dragged and hoisted to the summit of El Telégrafo with such infinite labor during the night, opened in the morning on the Mexican batteries in both front and flank. Colonel Harney, who was in command

on the captured hill, now marshalled his whole force—the first artillery, the rifles, and the third and seventh infantry, which had been despatched during the night from Riley's brigade—and prepared to storm the height of Cerro Gordo, opposite. The hill was pouring a heavy fire from its batteries; but Harney, sending the rifles into the ravine to the left as a diversion, and forming the seventh and third infantry in line for the storming force, led them down El Telégrafo, in face of the enemy's cannonade.

The Mexicans made ready for defence. General Santa Anna himself stood upon Cerro Gordo, urging his men to their best efforts, and, to add to their strength, had ordered up, from his camp in the rear, a large reinforcement of infantry. Colonel Harney, observing this movement, hastened his march, and, without waiting for the rifles in the ravine to begin the engagement, led his stormers rapidly down the slope. Rushing through the dense clouds of smoke which blinded every eye and hid comrade from comrade, and heedless of the balls which came crashing about their ears, the Americans, at the word of their leader, at once made for the rugged steps of Cerro Gordo. Clambering up, in face of the enemy's cannonade, the gallant fellows pressed toward the Mexican works, situated about sixty yards from the base of the hill. With an irresistible rush, they carried breastworks and *abattis*, and, scattering the foe, pushed up the height, without a pause to breathe, and made for the second line of the enemy above, near the summit of the eminence.

* Ripley.

The Mexican troops within cover, and those who came up at the summons of Santa Anna to the rescue, kept pouring down an unceasing shower of musketry, but with little effect, as the shots for the most part passed over the heads of the assailants. The enemy, for a moment, made a threatening movement to descend; but it was soon checked, and the stormers moved steadily up, and right into the works. The Mexicans struggled only for a moment in a hand-to-hand conflict. Their leader, General Vasquez, who commanded the hill, was killed in the first onset; other officers were captured; and the garrison, panic-struck, fled in confusion down the hill toward Jalapa.

In the meantime, Colonel Riley, with the second infantry and the fourth artillery, was following as a support, close upon the engineers and working-parties, who were engaged in completing the route to join the national road in the enemy's rear. As their work brought them around Cerro Gordo, they were exposed to a sharp fire from the Mexican skirmishers on the side of the hill toward the enemy's camp. Riley ordered two companies to hold them in check; and General Twiggs, hearing the fire, pushed forward the rest of his force to their support. The skirmishers were now briskly attacked and compelled to abandon their ground, when Riley ascended the height with his men, and reached the works on the summit of Cerro Gordo at the very moment that Colonel Harney's stormers had entered them from the opposite side. Both leaders thus meet at the proud moment when the Mexican flag is hauled

down and the American standards are unfurled from the summit of the captured fortress.

As Riley's troops diverged from the new road to the rear of Cerro Gordo, where we have followed them to the summit, General Shields's brigade, consisting of the third and fourth regiments of Illinois volunteers and a battalion of New-York volunteers, continued on toward the junction with the highway leading to Jalapa. Cutting their way through the tangled *chaparral*, the Americans came within sight and range of a battery of five guns in the rear of the Mexican camp. The enemy opened fire, by which Shields himself was severely wounded, and his front line badly cut up and disordered. Colonel Baker, succeeding to the command by the disabled condition of his superior, now brought forward the troops in the rear, and at once led them on against the battery, and, being followed by the rest of force, which had rallied, took two of the enemy's guns.

Colonel Riley, from the summit of Cerro Gordo, was watching Shields's movement, and no sooner saw that the struggle was likely to be severe, than he sent down the second infantry to the aid of their comrades. General Twiggs, also, who was at the base of the height, was no less observant, and immediately despatched a messenger up the ascent, with orders for Riley to lead his whole brigade to the support of Shields's force. These orders being obeyed with the earliest possible despatch, Riley moved rapidly down with his command, and made right for the Mexican battery. The enemy, horse

and foot, fled before him, without stopping to strike a blow.

Santa Anna, in a fume of rage at the ill fortune of the day, rode about among his cavalry, and fiercely ordered their commander, General Canalizo, to turn and force back the Americans, even though he should be obliged to charge up the rugged sides of Cerro Gordo! All, however, was in vain. The stricken enemy fled like frightened sheep; and Riley's men, unopposed, completed the capture of the battery, which had been so gallantly begun by Colonel Baker, after the wounding of Shields.

Meanwhile, General Pillow (who with his brigade had, after leaving the national road, moved to his left to assail the batteries of the Mexicans on their right) met with less success. Before his volunteers could be well formed for the assault, and while they were entangled among the rocks and *chaparral* of the irregular and uncut path, the enemy's batteries, defended by veteran troops and commanded by the sturdiest and most skilful of their generals, opened a heavy fire from every cannon and from at least two thousand muskets. The volunteers, unable to stand in the face of such a tremendous discharge, their commander ordered them forward, while yet in disorder, to the assault.* The advanced regiment rushed on with a shout; but as the obstinate and profuse fire of the Mexicans continued, making terrible havoc in their ranks, the undisciplined volunteers quailed, and the colonel ordered a retreat. Their general, too, was wounded, which added to the

panic; but Colonel Campbell brought forward the first Tennessee regiment, which, having seen service at the storming of Monterey, and knowing how to stand fire, came on gallantly and steadily to their work.

The wounded Pillow now ordered his brigade to reform and prepare for another assault; but many of the raw volunteers could not be rallied, and scampered away, through *chaparral* and over the rocky path, until they reached the national road.

The twenty-four pound howitzer, which had been so laboriously planted on the opposite side of the river, to co-operate with General Pillow's movement against the enemy's right and advances, had in the meantime been playing with effect, under the charge of Lieutenant Ripley, of the second artillery. The battle, however, being now won, by the capture of Cerro Gordo, and the thorough beating of the enemy on their left and rear, all further operations were suspended against the right; and soon afterward a white flag, indicating the hopelessness of further resistance, was thrown out from the batteries in this direction, which had been so faithfully served by their gallant Mexican defenders. Isolated by the capture of Cerro Gordo, whose guns commanded their works, and by the flight of the main body in their rear, these troops were obliged to surrender at discretion, and became prisoners-of-war.

In the meantime, General Scott had reached the summit of Cerro Gordo, and, ordering the dragoons and Worth's division to close up with the advanced corps,

* Ripley.

the enemy, now in full flight, were pursued till late in the afternoon. So close did the Americans press upon the trains of the Mexican army, that Santa Anna and his staff, General Ampudia, the second in command, and Generals Canalizo and Almonte, barely escaped capture; and the private carriage of the commander-in-chief, his baggage, and the military chest of the army were taken. General Twiggs led the pursuit, with Shields' and Riley's brigades, and the rest of his division, while Colonel Harney's dragoons and the field-batteries of Taylor and Wall followed, cutting their way to the national road, and pushing on for some distance toward Jalapa, twenty-five miles west of the field of battle. The pursuers being brought to a halt and encamped, General Patterson was sent forward to take command of the whole advance.

"Passing down the ravine," says a visitor to the scene of the battle, "where the national guard had three times attempted to dislodge the mounted riflemen (who, supported by the howitzer battery, literally rained death among their ranks), I was obliged to turn back and retrace my steps. The gorge was choked up with the mangled bodies of the flower of the Mexican army. The wolf-dog and the buzzard howled and screamed as I rode by, and the stench was too sickening to be endured. Returning to the national road, we passed a large number of cannon taken by our troops, and saw piles of muskets charred with fire, where they

had been heaped and burned. . . . All along the road were the bodies of Mexican lancers and their horses, cut down by Harney's dragoons, when these 'fire-eaters' chased Santa Anna and his retreating troops into and beyond Jalapa. Almost every man's skull was literally split open with the sabres of our horsemen, and they lay stretched upon the ground in ghastly groups."* General Scott, who witnessed the storming of El Telégrafo by Harney's troops, thus addressed their commander, "between whom and himself there had been some coolness: 'Colonel Harney, I can not now adequately express my admiration of your gallant achievement, but at the proper time I shall take great pleasure in thanking you in suitable terms.' Harney, with the modesty of true valor, claimed the praise as due to his officers and men."†

The American force present at the battle of Cerro Gordo, in action and reserve, was eight thousand five hundred men. The loss in the two days was thirty-three officers and three hundred and ninety-eight men, in all four hundred and thirty-one, of whom sixty-three were killed. The numbers of the Mexicans were estimated at twelve thousand or more, and their loss in killed and wounded from a thousand to twelve hundred. Some three thousand prisoners, four or five thousand stand of arms, and forty-three pieces of bronze artillery, manufactured at Seville, in Spain, were taken.

* Mansfield.

† lb.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Panic and Rout of the Mexicans.—The Scattered Enemy.—“No longer an Army.”—Advance of the Americans to Jalapa.—An Undefended Pass.—General Worth at Perote.—Surrender of the Town and Citadel.—The Spoils.—Welcome to the Invaders.—Advance of the American Troops.—Worth at Amozoque.—Waiting for the Ayuntamiento.—Preparing for a Show.—A Sudden Alarm.—“The Mexicans coming!”—Ready for Battle.—The Mexican Lancers frightened away.—Santa Anna at Puebla.—His Despair.—His Flight to Mexico.—Entrance of Worth into Puebla.—Great Expectations.—Disappointment of the Spectators.—A Shabby Turn-out.—Self-Reliance.—Description of Puebla.—The Tierras Frias.—Remains of the Aztecs.—Modern and Ancient Cities contrasted.—Mission of Trist.—A Pause in the Campaign.—General Twiggs and his Division at Puebla.—Arrival of the Commander-in-Chief.—An Eloquent Proclamation.—Evils of War.—Duties of Government.—Desire of the Americans for Peace.—Conduct of the Mexican Authorities.—Mexican Liberty.—Calumnies of the Press.—No Happiness from Europe.—Respect for Property.—The American Strength.—Purposes of the Campaign.

1847. THE panic and rout of the Mexicans, following their defeat at Cerro Gordo, were complete. The enemy's troops were scattered in disorder all over the neighboring country. The cavalry, some three thousand in number, under General Ampudia, with the advantage of the speed of their horses, were alone able to keep together and maintain the appearance of military embodiment. The foot-soldiers wandered in lost dismay, singly or in small squads, along the highroads, through the byways, in the intricacies of forest and *chaparral*, and over the mountains. Most of them abandoned their arms in despair, and those who retained them readily disposed of them for a few *reales* where they could find a purchaser. General Scott might well say, “Mexico has no longer an army.”

April 19. On the morning after the battle, General Patterson, who was in command of the advanced troops in pursuit of the flying enemy, after halting during the night at Encerro, entered Jalapa. In the course of the day came up

General Worth's division; and soon afterward the commander-in-chief, who on the subsequent day rode forward to the city, followed by Worth and April 20. his troops. These were now sent on in advance, and, finding the way clear, they moved rapidly forward without meeting resistance anywhere. The strong pass of La Hoya, fortified with works and a battery of heavy guns, was without a man to defend it; and Worth led on his force to Perote. Here he took possession of town and castle with- April 22. out opposition, for the enemy had abandoned them the night previous, leaving only General Vasquez, as a commissioner in behalf of the Mexican commander, to execute the due formalities of a surrender. Everything had been left behind by the enemy, in their despair of making any resistance. Thus the Americans became possessed of the full armament of the citadel, consisting of fifty-four guns and mortars (iron and bronze, of various calibres, in good serviceable condition), upward of eleven thousand cannon-balls,

fourteen thousand three hundred bombs and hand-grenades, and five hundred muskets.

The town and country supplied generous stores of corn and flour to the American troops; and the *alcaldes*, *padres*, and people vied with each other in their active zeal in denouncing their own unfortunate chief, Santa Anna, supposed to be a fugitive in the mountains, and in welcoming and aiding the victorious invaders of their country.

May 6. Scott, bent upon marching to the capital, now continued his onward progress. General Quitman was ordered to set out from Jalapa with all his command, except a single regiment (to remain as a garrison), to join General Worth at Perote, who was to move to Puebla with his whole division; and the rest of Quitman's force left, after another regiment had been detailed as a garrison.

May 8. Worth's division immediately began its march on the arrival of Quitman, who followed the next day with his two regiments. Meeting with no hinderance, the troops arrived on the 13th at Amozoque, a town twelve miles distant from Puebla. Here, while awaiting an answer from the *ayuntamiento* of Puebla to a request for an interview with that civic dignitary, for the purpose of making arrangements for occupying the city, and the soldiers were busily

May 14. engaged in furbishing up their arms and accoutrements, that they might signalize their entrance with the display becoming such formidable conquerors, a sudden alarm aroused the camp. A drummer-boy, who had strayed in advance of

the pickets, came running in, and crying out that the Mexicans were coming.

The staff-officers mounted their horses on the instant, and, though distrustful of the report, found on galloping to the front that the enemy were indeed at hand; for they now discovered a corps of some twenty-five hundred or three thousand cavalry advancing along a by-road, and, from the nature of the country hindering an extended view, were left in doubt whether this was the whole force of the Mexicans or only the advance of a large army. The drums at once beat to arms, the troops were formed, the guns of the siege-train planted at each angle of the *plaza*, and corps were sent out on every road leading to the city, to observe the movements of the coming enemy.

Finding that the Mexican horse were making a curve toward his rear, Worth detached Colonel Garland, with the second artillery acting as infantry, and two guns of Duncan's battery, to meet them. The lancers made a gallant show, as if about charging, when the artillery opened fire, and, with several rounds and a few shells, killed a number, and dispersed the rest in flight to the mountains. Worth stood ready in the meantime with his line to receive any possible attack in front, but none came, as the lancers were the only portion of the Mexican forces who showed themselves.

It was now discovered that Santa Anna, having succeeded in reinspiring some of his beaten and scattered troops, had concentrated them at Orizaba, and thence marched to Puebla, where he had striven in vain to persuade the citizens to make

a stand against the invaders. Hoping to take General Quitman's little force in the rear by surprise, and thus cut it off from the main body of Worth, he had sallied out from Puebla with the cavalry.

When his lancers were dispersed, Santa Anna returned to the city, but found that the intelligence of his discomfiture had preceded him, and that his infantry and artillery had fled panic-stricken out of Puebla along the road to Mexico. The unfortunate general followed, and hastened to the capital, to strive again to arouse his irresolute countrymen.

General Worth now pushed forward, and, being met by the submissive *ayuntamiento*, marched with his whole force into Puebla. The inhabitants of the city thronged the streets, and gay groups of richly-dressed *señoritas* and dandy *caballeros* leaned over the balconies, eager to behold the conquerors of Mexico. The American troops, however, having been sopped in a pouring rain, and ruffled by their brush with Santa Anna's cavalry, presented but a sorry appearance, which greatly disappointed the spectators. A native of the place gave expression to his disappointment in the columns of the *London Times*: "Nor does their armament," wrote he, "seem to me anything extraordinary. In a word, except the draught-horses, which are very good, I assure you, without exaggeration, that these men bring nothing that we have not seen a thousand times. Even the immense number of their wagons is not a proof of large stores. The wagons are all empty, and I understood the principal one to be for the transport of troops.

How, then, have they done what they have? How have they continually beaten our army, which not only surpasses them in appearance—for that is unquestionable—but, in my opinion, has real and positive advantages over them? Every one asks this question, to which there is but one reply. Their leaders, and particularly the colonels of regiments, are old, gray-haired men. Their gray hairs explain the phenomenon. This makes me still rely on our soldiers, and gives me for the future some hopes, which we require more than ever."

The American troops, however little brilliant they may have shone in the wonder-seeking eyes of a Mexican populace, carried with them, in their own self-reliance, a source of strength which was regardless of the opinion and fearless of the opposition of their enemies. The soldiers, bearing upon their tarnished weapons the stains of bloody conflict, and upon their faces the deep lines of the wear of service and the mottled blots of exposure to sun and weather, had no holyday look. Nevertheless, they bore themselves with proud confidence, and, steadily pacing the streets of Puebla, marched into the *plaza*, where they piled their arms, and in daring defiance of their enemy lay down to sleep, though surrounded by thousands of a hostile people.

Puebla, or *La Puebla de los Angeles* (the "City of the Angels," as it was proudly called by its Spanish founders, from the unsurpassed beauty, healthfulness, and richness of its position), lies on a lofty plain, bounded by the Cordilleras. As not only temperature but vegetation is

modified according to degrees of elevation as well as of latitude—the truth first revealed to the world by the great Humboldt—the province of Puebla, situated seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, has the characteristics of temperate countries. Wheat, barley, maize, and the familiar fruits of our own land, are produced in rich abundance. The natives call the plain the *tierras frias*, or “cold grounds;” and thus significantly mark the tempering effect of its elevated position upon the climate, and distinguish its natural characteristics from the *tierra caliente*, or “hot ground,” which, beginning at the termination of the range of the Cordilleras at Plan del Rio, extends to the gulf of Mexico.

The modern inhabitants of the plain or table-land, with a climate inviting to labor and a soil generously responsive to its efforts, are yet indolent and poor. The province of Puebla, once spread with magnificent cities and thronged with millions of people, now hardly contains and barely supports fifty souls to each square mile. The Tlascalans and Cholulans, the most numerous and civilized of the ancient Mexicans, here built their splendid cities and towering temples. Scarcely a vestige now remains. Cholula, which once stood so firmly on its site, about six miles distant from the present city of Puebla, has gone for ever. Not a stone is left of those four hundred towers on which Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, looked with wonder and detestation, as he resolutely advanced to strike down the idols, expiate blood with blood, and with stained hands raise the cross of a

religion which forbids cruelty of priest or warrior.

In the whole plain, a single massive pyramid, supposed to have been dedicated to the worship of the gods of the Aztecs—which measures fourteen hundred and forty feet on the side, at the base, a hundred and seventy-seven feet in height, and forms an area of forty-five thousand square feet on the summit—is all that remains of the great monuments of the conquered Mexicans of old; and the conquering race are hardly less rescued from oblivion by their miserable descendants, in whom not even a shadow of the departed heroes can be traced.

The modern city of Puebla contains about eighty thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most thriving of the Mexican republic. Being on the high-road from Vera Cruz to the capital, at a distance of two hundred miles from the former and ninety from the latter, it is favorably situated for trade, while its position in a fertile and wholesome country renders it desirable as a place of residence.

While General Scott was at Jalapa, ready to follow his advanced troops, under Worth, to Puebla, certain efforts at negotiation for peace were being made by the United States government, which induced him temporarily to check his victorious progress. Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, who had been appointed as an agent to act in Mexico, with the view of settling the differences between the two nations by negotiation, arrived in the American camp; and the commander-in-chief, after conferring with him, determined to pro-

ceed no farther than Puebla, whither he
 May 23. sent forward General Twiggs,
 with his division, and soon followed himself.

General Scott, however, previous to the arrival of Commissioner Trist, had issued an eloquent persuasive to peace, in the following proclamation to the people of Mexico:—

“The General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, to the Mexican Nation.

“MEXICANS: The late events of the war, and the measures adopted in consequence by your government, make it my duty to address you, in order to lay before you truths of which you are ignorant, because they have been criminally concealed from you. I do not ask you to believe me singly on my word—though he who has not been found false has a claim to be believed—but to judge for yourselves of these truths, from facts within the view and scrutiny of you all.

“Whatever may have been the origin of this war, which the United States were forced to undertake by insurmountable causes, we regard it as an evil. War is ever such to both belligerents; and the reason and justice of the case, if not unknown on both sides, are in dispute, and claimed by each. You have proof of this truth as well as we; for in Mexico, as in the United States, there have existed, and do exist, two opposite parties: one, desiring peace; another, war.

“Governments, however, have sacred duties to perform, from which they can not swerve; and these duties frequently impose, from national considerations, a

silence and a reserve that displease, at times, the majority of those who, from views purely personal or private, are found in opposition; to which governments can pay little attention, expecting the nation to repose in them the confidence due to a magistracy of its own selection.

“Considerations of high policy and of continental American interests precipitated events, in spite of the circumspection of the cabinet at Washington. This cabinet, ardently desiring to terminate all differences with Mexico, spared no efforts compatible with honor and dignity. It cherished the most flattering hopes of attaining this end by frank explanations and reasonings addressed to the judgment and prudence of the virtuous and patriotic government of General Herrera. An unexpected misfortune dispelled these hopes, and closed every avenue to an honorable adjustment. Your new government disregarded your national interests as well as those of continental America, and yielded, moreover, to foreign influences the most opposed to those interests—the most fatal to the future of Mexican liberty, and of that republican system which the United States hold it a duty to preserve and to protect. Duty, honor, and dignity, placed us under the necessity of not losing a season, of which the monarchical party was fast taking advantage. As not a moment was to be lost, we acted with a promptness and decision suited to the urgency of the case, in order to avoid a complication of interests which might render our relations more difficult and involved.

“Again: in the course of civil war, the government of General Paredes was overthrown. We could not but look upon this as a fortunate event, believing that any other administration, representing Mexico, would be less deluded, more patriotic, and more prudent—looking to the common good, weighing probabilities, strength, resources, and, above all, the general opinion as to the inevitable results of a national war. We were deceived—as perhaps you, Mexicans, were also deceived—in judging of the real intentions of General Santa Anna, whom you recalled, and whom our government permitted to return.

“Under this state of things, the Mexican nation has seen the results lamented by all, and by us most sincerely; for we appreciate, as is due, the valor and noble decision of those unfortunate men who go to battle, ill conducted, worse cared for, and almost always enforced by violence, deceit, or perfidy.

“We are witnesses—and we shall not be taxed with partiality, as a party interested, when we lament with surprise—that the heroic behavior of the garrison of Vera Cruz, in its valiant defence, has been aspersed by the general who had just been routed and put to shameful flight at Buena Vista, by a force far inferior to his own; that the same general rewarded the insurgents of the capital—promoters of civil war—and heaped outrage on those who had just acquired for themselves singular distinction by a resistance beyond expectation, and of admirable decision.

“Finally, the bloody event of Cerro

Gordo has plainly shown the Mexican nation what it may reasonably expect, if it longer continues blind to its real situation—a situation to which it has been brought by some of its generals, whom it has most distinguished, and in whom it has most confided.

“The hardest heart would have been moved to grief in contemplating any battle-field of Mexico, a moment after the last struggle. Those generals whom the nation has paid without service rendered for so many years, have, in the day of need, with some honorable exceptions, but served to injure her by their bad example or unskilfulness. The dead and wounded on those fields received no marks of military distinction—sharing alike the sad fate which has been the same from Palo Alto to Cerro Gordo: the dead remained unburied, and the wounded abandoned to the clemency and charity of the victor. Soldiers who go to battle, knowing they have such reward to look for, deserve to be classed with the most heroic; for they are stimulated by no hope of glory, nor remembrance, nor a sigh—not even a grave!

“Again contemplate, honorable Mexicans, the lot of peaceful and industrious citizens in all classes of your country. The possessions of the church menaced, and presented as an allurement to revolution and anarchy; the fortunes of rich proprietors pointed out for the plunder of armed ruffians; the merchant and the mechanic, the husbandman and the manufacturer, burdened with contributions excises, monopolies, duties on consumption, and surrounded by officers and col-

lectors of these odious internal customs ; the man of letters and the legislator, the freemen of knowledge, who dare to speak, persecuted, without trial, by some faction, or by the very rulers who abuse their power ; and criminals, unpunished, are set at liberty, as were those of Perote. What, then, Mexicans, is the liberty of which you boast ?

“I will not believe that Mexicans of the present day want the courage to confess errors which do not dishonor them, or to adopt a system of true liberty—one of peace and union with their brethren and neighbors of the North.

“Neither can I believe Mexicans ignorant of the infamy of the calumnies put forth by the press, in order to excite hostility against us. No ; public spirit can not be created nor animated by falsehood. We have not profaned your temples, nor abused your women, nor seized your property, as they would have you believe. We say it with pride, and we confirm it by an appeal to your bishops and the curates of Tampico, Tuspan, Matamoros, Monterey, Vera Cruz, and Jalapa—to all the clergy, civil authorities, and inhabitants of all the places we have occupied.

“We adore the same God ; and a large portion of our army, as well as of the people of the United States, is Catholic like yourselves. We punish crime wherever we find it, and reward merit and virtue.

“The army of the United States respects, and will ever respect, private property of every class, and the property of the Mexican church. Wo to him who does not, where we are !

“Mexicans ! the past is beyond remedy, but the future may yet be controlled. I have repeatedly declared to you that the government and people of the United States desire peace—desire your sincere friendship. Abandon, then, state prejudices ; cease to be the sport of private ambition ; and conduct yourselves like a great American nation. Abandon at once those old colonial habits, and learn to be truly free—truly republican. You may then soon attain prosperity and happiness, of which you possess all the elements ; but *remember that you are Americans*, and that your happiness is not to come from Europe.

“I desire, in conclusion, to say to you, with equal frankness, that, were it necessary, an army of one hundred thousand Americans would soon be among you ; and that the United States, if forced to terminate, by arms, their differences with you, would not do it in an uncertain or precarious, or still less in a dishonorable manner. It would be an insult to the intelligent people of this country to doubt their knowledge of our power.

“The system of forming guerilla-parties to annoy us, will, I assure you, produce only evils to this country, and none to our army, which knows how to protect itself, and how to proceed against such cut-throats ; and if, so far from calming resentments and passions, you try to irritate, you will but force upon us the hard necessity of retaliation. In that event, you can not blame us for the consequences which will fall upon yourselves.

“I shall march with this army upon Puebla and Mexico. I do not conceal this

from you. From those capitals I may again address you. We desire peace, friendship, and union: it is for you to choose whether you prefer continued

hostilities. In either case, be assured I will keep my word.

“WINFIELD SCOTT.

“HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
JALAPA, May 11, 1847.” }

CHAPTER XXV.

General Scott's Force at Puebla.—Suffering of the Soldiers.—Disease and Death.—The Mexican Guerilla-Bands.—The American Reinforcements fighting their Way.—Delay at Puebla.—The Reinforcements.—Promotion of General Pillow.—Return of Pillow, and Arrival of Generals Cadwallader and Pierce.—March for the Valley of Mexico.—Organization of the Forces, and the Order of March.—Pass of the Rio Frio.—Expected Resistance.—A Magnificent Scene.—A Retrospect.—The March of Cortez.—The Valley of Tenochtitlan.—Beautiful Scenery.—Forests, Fields, and Gardens.—The Fair City of Mexico.—The Lakes.—The Royal Hill of Chapultepec.—Tezcuco.—Sad Change.—Permanent Beauties.—Description of the Valley of Mexico.—The Advanced Troops at Ayotla.—General Worth at Chalco.—Pillow and Quitman.—Scott eager to advance.—The Routes to the Capital.—Reconnoissance of El Peñon.—Strength of the Position.—A Humane Resolution.—Reconnoissance of Mexicalcingo.—A Change of Plan.—A Circuitous March.—Advance of Worth.—Dangers and Difficulties of the Route.—Encampment at San Augustine.—The Mexicans on the Alert.—A Formidable Array.—Advance of General Twiggs.—Scott's Headquarters at San Augustine.—Making ready for the Capital.

1847. GENERAL SCOTT, having gathered his force at Puebla, found that he had but five thousand men capable of active service. The troops had suffered greatly from the climate during their exposure to the heat and poisonous exhalations of the low lands on their march from Vera Cruz to the elevated plains of the Cordilleras. Thousands either perished or were so debilitated as to be incapable of duty. Many deserted, and not a few were cut off by the guerilla-bands of Mexicans, who, hiding themselves in the mountain-passes, or thickets of *cactus* and wild thorn, would suddenly pounce upon the lumbering trains and detached parties as they passed along the roads, and, with a quick discharge of their *escopetas*, followed by a rush with their bared knives, throw them all into confusion, kill

the guards, plunder the wagons, and escape with their booty to their haunts in the woods and among the rocks. The reinforcements which had arrived at Vera Cruz from the United States, were compelled, on taking up their march to join the commander-in-chief at Puebla, to fight their way through these thronging *guerilleros*, who skulked in every mountain-pass and about every bridge on the road.

After some two months' delay at Puebla, General Scott found his army finally so strengthened by reinforcements, that he began to prepare for a continuance of his march toward the capital. Pillow, who, after the battle of Cerro Gordo, had received his appointment of major-general in the regular army, and proceeded to the seacoast to take the command of the new regiments, now arrived at Pue-

bla with his division. General Cadwallader also came with his brigade, and finally General (afterward President) Frank-

Aug. 1. lin Pierce with his corps. Thus Scott, at this time, had under his command at Puebla a total force of fourteen thousand men. Of these, more than fifteen hundred were invalided, and about the same number were detailed as a garrison, under Colonel Childs, to defend the city.

Early in August, the army, about ten thousand strong, commenced its march for the valley of Mexico.* Twigg's division, preceded by the cavalry, led the van on the 7th. On the 8th, Quitman's division of volunteers followed; on the 9th, the first division, under Worth; and on the 10th, General Pillow brought up

Aug. 8. the rear with the third. Scott himself now left Puebla, and, overtaking the troops in advance, continued with them. The different corps of the army kept so closely to each other that, being never more than five hours'

march apart, they were always within supporting distance.

The road, which was the highway to the capital, led over the Anahuac range of the Cordilleras, gradually ascending to the plain or elevated valley, in the centre of which rises the city of Mexico, ninety miles distant from Puebla. Passing over the beautiful rolling country, whose fields and gardens border the city which they had just left, and supply it with a generous profusion of fruits and vegetables, the army on the third day **Aug. 10.** reached the pass of the Rio Frio.

Here, where the road was narrowed by the closing mountains and overhung by steep cliffs, resistance was expected from the enemy; but, although some evidences of attempted works of defence were found, there was not a Mexican seen, to dispute the way.

As the American troops, ascending the rising road, reached a high crest of the Cordilleras, some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the snow-capped summits of the lofty Istaccihuatl and still loftier Popocatepetl rose boldly on their left, and before them spread the magnificent valley of Mexico. From the eminence on which they stood they looked upon a scene of unsurpassed beauty and sublimity. Mountain and valley, lake and river, wood and grove, hamlet and city, with all their varied forms, color, and position, heightened by glances of brilliant light or subdued by deepening shadows, combined to form one vast, rich, changeful, but harmonious picture.

The American soldiers gazed with feelings akin to those of Cortez and his war-

* The army was arranged in four divisions and a cavalry brigade, as follows:—

Cavalry Brigade,	{ 1st Dragoons, Capt. Kearney,	} Parts.
Col. Harney,	{ 2d " Major Sumner,	
	{ 3d " Capt. M'Reynolds,	
1st Division, Gen. Worth.	{ 1st Brigade,	{ 2d Regiment of Artillery.
	Col. Garland.	{ 3d " " Infantry.
		{ 4th " " Duncan's Field-Battery.
	{ 2d Brigade,	{ 5th Infantry.
	Col. Clarke.	{ 6th " "
		{ 8th " "
2d Division, Gen. Twiggs.	{ 1st Brigade,	{ Rifle-Regiment.
	Gen. Smith.	{ 1st Artillery.
		{ 3d Infantry.
	{ 2d Brigade,	{ Taylor's Battery.
	Col. Riley.	{ 4th Artillery.
		{ 1st Infantry.
		{ 7th " "
3d Division, Gen. Pillow.	{ 1st Brigade,	{ Voltigeurs.
	Gen. Cadwallader.	{ 11th Infantry.
		{ 14th " "
	{ 2d Brigade,	{ 9th Infantry.
	Gen. Pierce.	{ 12th " "
		{ 15th " "
4th Division, Gen. Quitman.	{ 1st Brigade,	{ South-Carolina Volunteers.
	Gen. Shields.	{ New-York " "
	{ 2d Brigade.	{ 2d Pennsylvania Volunteers.
		{ Detachment of U. S. Marines.

riors, who had looked three centuries before with the same admiration upon the same scene. "They had not advanced far," writes Prescott, describing the march of the Spanish conquerors, "when, turning an angle of the Sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated for the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly-rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar; and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering *maguey*, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens: for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac.

"In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.' High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence

of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco; and still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

"Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins; even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture."

The valley of Mexico lies about midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, at a height of nearly seven thousand feet above the sea. It extends in an oblong form from south to north fifty-two miles, and from east to west thirty-four miles. Its circumference, measured along the crests of the towering mountains of porphyry which surround the valley, is two hundred and one miles. Its

area is seventeen hundred and ten square miles, but one tenth is occupied by five lakes. The largest of these, Lake Tezcucó, in the centre of the valley, covers a surface of seventy-seven square miles, and, with Lake Chalco, at the south, is of fresh water, while the rest are saltish or brackish.

The mountains which enclose the plain (or valley, as it is called), at the north, rise only a few hundred feet above the level ground; but on the south they are loftier, and at the southeast are the two highest mountains in Mexico—Mount Istacihuatl, fifteen thousand seven hundred and four feet, and the volcanic mount Popocatepetl, seventeen thousand eight hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea. The surface of the vale is not a smooth plain, but is roughened by irregular-shaped rocks scattered here and there, and by inequalities of ground. The districts between the hills on the west and the lakes are crowded with villages, towns, and extensive fields of culture, where wheat, other grains, and the fruits of the temperate latitudes grow in abundance. East of the lakes, however, there are large tracts of country which, being sterile and covered with a saline efflorescence, are uncultivated.

The advanced division, under General Twiggs, now descending into the valley, moved along the national road **Aug. 11.** to Ayotla, only fifteen miles from the capital, and there awaited the coming up of the rest of the army. On the arrival of Worth, he marched with his division to Chalco, on the east of Lake Chalco, and about five miles from Ayotla

on the north. Pillow and Quitman were encamped with their divisions on the borders of the lake, between the troops of Twiggs and Worth.

General Scott, having resolved to move without delay upon the capital, at once began to reconnoitre, in order to decide upon the best route. Three approaches presented themselves: one by the national road, upon which the army had hitherto advanced—passing along the southern border of Lake Tezcucó to the eastern gate of the city; a second, to the west of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, by the Acapulco road, which, leading from that town on the Pacific, across the continent, entered the capital on the south; the third by the Toluca road, along the Tambaya causeway, still farther to the west, and entering the city in that direction.

The rifle-regiment and three companies of cavalry were pushed forward to reconnoitre El Peñon, a strongly-**Aug. 12.** fortified hill, which guarded the first approach (that by the national road). After a reconnoissance, which Scott pronounced to be “the boldest of the war,” it was discovered that El Peñon was too strong by nature and art to be carried without great loss. Such, moreover, was its position—overhanging the narrow causeway, which had on one side a deep ditch and on the other Lake Tezcucó—that it was impossible to advance in that direction without first taking the rocky fortress. That route was therefore abandoned, although Scott declared that he had no doubt “it might have been carried, but at a great and disproportionate

loss; and," adds the humane commander, "I was anxious to spare the lives of this gallant army for a general battle, which I knew we had to win before capturing the city, or obtaining the great object of the campaign—a just and honorable peace."

Another reconnoissance was directed upon Mexicalingo, to the left of El Peñon, a village at a fortified bridge across the outlet or canal leading from Lake Xochimilco to the capital, from which it is five miles distant. "It might have been easy," declared the confident general "(masking the Peñon), to force the passage; but on the other side of the bridge we should have found ourselves, four miles from this road, on a narrow causeway, flanked to the right and left by water, on boggy grounds."

Scott therefore determined to make a circuitous march, leaving the national road and passing around to the south of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, in order to gain the Acapulco road, and thus enter the capital from the south. He would thus avoid the strong defences of nature and art on the east, and be able to find "hard though much-broken ground," better suited for the manoeuvres of his army.

The order of march was reversed, and General Worth, who had brought up the rear at Chalco, now led the advance with his division. The course stretched over the rugged mountain-spurs, and by broken and narrow causeways along the marshy borders of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. From the precipitous hills which occasionally overhung the road, a party of sharpshooters

might have greatly harassed the march, "and a few enterprising men might have blocked up the road completely by rolling down rocks, and yet they attempted it but once; a few shots soon dislodged them, and two or three hours' work cleared the road."*

Marching twenty-seven miles circuitously, and overcoming the difficulties of a route which the enemy believed to be insurmountable, Worth on the **Aug. 17.** second day reached San Augustine, through which the Acapulco road passes, at a distance of nine miles from the capital. Generals Pillow and Quitman followed with their corps on the 16th; and, on the same day, General Twiggs struck his camp at Ayotla, and brought up the rear with his division and the train.

The enemy had been watching these movements of the separate divisions of the American army; and, closing up, as the march of the latter began, they now appeared with a large advance-force of over seven thousand men, with the apparent purpose of cutting off the division of General Twiggs, with the train. The Mexicans, in a strong position at the angle of the road where it turned toward Chalco, presented a formidable array of horse and foot, and seemed determined to dispute the passage. Twiggs formed his line, and pushed right forward to the attack. A few shots from the American light artillery at once scattered the enemy, and they retreated far out of range, leaving the road clear to Chalco, whither Twiggs marched and encamped.

* Mansfield.

Aug. 18. Next morning, the Americans moved on again. Such, however, were the obstructions of the route, now blocked up by rock, and again embogged with marsh—and so slowly and laboriously did the wagons move—that General Twiggs and the lingering train

did not reach San Augustine till toward the close of the day. Here the commander-in-chief established his headquarters, and diligently sent out reconnoitring and working parties to investigate and make ready the route for the march on the capital.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Santa Anna in the Capital.—Negotiations with Commissioner Trist.—An Artful Proposition.—Adherence of General Scott.—Change of Mind.—Motives of Santa Anna.—A Sober, Second Thought.—Energy of Santa Anna.—The Call to Arms.—Expulsion of Foreigners.—Private Property and Public Use.—Mexico and its Defenders.—Ancient and Modern Cities.—Unexpected Appearance of the Americans.—The Acapulco Road.—San Antonio.—Churubusco.—Indians at Work.—Guerilleros on the Watch.—General Worth advances, and reconnoitres San Antonio.—Death of Captain Thornton.—General Valencia at San Angel.—The Pedregal.—Valencia's Disobedience of Orders.—Crossing the Pedregal.—Repulse of Mexican Skirmishers.—Movement against the Heights of Contreras.—Cutting a Road.—Zacatepec.—Continued Advance.—Fire opened by the Mexicans.—Impatience of the Americans.—Advantages of the Enemy.—March of Santa Anna.—The American Advance.—Its Difficulties.—A Terrible Fire.—The Americans withdraw.—General Pierce's Accident.—Advance of Colonel Riley.—Scott on the Ground.—Pushing on for Contreras.—Postponement of the Assault.—The Assaultants in the Fields of San Geronimo.—A Comfortless Night.—Confident Hopes.—Last Hour of Darkness.

1847. SANTA ANNA, after his disheartening reception at Puebla, and the defeat of his cavalry by General Worth, fled to the capital. He seemed disposed, for a while, to enter upon negotiations, when he found that neither the deadly vomito of the *tierra caliente*, or hot country bordering Vera Cruz, nor the swarming guerilla-bands on the roads and in the mountain-passes, checked the resolute advance of the Americans. He therefore, through his secret agents, communicated with Mr. Trist, the United States commissioner, and suggested, as a method of securing peace, that the American general should march his army into the valley, take by assault one of the Mexican de-

fences, and afterward send in a flag of truce, with propositions to negotiate.*

This plan, upon being referred to General Scott, was acceded to by him, and preparations were being made to carry it out, when, upon further consideration and consultation, he withdrew his consent and determined to pursue the campaign with unabated energy.†

Whether the Mexican chief was trying to outwit his American antagonist, and

* One of the conditions of the arrangement is said to have been the payment to Santa Anna of a million of dollars, and the device of capturing a Mexican fortress a cover for the iniquity of the treasonable transaction. It must not be forgotten, however, that the whole affair is enveloped in the usual darkness of that mysterious "secret service" which it is difficult to fathom.

† Ripley.

thus to obtain delay, for the purpose of concentrating his strength for resistance, or whether he was really disposed to act the part of a traitor, will remain a question for the solution of future historians. General Scott's "sober, second thought," fortunately, decided the matter for the time being, and forced the wily Mexican to recur to other and less questionable resources.

Santa Anna did not fail to show an energy equal to the emergency. He earnestly called his countrymen to arms, and soon gathered about his standard an army of thirty-five thousand men. The shops of the city of Mexico were repeatedly closed, and the inhabitants turned out to drill and parade. All the American residents were driven out and forced to move into the interior. Private property, when required, was seized for public use, in spite of unpatriotic capitalists, and the factious and discontented were imprisoned.

Mexico is favorably placed for defence, and Santa Anna took care, by skilful application of art, to strengthen the guards of nature. The ancient city occupied the same site as the modern capital built by the Spanish conquerors on the ruins they had made of the famous seat of the Montezumas. The present *Plaza Mayor*, or Great Square, stands upon the same spot once covered by the blood-stained temple of the Aztec war-god; and the principal quarters of the town are still known by their former Indian names. There is one marked difference, however. The old city was watered by the salt flood of the lake Tezcuco, which flowed by means of

canals through every quarter of the capital. The Mexico of our day stands high and dry on the mainland, being nearly three miles distant from the lake.* In ancient times the city was almost three leagues in circumference, and contained a population of three hundred thousand. It has now so shrunk, that Humboldt records that it is possible to walk for a mile beyond its present limits, amid the ruins of the ancient city, and contains but one hundred and eighty thousand souls.

Notwithstanding, however, the recession of the lake, and the restricted boundaries of the modern capital, the land can be overflowed by inundation, or so nearly flooded as to render the approach of an army impracticable, except by the easily-defended causeways. The Mexicans availed themselves of the natural advantages of their city for defence. Two lines of fortifications were constructed. The first, or exterior one, was at some distance from the city, and consisted of fortified heights, lines of intrenchments, and artificial inundations, by which the natural obstacles of mountains, marshes, and lakes were skilfully connected.†

General Scott, as has been already seen, found those fortresses on the national road so formidable, that he shrank from the fearful cost of life which he believed necessary to carry them. Having judiciously sought another route, the natural difficulties of which he was able to overcome by the spirit and endurance of his men, he now made his appearance, with his whole force, in a direction where the Mexicans never expected to see their

* Prescott.

† Ripley.

enemies, resolutely active and all-conquering as they had proved themselves. The Acapulco road had accordingly been left comparatively unguarded, where the Americans had now arrived from their camp at San Augustine, ready to advance upon the capital. The exterior line of defence was here imperfect—although, upon the discovery of the approach of General Scott from that quarter, Santa Anna moved the greater portion of his force to the neighborhood of the Acapulco road, and laboriously strove to perfect its defences. San Antonio, two or three miles nearer the capital than San Augustine, was garrisoned with soldiers and strengthened by guns from the fortresses of El Peñon and Mexicalcingo. At Churubusco, still nearer the city, from which it is distant only four miles, the bridge and church were fortified with works; while in advance, toward the American camp at San Augustine, the Indians were aroused from their villages, and compelled to cut ditches and obstruct the road with stones and felled timber, in order to impede the march of Scott's army. A few *guerilleros* were scattered about the neighboring heights, to harass the American advance; but the main force was kept back at San Antonio and Churubusco, where the stoutest resistance was to be made.

The second or interior line of defences immediately surrounded the city, and, in addition to the protection of the ditch or navigable canal which girds it, consisted of *garitas* or small forts at the eight gateways through which the causeways open to the town.

From his headquarters at San Augustine, Scott directed General Worth to advance with his division along the Acapulco road toward San Antonio, to reconnoitre the Mexican defences at that place. While a squadron of cavalry pushed forward in advance, the enemy's batteries were opened, and a shot killed the brave Captain Thornton, of the second regiment of dragoons. Having moved within reach of the Mexican guns, Worth took up his position for the night at a *hacienda* on the road, near San Antonio. General Twiggs closed up with his division, and passed the same night within sight of the advanced troops. The divisions of Generals Quitman and Pillow, likewise following, were not far in the rear.

General Valencia, who commanded the flower of the Mexican army (a division of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, numbering seven thousand men and twenty-four pieces of cannon), had, as ordered by Santa Anna, taken post at San Angel, in order to dispute the approach of the invaders, should they turn San Antonio. This, however, was hardly supposed to be practicable; for on the right and the east it was all marsh, and on the left and the west of the American position, on the Acapulco road, intervening between it and San Angel, there stretched an immense field of volcanic rocks and lava, called El Pedregal, through which there only led a mule-path from San Augustine to Contre-ras, on the San-Angel road. This path was rugged with broken rock, and hardly passable except for the patient and sure-footed beasts which travelled it.

General Valencia was now ordered by Santa Anna to fall back upon the village of Coyhoacan, and to send his artillery to strengthen the works at the bridge and church at Churubusco, on the Acapulco road, nearer to the capital than the advanced fortifications of San Antonio. Valencia, however, although he himself had suggested this movement, now suddenly changed his mind, and, disobeying the orders of Santa Anna, instead of falling back, advanced two miles from San Angel, past Contreras or San Geronimo, and intrenched his force upon the slope of a hill beyond.

In the meantime, it having been ascertained, by the daring reconnoissance of the American engineers, that the strong works of San Antonio could only be approached by the front over a narrow causeway, flanked with wet ditches, General Worth was ordered not to make an attack, but to threaten and to mask the place.

Scott now determined to test the possibility of turning San Antonio, by crossing the formidable Pedregal. He therefore sent Captain Lee, assisted by Lieutenants Beauregard and Towers, of the engineers, and escorted by a battalion of infantry and a troop of horse, to take the mule-path, which led from San Augustine, and ascertain the feasibility of making a road for the American artillery and train. Lee pushed on until he met with some Mexican skirmishers belonging to the advance of General Valencia's force at Contreras. They were driven back, with a loss of about a dozen killed and wounded, and of five who were taken prisoners.

The American engineers, having reached the hill of Zacatepec, were enabled to survey the proposed route, and returned to headquarters with the report that the Pedregal might be made practicable with considerable labor.

General Scott at once resolved to cut a road through the Pedregal; march with his force, take the fortified height near Contreras, move along the road to San Angel, and, by thus turning San Antonio, gain the rear of this fortress, so difficult of approach in front. Accord- **Aug. 19.** ingly, the engineers were again pushed forward to reconnoitre and guide. Pillow's division proceeded to make a practicable road for heavy artillery; and Twigg's followed, with orders to overtake it, and march in advance, to cover the engineer and working parties.

General Pillow succeeded in cutting the way, without much difficulty, from San Augustine for two miles into the Pedregal, for the route was comparatively clear of *chaparral* and rock. As the men, however, busily plying the axe and the pick at each step, moved on toward the other side of the great field of lava, the passage was found more encumbered and their progress slower. Now, also, the reconnoitring-parties came in with the intelligence that the enemy were in force near Contreras, actively preparing to resist the advance of the Americans. Pillow, eager for a brush with the Mexicans, would have hurried on with his division to drive them from their position before they had planted their heavy guns; but, on sending back to San Augustine for instructions, he received orders from Scott

to continue his work, without engaging the enemy.

Pillow's troops went on with their labor, and had cleared the route to the slope of the height of Zacatepec, when General Twiggs's division arrived. Continuing their progress, the whole force ascended the rising ground, and came into view of the enemy, who, although more than two thousand yards away, opened fire from their heavy guns, and with admirable precision sent their eighteen-pound shot and shells at the advancing Americans. The distance, however, was too great to effect much; and the working-parties, for a while, continued their labor. But the troops, becoming impatient of work, and eager for a fight, it was determined to attack the Mexicans. The enemy had every advantage in numbers and position. General Valencia had strongly intrenched his camp, on the slope of a height near Contreras, and defended it with twenty-two pieces of artillery, mostly heavy guns. On the flank and rear hovered his cavalry; in front, among the rocks of the Pedregal, were posted his skirmishers; and his position, on the road by San Angel to the capital, placed him in direct communication with the whole Mexican force under Santa Anna, by whom reinforcements might be sent at every moment.

Notwithstanding these advantages in favor of their antagonists, the Americans, with characteristic daring, marched to the attack. Twiggs led the advance with the brigade of his division under the command of General Persifer F. Smith; the regiment of riflemen deployed as skir-

mishers around the front; while Captain Magruder's light battery and Lieutenant Callender with a battery of mountain-howitzers followed. The march over the broken surface of the Pedregal was laborious and slow. Every officer, in common with the men, was forced to proceed on foot. "The ground," says one of the officers of the rifles, "was covered with rocks, large and small, prickly pear, and *cactus*, intersected by ditches filled with water, and lined with *maguey* plant, itself impervious to cavalry; and with patches of corn, which concealed the enemy's skirmishers, while they impeded our passage."

The artillery advanced but slowly, under a most murderous fire of grape, canister, and round shot, until it got into position, about nine hundred yards distant from the batteries of the enemy. General Smith with his brigade moved to the left; and General Pierce, having come up to his support with the first brigade of Pillow's division, took post on the right. Colonel Riley, in command of the second brigade of Twiggs's division, was ordered to take a different route through the Pedregal, by which he might gain the San-Angel road in the rear of Contreras. General Cadwallader followed in support with his brigade of Pillow's division.

The enemy opened from their batteries a terrible fire upon the Americans in their front. "For two hours," reports an officer who shared in the conflict, "our troops stood the storm of iron and lead which hailed upon them, unmoved. At every discharge, they lay flat down, to avoid the storm, and then sprang up to

serve the guns. At the end of that time, two of the guns were dismounted, and we (the rifles) badly hurt; thirteen of the horses were killed and disabled, and fifteen of the cannoniers killed and wounded."

General Smith, in the meantime, had driven back the skirmishers; but, finding it hazardous to attempt an assault upon the enemy's position, which was protected by a ravine in front, he led back his troops, leaving a support for the artillery in front, somewhat sheltered in a hollow, and withdrew to the Pedregal, where, amid the irregularities of the ground, his men might be under partial cover. Here every attempt by the Mexican cavalry and skirmishers to dislodge them was gallantly resisted.

Pierce's brigade (now commanded by Colonel Ransom, in consequence of the general's temporary disability by a fall from his horse) kept its position on the right in the ravine, where the troops were protected from the brisk musketry-fire of the Mexican skirmishers and the plunging shots of the batteries by the trees and undergrowth.

Colonel Riley was making his laborious way over the tumbled rocks, through the thickset *chaparral*, and across the chasms and deep ravines of the Pedregal, toward the left and rear of the Mexican intrenched camp, near the village of San Geronimo or Contreras. The enemy sent out large bodies of lancers to check his advance; but Riley pushed on, driving them before him. General Cadwallader, who had gone to his support, was also hastening in the same direction.

Such was the disposition of the army when General Scott reached the ground. Observing from an eminence a large body of Mexicans marching along the San Angel road from the direction of the capital, and seeing that the village intervened between General Valencia's intrenched camp and the coming reinforcements, he at once "ordered Colonel Morgan, with his regiment (the fifteenth), till then held in reserve by Pillow, to move forward and occupy Contreras" (for thus was the village called). Being persuaded, as Scott himself declared, that, if occupied, it would arrest the enemy's reinforcements, and ultimately decide the battle, the general-in-chief now ordered up Shields's brigade from San Augustine; sent out his engineers again, to try to discover a practicable route, hitherto sought in vain, across the Pedregal, for the artillery and cavalry; and moved on in person closer to the scene of conflict.

In the meantime, Colonel Riley had forced his way through the thronging Mexican cavalry, to the village of Contreras or San Geronimo. Here he was joined by Cadwallader, and finally by General Smith, who assumed the command of the whole force. The Americans were thus posted between the intrenched camp of General Valencia, half a mile distant, and the troops marching along the road from the capital to support him. Santa Anna was leading in person the reinforcement, twelve thousand strong, and seemed ready, by his overwhelming numbers, to sweep away the little band of thirty-three hundred men which Smith had resolutely planted

before him. The American commander would even have gallantly pushed forward to the attack; but the night coming on before he could make the proper disposition of his force, he was fain to postpone his purpose.

Aug. 19. The day closed in a dark and tempestuous night. The cold rain fell in torrents upon the American

soldiers, who remained without shelter in the lanes and fields of San Geronimo, where the few houses could only contain the wounded. "Wet, hungry, and without the possibility of sleep," wrote Scott, "all our gallant corps I learn are full of confidence, and only wait for the last hour of darkness to gain the positions whence to storm and carry the enemy's works."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Dismal Bivouac.—Exultation of the Enemy.—Tidings of Victory.—Mexican Vivas.—A Suffering Campaigner.—Preparations for the Assault.—Reports of the Engineers.—Plans of Persifer F. Smith.—Timely Arrival of General Shields.—Magnanimity.—Diversion ordered by General Scott.—The Assault begun.—Colonel Riley in the Van.—General Smith in Command.—A Tedious March.—Storming the Mexican Intrenchments.—A Rapid Success.—General Cadwallader bringing up his Force.—Colonel Ransom's Diversion and Assault.—Charge against the Mexican Cavalry.—The Rout.—Shields's Brigade.—A Brilliant Victory.—Force of the Enemy.—The Killed and Prisoners.—Spoils.—American Loss.—Recapture of American Guns.—Scott sharing in the Joy of the Event.—Pursuit of the Fugitives.—Arrival of Scott at Coyhoacan.—Enthusiastic Welcome of the Troops.—Great Ardor and Excitement.—Attack on San Antonio.—Disposition of the Troops.—San Antonio turned and forced by General Worth.—Fall of Churubusco.—Success of Shields.—Five Victories in a Day.—Pursuit of the Enemy.—Charge of Captain Kearney to the Gates of the Capital.—The Recall unheard.—Great Success.—Merit of the Army.—Loss of the Mexicans.—The Prisoners and Spoils.—Loss of the Americans.

1847. WHILE the American troops were bivouacked, during that dismal and stormy night, in the fields and lanes of Contreras, General Valencia was exulting in the boasted successes of the day. Having by a very circuitous route despatched a messenger, with tidings of victory, to Santa Anna, who was approaching on the road from San Angel, that general, accompanied by a brilliant staff, rode along his lines, and announced the report with a rhetorical flourish. His seven thousand men shouted out an exulting response. Cries of "*Viva el General Valencia!*" "*Viva la republicana Mejicana!*" rose from every

rank; while the bands of music sent up swelling notes, which were borne even to the ears of the American soldiers in the midst of their misery at Contreras.

"What a horrible night!" exclaims one of the sufferers. "There we lay—too tired to eat, too wet to sleep—in the middle of that muddy road, officers and men side by side, with a heavy rain pouring down upon us; the officers without blankets or overcoats (they had lost them in coming across), and the men worn out with fatigue. About midnight, Aug. 19. the rain was so heavy, that the streams in the road flooded us; and there

we stood, crowded together, drenched and benumbed, waiting till daylight."

General Smith having, in counsel with Cadwallader and Riley, resolved upon attacking Valencia's positions, preparations were made to carry out the purpose at the earliest hour of the coming morning. Thus, while General Valencia was exulting in his fancied victory, the American commander was planning his defeat. The engineers, during the night, having completely reconnoitred every ravine and pass in the neighborhood, reported that the ravine which separated the Americans from the height upon which the Mexicans were intrenched was, though difficult, practicable for infantry, it was determined to storm Valencia's position. The plan was doubtless full of hazard, especially as Santa Anna was so near with his large force, ready to close in and attack the Americans in the rear while they were pushing forward to the assault. Smith's anxiety on this point, however, was relieved by the timely arrival of General Shields, who came in at midnight with a reinforcement of six hundred men. This officer magnanimously waived his right to the chief command, and volunteered to subserve the plan of General Smith, by undertaking not only to keep Santa Anna in check, but to cut off the retreat of Valencia.

In the meantime, General Scott, on the other side of the Pedregal, being informed by a messenger of the plans of attack for the approaching morning, despatched an order to General Pierce to dispose his troops on the Pedregal side of Valencia's

position in such a manner as to effect a diversion in favor of Smith's movement from Contreras. Colonel Ransom (who, in consequence of Général Pierce being still disabled by the fall from his horse, was in command of the brigade) now made ready to act accordingly.

The commander-in-chief also, in order to meet any emergency that might happen, directed Major-General Worth to leave one of his brigades to mask San Antonio, and, falling back with the other to San Augustine, to march it in the direction of Contreras. Major-General Quitman was likewise commanded to press on with his division from San Augustine, where he was posted, and take the same route toward the scene of the approaching action.

"At three o'clock, A. M.," wrote General Scott in his despatch, "the great movement commenced on the rear of the enemy's camp, Riley leading, followed successively by Cadwallader's and Smith's brigades, the latter temporarily under the orders of Major Dimick, of the first artillery; the whole force being commanded by Smith, the senior in the general attack, and whose arrangements, skill, and gallantry, always challenge the highest admiration." Aug. 20.

"The march was rendered tedious by the darkness, rain, and mud; but about sunrise, Riley, conducted by Lieutenant Towers, had reached an elevation behind the enemy, whence he precipitated his columns — stormed the intrenchments, planted his several colors upon them, and carried the work, all in seventeen minutes.

“Conducted by Lieutenant Beuregard, engineer, and Lieutenant Brooks, of Twiggs’s staff—both of whom, like Lieutenant Towers, had, in the night, twice reconnoitred the ground—Cadwallader brought up to the general assault two of his regiments, the voltigeurs and the eleventh; and at the appointed time, Colonel Ransom, with his temporary brigade, conducted by Captain Lee, engineer, not only made the movement to divert and to distract the enemy, but, after crossing the deep ravine in his front, advanced and poured into the works and upon the fugitives many volleys from his destructive musketry.

“In the meantime, Smith’s own brigade, under the temporary command of Major Dimick, following the movements of Riley and Cadwallader, discovered, opposite to and outside of the works, a long line of Mexican cavalry, drawn up as a support. Dimick, having at the head of the brigade the company of sappers and miners, under Lieutenant Smith, engineer, who had conducted the march, was ordered by Brigadier-General Smith to form line faced to the enemy; and in a charge against a flank, routed the cavalry.

“Shields, too, by the wise disposition of his brigade, and gallant activity, contributed much to the general results. He held masses of cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery, in check below him, and captured hundreds, with one general (Mendoza), of those who fled from above.

“I doubt whether a more brilliant or decisive victory—taking into view the

ground, artificial defences, batteries, and the extreme disparity of numbers, without cavalry or artillery on our side—is to be found on record. Including all our corps directed against the intrenched camp, with Shields’s brigade at the hamlet, we positively did not number over four thousand five hundred rank and file; and we knew by sight, and since, more certainly, by many captured documents and letters, that the enemy had actually engaged on the spot seven thousand men, with at least twelve thousand more hovering within sight, and striking distance—both on the 19th and 20th. All, not killed or captured, now fled with precipitation.

“Thus was the great victory of Contreras achieved: one road to the capital opened; seven hundred of the enemy killed; eight hundred and thirteen prisoners, including, among eighty-eight officers, four generals; besides many colors and standards; twenty-two pieces of brass ordnance, half of large calibre; thousands of small-arms and accoutrements; an immense quantity of shot, shells, powder, and cartridges; seven hundred pack-mules, many horses, &c., &c., all in our hands.

“It is highly gratifying to find that, by skilful arrangement and rapidity of execution, our loss in killed and wounded did not exceed, on the spot, sixty—among the former the brave Captain Charles Hanson, of the fourth infantry, not more distinguished for gallantry than for modesty, morals, and piety. Lieutenant J. P. Johnstone, of the first artillery, serving with Magruder’s battery, a



THE GREAT EASTERN BAND

young officer of the highest promise, was killed the evening before.

“One of the most pleasing incidents of the victory is the recapture, in the works, by Captain Drum, fourth artillery, under Major Gardner, of the two brass six-pounders, taken from another company of the same regiment, though without the loss of honor, at the glorious battle of Buena Vista—about which guns the whole regiment had mourned for so many long months! Coming up a little later, I had the happiness to join in the protracted cheers of the gallant fourth on the joyous event; and, indeed, the whole army sympathizes in its just pride and exultation.”

As soon as General Scott, on his way to the scene of conflict, found that the battle was won, he ordered back Worth and Quitman to their old positions, and directed the former to attack San Antonio in front, and Quitman to garrison San Augustine, and defend that post at all hazards.

In the meantime, the troops which had so gallantly carried the intrenched camp at Contreras, and put to flight the force of General Valencia and the gathered host under Santa Anna, pursued the fugitives along the road to San Angel. As the Mexicans did not pause even here, but fled to Churubusco, the American column (now led on by General Pillow, who had overtaken it and assumed the command) continued to press close upon the heels of the flying enemy to Coyhacan. Here Pillow halted, and awaited the arrival of the commander-in-chief.

In a few minutes, Scott and his staff

rode in. The general was received with loud cheers, for the army was greatly inspirited by the morning's success. The reaction, by the change from the dismal bivouac of the stormy night to the triumph and sunshine of the morning, was made apparent in the excited spirits of the troops. They were all now eager to continue the struggle; and officers and men alike believed that, before the sun should set, the object of the campaign would be obtained.

San Antonio was now the first object of attack. A cross-road led from Coyhacan to its rear, and thither the general-in-chief despatched Pillow with one of his brigades, under Cadwallader, to make an attack upon the fortress, in concert with that of General Worth on the opposite side. At the same time, by another road, he assailed the Mexicans at Churubusco. The operations and incidents of that eventful day are, however, best expressed in Scott's own words:—

“Lieutenant Stevens,” says he, “of the engineers, supported by Lieutenant G. W. Smith's company of sappers and miners, of the same corps, was sent to reconnoitre the strongly-fortified church or convent of San Pablo, in the hamlet of Churubusco, one mile off. Twiggs, with one of his brigades (Smith's, less the rifles), and Captain Taylor's field-battery, were ordered to follow, and to attack the convent. Major Smith, senior engineer, was despatched to concert with Twiggs the mode and means of attack; and Twiggs's other brigade (Riley's) I soon ordered up to support him.

“Next (but all in ten minutes) I sent

Pierce (just able to keep the saddle) with his brigade (Pillow's division), conducted by Captain Lee, engineer, by a third road, a little farther to our left, to attack the enemy's right and rear, in order to favor the movement upon the convent, and cut off the retreat toward the capital. And, finally, Shields, senior brigadier to Pierce, with the New-York and South-Carolina volunteers (Quitman's division), was ordered to follow Pierce closely, and to take the command of our left wing. All these movements were made with the utmost alacrity by our gallant troops and commanders.

"Finding myself at Coyhoacan, from which so many roads conveniently branched, without escort or reserve, I had to advance, for safety, closely upon Twiggs's rear. The battle now raged from the right to the left of our whole line.

"Learning, on the return of Captain Leé, that Shields, in the rear of Churubusco, was hard pressed, and in danger of being outflanked, if not overwhelmed, by greatly superior numbers, I immediately sent, under Major Sumner, second dragoons, the rifles (Twiggs's reserve), and Captain Sibley's troop, second dragoons, then at hand, to support our left, guided by the same engineer.

"About an hour earlier, Worth had, by skilful and daring movements upon the front and right, turned and forced San Antonio—its garrison, no doubt, much shaken by our decisive victory at Contreras.

"His second brigade (Colonel Clarke's), conducted by Captain Mason, engineer, assisted by Lieutenant Hardcastle, topo-

graphical engineer, turned the right, and, by a wide sweep, came out upon the high-road to the capital. At this point, the heavy garrison (three thousand men) in retreat was, by Clarke, cut in the centre: one portion, the rear, driven upon Dolores, off to the right; and the other upon Churubusco, in the direct line of our operations. The first brigade (Colonel Garland's), same division, consisting of the second artillery, under Major Galt; the third artillery, under Lieutenant-Colonel Belton; and the third infantry, commanded by Major F. Lee, with Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan's field-battery (temporarily), followed in pursuit through the town, taking one general prisoner, the abandoned guns (five pieces), much ammunition, and other public property.

"The forcing of San Antonio was the *second* brilliant event of the day.

"Worth's division being soon reunited in hot pursuit, he was joined by Major-General Pillow, who, marching from Coyhoacan, and discovering that San Antonio had been carried, immediately turned to the left, according to my instructions, and, though much impeded by ditches and swamps, hastened to the attack of Churubusco.

"The hamlet, or scattered houses bearing this name, presented, besides the fortified convent, a strong field-work (*tête de pont*), with regular bastions and curtains, at the head of a bridge over which the road passes from San Antonio to the capital.

"The whole remaining forces of Mexico (some twenty-seven thousand men—cavalry, artillery, and infantry, collected

from every quarter) were now in, on the flanks, or within supporting distance of those works, and seemed resolved to make a last and desperate stand; for if beaten here, the feebler defences at the gates of the city (four miles off) could not, as was well known to both parties, delay the victors an hour. The capital of an ancient empire (now of a great republic), or an early peace, the assailants were resolved to win. Not an American—and we were less than a third of the enemy's numbers—had a doubt as to the result.

“The fortified church or convent, hotly pressed by Twiggs, had already held out about an hour, when Worth and Pillow (the latter having with him Cadwallader's brigade) began to manoeuvre closely upon the *tête de pont*, with the convent at half gun-shot to their left. Garland's brigade (Worth's division), to which had been added the light battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, continued to advance in front and under the fire of a long line of infantry, off on the left of the bridge; and Clarke, of the same division, directed his brigade along the road, or close by its side. Two of Pillow's and Cadwallader's regiments, the eleventh and fourteenth, supported and participated in this direct movement; the other (the *voltigeurs*) was left in reserve. Most of these corps, particularly Clarke's brigade, advancing perpendicularly, were made to suffer much by the fire of the *tête de pont*; and they would have suffered greatly more by flank-attacks from the convent, but for the pressure of Twiggs on the other side of that work.

“This well-combined and daring move-

ment at length reached the principal point of attack, and the formidable *tête de pont* was at once assaulted and carried by the bayonet. Its deep, wet ditch was first gallantly crossed by the eighth and fifth infantry, commanded respectively by Major Waite and Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, followed closely by the sixth infantry (same brigade), which had been so much exposed on the road; the eleventh regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Graham; and the fourteenth, commanded by Colonel Trousdale—both of Cadwallader's brigade, Pillow's division. About the same time, the enemy in front of Garland, after a hot conflict of an hour and a half, gave way, in a retreat toward the capital.

“The immediate results of this *third* signal triumph of the day were—three fieldpieces, one hundred and ninety-two prisoners, much ammunition, and two colors, taken at the *tête de pont*.

“Lieutenant J. F. Irons, first artillery, aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Cadwallader, a young officer of great merit, and conspicuous in battle on several previous occasions, received in front of the work a mortal wound.

“As the concurrent attack upon the convent favored, physically and morally, the assault upon the *tête de pont*, so, reciprocally, no doubt, the fall of the latter contributed to the capture of the former. The two works were only some four hundred and fifty yards apart; and as soon as we were in possession of the *tête de pont*, a captured four-pounder was turned and fired (first by Captain Larkin Smith, and next by Lieutenant Snelling, both of the

eight infantry) several times upon the convent. In the same brief interval, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan (also of Worth's division) gallantly brought two of his guns to bear, at a short range, from the San-Antonio road, upon the principal face of the work, and on the tower of the church, which, in the obstinate contest, had been often refilled with some of the best sharpshooters of the enemy.

"Finally, twenty minutes after the *tête de pont* had been carried by Worth and Pillow, and at the end of a desperate conflict of two hours and a half, the church or convent—the citadel of the strong line of defence along the rivulet of Churubusco—yielded to Twiggs's division, and threw out on all sides signals of surrender. The white flags, however, were not exhibited until the moment when the third infantry, under Captain Alexander, had cleared the way by fire and bayonet, and had entered the work. Captain J. M. Smith and Lieutenant O. L. Shepherd, both of that regiment, with their companies, had the glory of leading the assault. The former received the surrender, and Captain Alexander instantly hung out from the balcony the colors of the gallant third. Major Dimick, with a part of the first artillery, serving as infantry, entered nearly abreast with the leading troops.

"Captain Taylor's field-battery, attached to Twiggs's division, opened its effective fire at an early moment upon the outworks of the convent and the tower of its church. Exposed to the severest fire of the enemy, the captain, his officers and men, won universal admiration; but at

length, much disabled in men and horses, the battery was by superior orders withdrawn from the action thirty minutes before the surrender of the convent.

"Those corps, excepting Taylor's battery, belonged to the brigade of Brigadier-General Smith, who closely directed the whole attack in front, with his habitual coolness and ability; while Riley's brigade—the second and seventh infantry, under Captain T. Morris and Lieutenant-Colonel Plympton, respectively—vigorously engaged the right of the work and part of its rear. At the moment, the rifles, belonging to Smith's brigade, were detached in support of Brigadier-General Shields's, on our extreme left; and the fourth artillery, acting as infantry, under Major Gardner, belonging to Riley's brigade, had been left in charge of the camp, trophies, &c., at Contreras. Twiggs's division, at Churubusco, had thus been deprived of two of its most gallant and effective regiments.

"The immediate results of this victory were—the capture of seven fieldpieces, some ammunition, one color, three generals, and twelve hundred and sixty-one prisoners, including other officers.

"Captains E. A. Capron and M. J. Burke, and Lieutenant S. Hoffman, all of the first artillery, and Captain J. W. Anderson and Lieutenant Thomas Easley, both of the second infantry—five officers of great merit—fell gallantly before this work.

"The capture of the enemy's citadel was the *fourth* great achievement of our arms in the same day.

"It has been stated that, some two hours and a half before, Pierce's, followed

closely by the volunteer brigade—both under the command of Brigadier-General Shields—had been detached to our left, to turn the enemy's works, to prevent the escape of the garrison, and to oppose the extension of the enemy's numerous corps, from the rear, upon and around our left.

“Considering the inferior numbers of the two brigades, the objects of the movement were difficult to accomplish. Hence the reinforcement (the rifles, &c.) sent forward a little later.

“In a winding march of a mile around to the right, this temporary division found itself on the edge of an open, wet meadow, near the road from San Antonio to the capital, and in the presence of some four thousand of the enemy's infantry, a little in the rear of Churubusco, on that road. Establishing the right at a strong building, Shields extended his left, parallel to the road, to outflank the enemy toward the capital. But the enemy extending his right, supported by three thousand cavalry, more rapidly (being favored by better ground) in the same direction, Shields concentrated the division about a hamlet, and determined to attack in front. The battle was long, hot, and varied; but ultimately success crowned the zeal and gallantry of our troops, ably directed by their distinguished commander, Brigadier-General Shields. The ninth, twelfth, and fifteenth regiments, under Colonel Ransom, Captain Wood, and Colonel Morgan, respectively, of Pierce's brigade (Pillow's division), and the New-York and South-Carolina volunteers, under Colonels Burnett and Butler, respectively, of Shields's own brigade (Quitman's

division), together with the mountain-howitzer battery, now under Lieutenant Reno, of the ordnance-corps, all shared in the glory of this action—our *fifth* victory in the same day.

“Brigadier-General Pierce, from the hurt of the evening before—under pain and exhaustion—fainted in the action. Several other changes in command occurred on this field. Thus, Colonel Morgan being severely wounded, the command of the fifteenth infantry devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Howard; Colonel Burnett receiving a like wound, the command of the New-York volunteers fell to Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter; and, on the fall of the lamented Colonel P. M. Butler—earlier badly wounded, but continuing to lead nobly in the hottest part of the battle—the command of the South Carolina volunteers devolved, first, on Lieutenant-Colonel Dickinson, who, being severely wounded (as before in the siege of Vera Cruz), the regiment ultimately fell under the orders of Major Gladden.

“Lieutenants David Adams and W. R. Williams, of the same corps; Captain Augustus Quarles and Lieutenant J. B. Goodman, of the fifteenth; and Lieutenant E. Chandler, New-York volunteers—all gallant officers—nobly fell in the same action.

“Shields took three hundred and eighty prisoners, including officers; and it can not be doubted that the rage of the conflict between him and the enemy, just in the rear of the *tête de pont* and the convent, had some influence on the surrender of those formidable defences.

“As soon as the *tête de pont* was carried,

the greater part of Worth's and Pillow's forces passed that bridge in rapid pursuit of the flying enemy. These distinguished generals coming up with Brigadier-General Shields, now also victorious, the three continued to press upon the fugitives to within a mile and a half of the capital. Here, Colonel Harney, with a small part of his brigade of cavalry, rapidly passed to the front, and charged the enemy up to the nearest gate.

"The cavalry-charge was headed by Captain Kearney, of the first dragoons, having in squadron, with his own troop, that of Captain M^rReynolds, of the third, making the usual escort to general headquarters; but, being early in the day attached for general service, was now under Colonel Harney's orders. The gallant captain, not hearing the *recall* that had been sounded, dashed up to the San-Antonio gate, sabring in his way all who resisted. Of the seven officers of the squadron, Kearney lost his left arm; M^rReynolds and Lieutenant Lorimer Graham were both severely wounded; and Lieutenant R. S. Ewell, who succeeded to the command of the escort, had two horses killed under him. Major F. D. Mills, of the fifteenth infantry, a volunteer in this charge, was killed at the gate.

"So terminated the series of events

which I have but feebly presented. My thanks were freely poured out on the different fields, to the abilities and science of generals and other officers—to the gallantry and prowess of all, the rank and file included. But a reward infinitely higher—the applause of a grateful country and government—will, I can not doubt, be accorded, in due time, to so much merit, of every sort, displayed by this glorious army, which has now overcome all difficulties—distance, climate, ground, fortifications, numbers.

"It has in a single day, in many battles, as often defeated thirty-two thousand men; made about three thousand prisoners, including eight generals (two of them ex-presidents) and two hundred and five other officers; killed or wounded four thousand of all ranks, besides entire corps dispersed and dissolved; captured thirty-seven pieces of ordnance—more than trebling our siege-train and field-batteries—with a large number of small-arms, a full supply of ammunition of every kind, &c., &c. These great results have overwhelmed the enemy.

"Our loss amounts to one thousand and fifty-three: killed, one hundred and thirty-nine, including sixteen officers; wounded, eight hundred and seventy-six, with sixty officers."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thronging Victories of a Day.—The Mexican Capital within Grasp.—A Sacrifice to Patriotism.—A Halt ordered.—Disposition of the American Troops.—General Scott's Headquarters at Tacubaya.—An Armistice proposed.—Scott occupies the Archbishopal Palace of Mexico.—The Companies of Patricio.—Execution of Deserters.—Escape of Riley.—Scott puts an End to the Armistice.—Chapultepec.—Its Ancient and Modern Condition.—Its Position.—Fortresses.—El Molino del Rey.—The Casa de Mata.—Operations against Chapultepec.—The Attack.—Disposition of the Mexicans.—General Worth's Preparation.—Capture of Casa de Mata and El Molino del Rey.—The Casa de Mata blown up.—Worth recalled.—Losses and Gains of the Americans.—The Bloodiest Struggle of the Campaign.—A Modest Narration.—The Havoc in Worth's Division.—Immense Loss of the Enemy.

1847. In the thronging victories of that memorable day, the few Americans, by their resolute activity and spirited impulse, overleaping every wall of intrenchment and sweeping away the hosts of its defenders, were borne to the very gates of the Mexican capital. The great city was within their grasp. "After Aug. 20. so many victories," said General Scott, in his despatch, "we might, with but little additional loss, have occupied the capital the same evening. But Mr. Trist, the commissioner, &c., as well as myself, had been admonished by the best friends of peace—intelligent neutrals and some American residents—against precipitation; lest, by wantonly driving away the government and others, dishonored, we might scatter the elements of peace, excite a spirit of national desperation, and thus indefinitely postpone the hope of accommodation. Deeply impressed with this danger, and remembering our mission—to conquer a peace—the army very cheerfully sacrificed to patriotism—to the great wish and want of our country—the *éclat* that would have followed

an entrance, sword in hand, into a great capital."

The general accordingly checked the ardor of his impetuous troops, and ordered a halt. On the following Aug. 21. morning, he posted them in the different villages before the gates of the city. Worth's division was directed to occupy Tacubaya; Twiggs's, San Angel; Pillow's, Mixcoac; and Quitman's, San Augustine. Scott himself moved forward, to establish his headquarters at Tacubaya. While on his way, he was met at Coyhoacan by commissioners from General Santa Anna, proposing an armistice. "The time was not then agreed to; but Scott," says his biographer, "told them he should sleep that night at Tacubaya. The commissioners then declared that, if he would delay his march a few hours, they would send an order to the fortress of Chapultepec not to fire on him! The general, however, did not delay his march, but entered Tacubaya early in the afternoon, attended by the dragoons alone; Worth's division did not arrive till late in the evening. That night, Scott occu-

pied the archiepiscopal palace of Mexico." An armistice was now agreed upon, and negotiations for peace were begun.*

Two weeks had been wasted in discussion, without result, when General Scott, losing all faith in Santa Anna's word, and finding that he was violating the terms of the armistice, determined to strike the blow, which he had so long and humanely withheld, at the capital.

Tacubaya, where General Worth's division was now posted, and the commander-in-chief had established his headquarters, is two and a half miles from the city of Mexico. About two hundred yards north of Tacubaya rises the porphyritic rock of Chapultepec. Once on the margin of the beautiful lake of Tezcuco, with its floating islands, it was considered the most charming spot in the valley. It was the favorite resort of the Montezumas, when they revelled in regal magnificence and gratified their taste for natural beauty. The remains of great palaces, gardens, and groves, still testify to the prodigal splendors of a former day. The receding waters of the lake have deprived Chapultepec of much of its beauty, and the necessities of defence have converted this ancient seat of repose into a fortress.

* During the suspension of hostilities, twenty-nine men of the "companies of St. Patrick," who had been taken prisoners, were tried by court-martial. They were principally Irishmen, who had deserted from the American ranks, and joined the Mexican army. They were found guilty, and all sentenced to be hung. Sixteen only, however, were executed, as General Scott excepted the rest, on the ground of having deserted previous to the war, and other mitigating circumstances. Among the latter was their leader, the notorious Riley, formerly a sergeant in one of the British regiments in Canada, from which he had deserted. His sentence was accordingly commuted to whipping and branding.

The military college and other fortified buildings crown its summit, and the base is surrounded by a strong stone wall.

On all sides the height is rugged and precipitate, except on the west, where it slopes gradually down into a thick forest at its base. The Tacubaya road passes directly under the eastern side of the heights of Chapultepec, and thence diverges into the causeway of the same name, which leads through the Belen gate to the southwestern angle of the capital. At the point of its divergence, it also connects with another route, communicating with the San-Cosme causeway, which enters the city at its northwestern angle. These avenues are thus commanded by the heights of Chapultepec, and secured to whomsoever could hold them the possession of the capital.

To the west, at the wooded base of the slope of Chapultepec, is El Molino del Rey ("the King's Mill"), a stone building, with high walls and turrets. It was now strongly garrisoned, and employed by the Mexicans as a foundry and arsenal. About four hundred yards still farther to the west, in a line with Chapultepec and El Molino del Rey, is the Casa de Mata, a thick-walled building of stone, used as a depot for powder, and having a strong garrison.

The only approach to the fortress of Chapultepec being by the gradual slope on the west, General Scott directed his operations to that quarter. El Molino del Rey and the Casa de Mata, however, both well defended, stood in his way; and his first object was necessarily to carry these. Careful reconnoissances hav-

ing been made, General Worth was directed to lead the attack. His division, with the reinforcement of Cadwallader's brigade, of Pillow's division, three squadrons of dragoons, under Major Sumner, and some heavy guns of the siege-train, under Captains Huger and Drum, gave him a force of three thousand one hundred men in all.

In the meantime, Santa Anna had mustered an army of fourteen thousand men, and, placing himself at their head, now awaited the approach of the enemy, determined to resist the advance of the Americans to the capital at all hazards. The Mexican left rested upon and occupied El Molino del Rey, directly under the guns of the castle on the summit of Chapultepec; the right rested upon the Casa de Mata. Midway between the two was the Mexican field-battery, with infantry on either side to support it.

General Worth made his dispositions accordingly; and "as the enemy's system of defence was connected with the hill and castle of Chapultepec, and as my operations were limited to a specific object," says he, in his report, "it became necessary to isolate the work to be accomplished from the castle of Chapultepec and its immediate defences. To effect this object, the following dispositions were ordered:—

"Colonel Garland's brigade to take position on the right, strengthened by two pieces of Captain Drum's battery, to look to El Molino del Rey as well as any support of this position from Chapultepec; and also within sustaining distance of the assaulting party and the battering-guns,

which, under Captain Huger, were placed on the ridge, five or six hundred yards from El Molino del Rey, to batter and loosen this position from Chapultepec.

"An assaulting party of five hundred picked men and officers, under command of Brevet-Major George Wright, eighth infantry, was also posted on the ridge to the left of the battering-guns, to force the enemy's centre.

"The second (Clarke's) brigade, the command of which devolved on Colonel M'Intosh (Colonel Clarke being sick), with Duncan's battery, was to take post still farther up the ridge, opposite the enemy's right, to look to our left flank, to sustain the assaulting column if necessary, or to discomfit the enemy (the ground being favorable), as circumstances might require.

"Cadwallader's brigade was held in reserve, in a position on the ridge, between the battering-guns and M'Intosh's brigade, and in easy support of either.

"The cavalry, under Major Sumner, to envelop our extreme left, and be governed by circumstances—to repel or attack, as the commander's judgment might suggest.

"The troops to be put in position under the cover of the night; and the work to begin as soon as the heavy metal could be properly directed. Colonel Duncan was charged with the general disposition of the artillery.

"At three o'clock in the morning of the 8th, the several columns were put in motion on as many different routes; and when the gray of the morning enabled them to be seen, they

Sept. 8.

were as accurately in position as if posted in mid-day for review. The early dawn was the moment appointed for the attack, which was announced to our troops by the opening of Huger's guns on El Molino del Rey, upon which they continued to play actively until this point of the enemy's line became sensibly shaken, when the assaulting party, commanded by Major Wright, and guided by that accomplished officer Captain Mason, of the engineers, assisted by Lieutenant Foster, dashed gallantly forward to the assault. Unshaken by the galling of the musketry and canister that was showered upon them, on they rushed, driving infantry and artillerymen at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's field-battery was taken, and his own guns were trailed upon his retreating masses. Before, however, they could be discharged, perceiving that he had been dispossessed of his strong position by comparatively a handful of men, he made a desperate effort to regain it. Accordingly, his retiring forces rallied and formed with this object.

"Aided by the infantry, which covered housetops (within reach of which the battery had been removed during the night), the enemy's whole line opened upon the assaulting party a terrific fire of musketry, which struck down *eleven* out of the *fourteen* officers that composed the command, and non-commissioned officers and men in proportion: including, among the officers, Brevet-Major Wright, the commander; Captain Mason and Lieutenant Foster, engineers; all severely wounded.

"This severe shock staggered, for a moment, that gallant band. The light bat-

tery, held to cover Captain Huger's battery, under Captain E. Kirby Smith (Lieutenant-Colonel Smith being sick), and the right wing of Cadwallader's brigade, were promptly ordered forward to support—which order was executed in the most gallant style: the enemy was again routed, and this point of his line carried, and fully possessed by our troops.

"In the meantime, Garland's (first) brigade, ably sustained by Captain Drum's artillery, assaulted the enemy's left, and, after an obstinate and very severe contest, drove him from his apparently impregnable position, immediately under the guns of the castle of Chapultepec. Drum's section, and the battering-guns under Captain Huger, advanced to the enemy's position; and the captured guns of the enemy were now opened on his retreating forces, on which they continued to fire until beyond their reach.

"While this work was in progress of accomplishment by our centre and right, our troops on the left were not idle. Duncan's battery opened on the right of the enemy's line, up to this time engaged; and the second brigade, under Colonel M'Intosh, was now ordered to assault the extreme right of the enemy's line. The direction of this brigade soon caused it to mask Duncan's battery, the fire of which, for the moment, was discontinued; and the brigade moved steadily on to the assault of Casa Mata, which, instead of an ordinary field-intrenchment, as was supposed, proved to be a strong stone citadel, surrounded with bastioned intrenchments and impassable ditches—an old Spanish work, recently repaired and en-

larged. When within easy musket-range, the enemy opened a most deadly fire upon our advancing troops, which was kept up, without intermission, until our gallant men reached the very slope of the parapet of the work that surrounded the citadel.

“By this time, a large proportion of the command was either killed or wounded, among whom were the three senior officers present—Brevet-Colonel McIntosh; Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, of the fifth infantry; and Major Waite, eighth infantry—the second killed, and the first and last desperately wounded. Still, the fire from the citadel was unabated. In this crisis of the attack, the command was momentarily thrown into disorder, and fell back on the left of Duncan's battery, where they rallied.

“As the second brigade moved to the assault, a very large cavalry and infantry force was discovered approaching rapidly upon our left flank, to reinforce the enemy's right. As soon as Duncan's battery was masked, as before mentioned, supported by Andrews's voltigeurs, of Cadwallader's brigade, it moved promptly to the extreme left of our line, to check the threatened assault on this point. The enemy's cavalry came rapidly within canister-range, when the whole battery opened a most effective fire, which soon broke the squadrons and drove them back in disorder.

“During this fire upon the enemy's cavalry, Major Sumner's command moved to the front, and changed direction in admirable order, under a most appalling fire from the Casa Mata. This move-

ment enabled his command to cross the ravine immediately on the left of Duncan's battery, where it remained, doing noble service, until the close of the action.

“At the very moment the cavalry were driven beyond reach, our own troops drew back from before the Casa Mata, and enabled the guns of Duncan's battery to reopen upon this position; which, after a short and well-directed fire, the enemy abandoned. The guns of the battery were now turned upon his retreating columns, and continued to play upon them until beyond reach.

“He was now driven from every point in the field; and his strong lines, which had certainly been defended well, were in our possession. In fulfilment of the instructions of the general-in-chief, the Casa Mata was blown up; and such of the captured ammunition as was useless to us, as well as the cannon-moulds found in El Molino del Rey, were destroyed. After which, my command, under the reiterated orders of the general-in-chief, returned to quarters at Tacubaya, with three of the enemy's four guns (the fourth having been spiked, was rendered unserviceable); as also a large quantity of small-arms, with gun and musket ammunition, and exceeding eight hundred prisoners, including fifty-two commissioned officers.”

The battle of El Molino del Rey, thus modestly narrated, was the severest and bloodiest of the campaign. Fifty-nine, nearly one third of the American officers engaged, were either killed or wounded; and of those in the ranks, one hundred and twenty-five were killed, six hundred

and forty-nine wounded, and ten missing. General Worth, in this hard day's fight, lost more than one fourth of his entire division. Of the Mexicans, who showed unusual bravery, upward of two thousand were killed or wounded.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Barren Victory.—Assault on Chapultepec postponed.—Description of the Defences of Mexico.—The Raised Causeways and Gates.—General Scott's Plan of Attack.—A Feigned Assault.—Commencement of Operations.—Success of a Stratagem.—The Establishment of Batteries.—Opening of the American Fire.—Its Good Effects.—The Assaulting-Parties.—The Signal for Attack.—Advance of the Assailants.—Wound of General Pillow.—Fall of the Redoubt.—A Rugged Ascent.—The Struggle.—Capture of Chapultepec.—Taking the Mexican Batteries on the Road.—The Distinguished.—Good Services of the American Artillery.—Advance of General Worth.—Turning of Chapultepec.—Attack upon the Mexican Line.—Pursuit of the Enemy.—The Routes to the Capital.—Abandoned Defences.—Street-Fights.—General Quitman in the Capital.—Flight of the Mexican Authorities.—A Moderate Contribution.—Hoisting the American Flag on the National Palace.—Gallant Behavior of the Army.—A Fire from the Houses.—The Liberated Convicts.—Unlawful Warfare.—Miscreants punished.—The Losses of the Enemy.—Losses of the Americans.

1817. GALLANTLY as the Americans had fought, freely as they had poured out their blood, and thoroughly as they had beaten the enemy, the victory of El Molino del Rey was barren of result. So much more severe had the struggle proved than was anticipated, that General Scott, unwilling further to sacrifice the lives of his brave men, had recalled his troops, although in the heat of success, with a determination to postpone the assault upon Chapultepec until he should mature a less hazardous plan of operations.

Having, by the daring reconnoissances of his engineer-officers, obtained a thorough knowledge of the approaches to the city of Mexico, its defences, and the position of the enemy, the American commander now determined upon a final assault, which he confidently hoped would close the campaign with a triumphant entrance into the capital.

The city of Mexico stands on a slight swell of ground, near the centre of an irregular basin. A ditch, and a navigable canal of great breadth and depth, nearly girdle it. Raised causeways lead to the city, into which they open through eight gates built upon arches. The former are flanked on either side by deep ditches, and the latter defended by strong works. The approaches on the south being the most formidable (for here the Mexicans had made the most laborious efforts for defence), General Scott resolved to enter the capital on the west and southwest. In order, however, to spare as far as possible the precious blood of his men, and to secure the success of his attack, he determined to mask his movement from the enemy by feigning an assault from the

south. To execute his purpose, it was necessary first to carry Chapultepec, whose fortified heights commanded the Tacubaya and San-Cosme causeways, which led to the gates on the southwest and west, by which it was proposed to enter the capital. Three days after the battle

Sept. 11. of El Molino del Rey, the movement began. Its skilful conduct and triumphant result are spiritedly recorded in the general's own words:—

“On the 11th,” wrote Scott, in his report to the government, “I ordered Quitman's division, from Coyhoacan, to join Pillow, *by daylight*, before the southern gates, and then that the two major-generals, with their divisions, should, *by night*, proceed (two miles) to join me at Tacubaya, where I was quartered with Worth's division. Twiggs, with Riley's brigade, and Captains Taylor's and Steptoe's field-batteries—the latter of twelve-pounders—was left in front of those gates, to manœuvre, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy. Twiggs's other brigade (Smith's) was left at supporting distance in the rear, at San Angel, till the morning of the 13th, and also to support our general depot at Mixcoac. The stratagem against the south was admirably executed throughout the 12th and down to the afternoon of the 13th, when it was too late for the enemy to recover from the effects of his delusion.

“The first step in the new movement was to carry Chapultepec, a natural and isolated mound of great elevation, strongly fortified at its base, on its acclivities, and heights. Besides a numerous garri-

son, here was the military college of the republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants and other students. These works were within direct gun-shot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous.

“In the course of the same night (that of the 11th), heavy batteries within easy ranges were established. No. 1, on our right, under the command of Captain Drum, fourth artillery (relieved the next day, for some hours, by Lieutenant Andrews, of the third), and No. 2, commanded by Lieutenant Hagner, ordnance—both supported by Quitman's division; Nos. 3 and 4, on the opposite side, supported by Pillow's division, were commanded, the former by Captain Brooks and Lieutenant S. S. Anderson, second artillery, alternately, and the latter by Lieutenant Stone, ordnance. The batteries were traced by Captain Huger and Captain Lee, engineer, and constructed by them, with the able assistance of the young officers of those corps and the artillery.

“To prepare for an assault, it was foreseen that the play of the batteries might run into the second day: but recent captures had not only trebled our siege-pieces, but also our ammunition; and we knew that we should greatly augment both by carrying the place. I was therefore in no haste in ordering an assault before the works were well crippled by our missiles.

“The bombardment and cannonade, under the direction of Captain Huger,

were commenced early in the morning of the 12th. Before nightfall, which necessarily stopped our batteries, we had perceived that a good impression had been made on the castle and its outworks, and that a large body of the enemy had remained outside, toward the city, from an early hour, to avoid our fire, and to be at hand on its cessation, in order to reinforce the garrison against an assault. The same outside force was discovered the

Sept. 12. next morning, after our batteries had reopened upon the castle, by which we again reduced its garrison to the *minimum* needed for the guns.

“Pillow and Quitman had been in position since early in the night of the 11th. Major-General Worth was now ordered to hold his division in reserve, near the foundry, to support Pillow; and Brigadier-General Smith, of Twiggs’s division, had just arrived with his brigade from Piedad (two miles), to support Quitman. Twiggs’s guns, before the southern gates, again reminded us, as the day before, that he, with Riley’s brigade and Taylor’s and Steptoe’s batteries, was in activity, threatening the southern gates, and there holding a great part of the Mexican army on the defensive.

“Worth’s division furnished Pillow’s attack with an assaulting party of some two hundred and fifty volunteer officers and men, under Captain Mackenzie, of the second artillery; and Twiggs’s division supplied a similar one, commanded by Captain Casey, second infantry, to Quitman. Each of those little columns was furnished with scaling-ladders.

“The signal I had appointed for the

attack was the momentary cessation of fire on the part of our heavy batteries. About eight o’clock in the morning of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived, by the effect of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aid-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shots and shells upon the enemy over the heads of our men, with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reinforce the works from without, to meet our assault.

“Major-General Pillow’s approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged; when, being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brigadier-General Cadwallader, in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce), of the same division, an invalid since the events of August 19. On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a reinforcement—Colonel Clarke’s brigade.

“The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor,

and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who, at a distance, attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling-ladders were brought up and planted by the storming-parties. Some of the daring spirits in the assault were cast down, killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amid long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

“Major-General Quitman, nobly supported by Brigadier-Generals Shields and Smith (P. F.), his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the southeast of the same works over a causeway with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. Those formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops or space for manœuvring. Deep ditches, flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows; and these, again, were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade

had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right, in order to present a front against the enemy's line (outside), and to turn two intervening batteries, near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman's storming-parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs's division, was commanded in succession by Captain Casey, second infantry, and Captain Paul, seventh infantry, after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed, and then Captain Miller, second Pennsylvania volunteers. The storming-party, now commanded by Captain Paul, seconded by Captain Roberts, of the rifles, Lieutenant Stewart and others, of the same regiment, Smith's brigade, carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New-York and South-Carolina volunteers (Shields's brigade), and the second Pennsylvania volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming-parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec just in time to join in the final assault from the west.

“Besides Major-Generals Pillow and Quitman, and Brigadier-Generals Shields, Smith, and Cadwallader, the following are the officers and corps most distinguished in those brilliant operations: The voltigeur regiment, in two detachments, commanded respectively by Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone—the latter mostly in the lead, accompanied by

Major Caldwell; Captains Barnard and Biddle, of the same regiment—the former the first to plant a regimental color, and the latter among the first in the assault; the storming-party of Worth's division, under Captain Mackenzie, second artillery, with Lieutenant Selden, eighth infantry, early on the ladder, and badly wounded; Lieutenant Armistead, sixth infantry, the first to leap into the ditch to plant a ladder; Lieutenant Rogers, of the fourth, and J. P. Smith, of the fifth infantry—both mortally wounded; the ninth infantry, under Colonel Ransom, who was killed while bravely leading that brave regiment; the fifteenth infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard and Major Woods, with Captain Chase, whose company gallantly carried the redoubt, midway up the acclivity; Colonel Clarke's brigade (Worth's division), consisting of the fifth, eighth, and part of the sixth regiments of infantry, commanded respectively by Captain Chapman, Major Montgomery, and Lieutenant Edward Johnson, the latter specially noticed, with Lieutenants Longstreet (badly wounded, advancing, colors in hand), Pickett, and Merchant, the last three of the eighth infantry; portions of the United States marines, New-York, South-Carolina, and Pennsylvania volunteers, which, delayed with their division (Quitman's), by the hot engagement below, arrived just in time to participate in the assault of the heights—particularly a detachment under Lieutenant Reid, New-York volunteers, consisting of a company of the same, with one of marines; and another detachment, a portion of the storming-

party (Twiggs's division, serving with Quitman) under Lieutenant Steele, second infantry—after the fall of Lieutenant Gantt, seventh infantry.

“In this connection, it is but just to recall the decisive effect of the heavy batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, commanded by those excellent officers—Captain Drum, fourth artillery, assisted by Lieutenants Benjamin and Porter, of his own company; Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Anderson, second artillery, assisted by Lieutenant Russell, fourth infantry, a volunteer; Lieutenants Hagner and Stone, of the ordnance, and Lieutenant Andrews, third artillery—the whole superintended by Captain Huger, chief of ordnance with this army, an officer distinguished by every kind of merit. The mountain-howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Reno, of the ordnance, deserves also to be particularly mentioned. Attached to the voltigeurs, it followed the movements of that regiment, and again won applause.

“In adding to the list of individuals of conspicuous merit, I must limit myself to a few of the many names which might be enumerated: Captain Hooker, assistant adjutant-general, who won special applause successively in the staff of Pillow and Cadwallader; Lieutenant Lovell, fourth artillery (wounded), chief of Quitman's staff; Captain Page, assistant adjutant-general (wounded), and Lieutenant Hammond, third artillery, both of Shields's staff; and Lieutenant Van Dorn, (seventh infantry), aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Smith.

“Those operations all occurred on the west, southeast, and heights of Chapulte-

pec. To the north, and at the base of the mound, inaccessible on that side, the eleventh infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hebert; the fourteenth, under Colonel Trousdale; and Captain Magruder's field-battery, first artillery—one section advanced under Lieutenant Jackson, all of Pillow's division—had, at the same time, some spirited affairs against superior numbers, driving the enemy from a battery in the road, and capturing a gun. In these, the officers and corps named, gained merited praise. Colonel Trousdale, the commander, although twice wounded, continued on duty until the heights were carried.

Sept. 13. “Early in the morning of the 13th, I repeated the orders of the night before to Major-General Worth, to be, with his division, at hand, to support the movement of Major-General Pillow from our left. The latter seems soon to have called for that entire division, standing momentarily in reserve, and Worth sent him Colonel Clarke's brigade. The call, if not unnecessary, was at least, from the circumstances, unknown to me at the time; for, soon observing that the very large body of the enemy, in the road in front of Major-General Quitman's right, was receiving reinforcements from the city—less than a mile and a half to the east—I sent instructions to Worth, on our opposite flank, to turn Chapultepec with his division, and to proceed cautiously by the road at its northern base, in order, if not met by very superior numbers, to threaten or to attack in the rear that body of the enemy. The movement, it was also believed, could not fail to dis-

tract and to intimidate the enemy generally.

“Worth promptly advanced with his remaining brigade (Colonel Garland's), Lieutenant-Colonel P. F. Smith's light battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan's field-battery (all of his division), and three squadrons of dragoons, under Major Sumner, which I had just ordered up to join in the movement.

“Having turned the forest on the west, and arriving opposite to the north centre of Chapultepec, Worth came up with the troops in the road, under Colonel Trousdale, and aided by a flank-movement of a part of Garland's brigade in taking the one-gun breastwork, then under the fire of Lieutenant Jackson's section of Captain Magruder's field-battery. Continuing to advance, this division passed Chapultepec, attacking the right of the enemy's line, resting on that road, about the moment of the general retreat consequent upon the capture of the formidable castle and its outworks.

“Arriving some minutes later, and mounting to the top of the castle, the whole field, to the east, lay plainly under my view.

“There are two routes from Chapultepec to the capital: the one on the right entering the same gate, Belen, with the road from the south, *via* Piedad; and the other obliquing to the left, to intersect the great western or San-Cosme road, in a suburb outside of the gate of San Cosme.

“Each of these routes (an elevated causeway) presents a double roadway on the sides of an aqueduct of strong masonry and great height, resting on open

arches and massive pillars, which, together, afford fine points both for attack and defence. The sideways of both aqueducts are, moreover, defended by many strong breastworks at the gates, and before reaching them. As we had expected, we found the four tracks unusually dry and solid for the season.

“Worth and Quitman were prompt in pursuing the retreating enemy—the former by the San-Cosme aqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Each had now advanced some hundred yards.

“Deeming it all-important to profit by our successes, and the consequent dismay of the enemy, which could not be otherwise than general, I hastened to despatch from Chapultepec, first Clarke’s brigade, and then Cadwallader’s, to the support of Worth, and gave orders that the necessary heavy guns should follow. Pierce’s brigade was, at the same time, sent to
Sept. 13.

Quitman; and, in the course of the afternoon, I caused some additional siege-pieces to be added to his train. Then, after designating the fifteenth infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard (Morgan, the colonel, had been disabled by a wound at Churubusco), as the garrison of Chapultepec, and giving directions for the prisoners-of-war, the captured ordnance, and ordnance-stores, I proceeded to join the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the aqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gate of San Cosme.

“At this junction of roads, we first passed one of those formidable systems of city defences spoken of above, and it

had not a gun! a strong proof—first, that the enemy had expected us to fail in the attack upon Chapultepec, even if we meant anything more than a feint; second, that in either case, we designed, in his belief, to return and double our forces against the southern gates—a delusion kept up by the active demonstrations of Twiggs and the forces posted on that side; and, third, that advancing rapidly from the reduction of Chapultepec, the enemy had not time to shift guns (our previous captures had left him comparatively but few) from the southern gates.

“Within those disgarnished works, I found our troops engaged in a street-fight against the enemy posted in gardens, at windows, and on housetops—all flat, with parapets. Worth ordered forward the mountain-howitzers of Cadwallader’s brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pickaxes and crowbars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon in an equality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o’clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. According to my instructions, he here posted guards and sentinels, and placed his troops under shelter for the night. There was but one more obstacle, the San-Cosme gate (customhouse), between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace—the heart of the city; and that barrier, it was known, could not, by daylight, resist our siege-guns thirty minutes.

“I had gone back to the foot of Chapultepec, the point from which the two aqueducts begin to diverge, some hours

earlier, in order to be near that new depot, and in easy communication with Quitman and Twiggs as well as with Worth.

“From this point I ordered all detachments and stragglers to their respective corps, then in advance; sent to Quitman additional siege-guns, ammunition, and intrenching-tools; directed Twiggs’s remaining brigade (Riley’s), from Piedad, to support Worth; and Captain Steptoe’s field-battery, also at Piedad, to rejoin Quitman’s division.

“I had been, from the first, well aware that the western, or San Cosme, was the less difficult route to the centre and conquest of the capital; and, therefore, intended that Quitman should only manoeuvre and threaten the Belen or southwestern gate, in order to favor the main attack by Worth, knowing that the strong defences at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress, called the *citadel*, just within. Both of these defences of the enemy were also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel (or *Niño Perdido*) and San Antonio gates. Hence the greater support, in numbers, given to Worth’s movement as the main attack.

“Those views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-General Quitman; but being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brigadier-Generals Shields and Smith (Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire), as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires, carried

an intermediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o’clock in the afternoon, but not without proportionate loss, increased by his steady maintenance of that position. Sept. 13.

“Here, of the heavy battery (fourth artillery), Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin were mortally wounded; and Lieutenant Porter, its third in rank, slightly. The loss of those two most distinguished officers the army will long mourn. Lieutenants J. B. Moragne and William Canty, of the South-Carolina volunteers, also of high merit, fell on the same occasion, besides many of our bravest non-commissioned officers and men, particularly in Captain Drum’s veteran company.

“Quitman, within the city (adding several new defences to the position he had won, and sheltering his corps as well as practicable), now awaited the return of daylight, under the guns of the formidable citadel, yet to be subdued.

“At about four o’clock next morning, a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council) waited upon me, Sept. 14. to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before, and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied that I would sign no capitulation; that the city had been virtually in our possession from the time of the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy upon the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and that the American

army should come under no terms, not *self-imposed*—such only as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose. . . .

“At the termination of the interview with the city deputation, I communicated, Sept. 14. about daylight, orders to Worth and Quitman to advance slowly and cautiously (to guard against treachery) toward the heart of the city, and to occupy its stronger and more commanding points. Quitman proceeded to the great *plaza* or square, planted guards, and hoisted the colors of the United States on the national palace, containing the halls of Congress and executive departments of federal Mexico. In this grateful service, Quitman might have been anticipated by Worth, but for my express orders, halting the latter at the head of the *Alameda* (a green park), within three squares of that goal of general ambition. The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, *all* had contributed, early and powerfully—the killed, the wounded, and *the fit for duty*—at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco (three battles), the Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec—as much as those who fought at the gates of Belen and San Cosme.

“Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a fire was opened upon us from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts liberated the night before by the flying government, joined by perhaps as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves and thrown off their uniforms. This unlawful warfare lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. Their objects were, to gratify national hatred, and, in the general alarm and confusion, to plunder the wealthy inhabitants, particularly the deserted quarters. But families are now generally returning; business of every kind has been resumed; and the city is already tranquil and cheerful, under the admirable conduct (with exceptions very few and trifling) of our gallant troops.”

In the storming of Chapultepec, and the subsequent struggles at the gates of the city, the Mexicans lost in killed about one thousand, and in wounded upward of fifteen hundred, while eight hundred and fifty-three were taken prisoners. Of the Americans, one hundred and thirty were killed, seven hundred and four wounded, and twenty-nine missing.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Crowning Event of General Scott's Campaign.—Great Triumphs.—A Meager Force.—Small Sacrifice.—Great Resources of the Enemy.—Broken Condition of the Mexican Army.—Throwing down Arms.—Fragmentary Bands.—Flight of Santa Anna.—A Luckless Standard.—A Captain of Guerilleros.—An Abandoned Capital.—Flight of the Authorities.—Assembling of the Mexican Congress at Queretaro.—Attack on the American Garrison at Puebla.—Repulse of the Insurgents.—Investment of the City.—Santa Anna to the Rescue.—A Summons to surrender.—A Refusal.—Departure of Santa Anna.—He is abandoned by his Troops.—A Luckless General.—His Flight and Exile.—A Bare Escape.—Defeat of General Rea at Huamantla.—Triumphant Entry of the Americans into Atlixco.—Capture of Orizaba.—End of the War.—Disposition of the American Troops throughout Mexico.—Return of General Taylor to the United States.—The American Forces in California.—Insurrection at Santa Fé.—The Rebellion in New Mexico suppressed.—Negotiations for Peace.—The Treaty Signed.—Results of the Mexican War.

1847. THE capture of the Mexican capital was the crowning event of the brilliant campaign of General Scott. With a small force, numbering less than six thousand men on his entrance into the city of Mexico, he had fought his way through a hostile country, defended by an army more than thirty thousand strong. In the various conflicts, which were so many triumphs of their arms, the Americans were never opposed by less than three and a half times their own number. Their whole loss in the valley of Mexico was but two thousand seven hundred and three, of whom three hundred and eighty-three were officers. With this comparatively small sacrifice, and with their meager force, they had beaten, "in view of their own capital, the whole Mexican army of (at the beginning) thirty odd thousand men, posted always in chosen positions behind intrenchments or more formidable defences of nature and art; killed or wounded, of that number, more than seven thousand officers and men; taken three thousand seven hundred prisoners,

one seventh officers, including thirteen generals, of whom three had been presidents of this republic," writes Scott from the national palace of Mexico; Sept. 18. "captured more than twenty colors and standards, seventy-five pieces of ordnance, besides fifty-seven wall-pieces, twenty thousand small-arms, an immense quantity of shot, shells, powder, &c., &c."

The whole Mexican army, once so imposing in numbers and appointment, was now completely broken and demoralized. More than twenty thousand of the troops had thrown away their arms in despair; and only two or three fragmentary bands of Mexicans, of a few thousands each, still kept up the appearance of military organization. These, moreover, were wandering in different directions, destitute of magazines or supplies, and living at free quarters upon their own people.

General Santa Anna, a fugitive from Mexico, and forced to renounce the chief magistracy of the feeble and distracted republic, could rally but twenty-five hundred horsemen to his luckless standard.

The once imposing leader of armies was now only the captain, as it were, of a band of *guerilleros*, who, hopeless of victory, sought but to harass and destroy. The capital was abandoned to the American victors; and the provisional president (Peña y Peña), the governors and commandants-general of the several provinces, with the ministers of state, under a safe-conduct from the conqueror of their country, repaired to the city of Queretaro, situated about a hundred miles northwest of the capital, where the national Congress of Mexico was summoned to meet and deliberate upon the sad position of the republic.

In the meantime, while General Scott was in triumphant possession of the capital, the little garrison of four hundred men, under Colonel Childs, left to guard Puebla, in his rear, was attacked by the Mexican General Rea, who, gathering some four thousand men, chiefly *guerilleros*, entered the town, and, with the aid of the disaffected inhabitants, strove to wrest it from the Americans. Repulsed in their first attempts, the Mexicans invested the place. Santa Anna
Sept. 25. now came to their aid with his wandering horsemen, and at once summoned Colonel Childs to surrender. He was answered promptly and resolutely that the place would be defended to the
Sept. 28. last. The Mexican general now opened his batteries, and began to bombard the American intrenchments. Childs and his little garrison, in return, bombarded the town, and succeeded, by their alertness and the spirited fire of their guns, in keeping the enemy at bay.

A general assault was momentarily expected, when Santa Anna, whose troops were nearly destitute of food, hearing of the approach of an American convoy from Vera Cruz, sallied out on the road to intercept it. Before he could gain
Oct. 1. his object, however, his cavalry deserted him *en masse*, leaving him but a hundred and fifty men.

The luckless general was now forced to seek safety in flight; and soon after, being denounced by his own government, he became an exile from his country. He barely escaped capture, as, deserted by soldier and shunned by citizen, he ignominiously skulked out of his native land. General Lane, who was marching with three thousand men from Vera Cruz, entered Huamantla just as the unfortunate Mexican commander left.

On the approach of Lane, General Rea raised the siege of Puebla, and strove to take him by surprise. Thwarted
Oct. 12. in his object, he was attacked at Huamantla and signally defeated by the Americans, who after this success entered Atlisco in triumph, and subsequently captured Orizaba and other places of importance.

Little is now left for the military historian to record, for the war was virtually over. It is necessary, however, in order to give completeness to our narrative, to recur to the operations of the American troops scattered about the wide territory of the enemy which they had so boldly entered and signally conquered.

General Taylor remained at Monterey, where he continued to uphold the military authority which he had secured by

his victories, and to keep in awe the guerrilla-bands that hovered about the camp. During the victorious progress of Scott toward the capital of Mexico, Taylor, having been directed to co-operate, sent all his disposable troops to Vera Cruz, and was consequently left with only six thousand men. These were distributed in garrison among the forts on the Rio Grande, at Matamoras, Ceralvo, Buena Vista, Saltillo, and Monterey. All intention of a further advance of the Americans from the line of the Sierra Madre being abandoned, General Taylor returned to the United States in November, leaving General Wool in command.

The American force in California had been strengthened by the new regiment of volunteers from New York, under Colonel Stevenson, which was divided and stationed at various points in the territory. The United States squadron, moreover, commanded by Commodore Stockton, took possession of the ports in the gulf of California, and on the Mexican coast to the south; and thus, on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic, the wide territory of the enemy was either in possession of, or under subjection to, the American arms.

The only apparent relaxation of the grasp with which the Americans had so vigorously seized and held the territory of their enemy was in the province of New Mexico. Here the natives, joined by some Indians, taking advantage of the reckless disregard of discipline on the part of the American volunteers, rose in insurrection at the opening of the new year (1848). Governor Bent, of Santa Fé,

and several officers of his government, while on their way to San Fernando de Taos, were seized and cruelly
Jan. 14. butchered. Other Americans, at different points in the territory, met with the same fate; and soon all the towns in the valley of the Nuevo, with the exception of two, openly threw off the American control. Santa Fé itself threatened to follow; but Colonel Price, who had been left in command of the military force on the departure of Colonel Doniphan, acted with prompt vigor, and not only checked all disorder in the capital, but marched out and extinguished the insurrection wherever it had made headway in other parts of the territory.

Negotiations for peace having been begun after the fall of the capital, a treaty was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo by Trist and the Mexican
Feb. 2. commissioners. Subsequently amended and ratified, the treaty was thus formally announced to the world, on the 19th of June, 1848:—

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS a treaty of peace, friendship, limits, and settlement, between the United States of America and the Mexican republic, was concluded and signed at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo, on the second day of February, one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, which treaty, as amended by the senate of the United States, and being in the English and Spanish languages, is word for word as follows:—

IN the name of ALMIGHTY GOD:

The United States of America and the United Mexican States, animated by a sincere desire to put an end to the calamities of the war which

unhappily exists between the two republics, and to establish upon a solid basis relations of peace and friendship, which shall confer reciprocal benefits upon the citizens of both, and assure the concord, harmony, and mutual confidence, wherein the two people should live, as good neighbors, have for that purpose appointed their respective plenipotentiaries: that is to say, the president of the United States has appointed NICHOLAS P. TRIST, a citizen of the United States, and the president of the Mexican republic has appointed DON LUIS GONZAGA CUEVAS, DON BERNARDO COUTO, and DON MIGUEL ATRISTAIN, citizens of the said republic, who, after a reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, have, under the protection of Almighty God, the author of peace, arranged, agreed upon, and signed, the following

Treaty of peace, friendship, limits, and settlement, between the United States of America and the Mexican Republic.

ARTICLE I.

There shall be firm and universal peace between the United States of America and the Mexican republic, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns, and people, without exception of places or persons.

ARTICLE II.

Immediately upon the signature of this treaty, a convention shall be entered into between a commissioner or commissioners appointed by the general-in-chief of the forces of the United States and such as may be appointed by the Mexican government, to the end that a provisional suspension of hostilities shall take place, and that, in the places occupied by the said forces, constitutional order may be re-established, as regards the political, administrative, and judicial branches, so far as this shall be permitted by the circumstances of military occupation.

ARTICLE III.

Immediately upon the ratification of the present treaty by the government of the United States, orders shall be transmitted to the commanders of their land and naval forces, requiring the latter (provided this treaty shall then have

been ratified by the government of the Mexican republic, and the ratifications exchanged) immediately to desist from blockading any Mexican ports; and requiring the former (under the same condition) to commence, at the earliest moment practicable, withdrawing all troops of the United States then in the interior of the Mexican republic, to points that shall be selected by common agreement, at a distance from the seaports not exceeding thirty leagues; and such evacuation of the interior of the republic shall be completed with the least possible delay; the Mexican government hereby binding itself to afford every facility in its power for rendering the same convenient to the troops on their march and in their new positions, and for promoting a good understanding between them and the inhabitants. In like manner, orders shall be despatched to the persons in charge of the customhouses at all ports occupied by the forces of the United States, requiring them (under the same conditions) immediately to deliver possession of the same to the persons authorized by the Mexican government to receive it, together with all bonds and evidences of debt for duties on importations and on exportations not yet fallen due. Moreover, a faithful and exact account shall be made out, showing the entire amount of all duties on imports and on exports collected at such customhouses or elsewhere in Mexico by authority of the United States, from and after the day of ratification of this treaty by the government of the Mexican republic, and also an account of the cost of collection; and such entire amount, deducting only the cost of collection, shall be delivered to the Mexican government, at the city of Mexico, within three months after the exchange of ratifications.

The evacuation of the capital of the Mexican republic by the troops of the United States, in virtue of the above stipulation, shall be completed in one month after the orders there stipulated for shall have been received by the commander of said troops, or sooner if possible.

ARTICLE IV.

Immediately after the exchange of ratifications of the present treaty, all castles, forts, territories,

places, and possessions, which have been taken or occupied by the forces of the United States during the present war, within the limits of the Mexican republic, as about to be established by the following article, shall be definitively restored to the said republic, together with all the artillery, arms, apparatus of war, munitions, and other public property, which were in the said castles and forts when captured, and which shall remain there at the time when this treaty shall be duly ratified by the government of the Mexican republic. To this end, immediately upon the signature of this treaty, orders shall be despatched to the American officers commanding such castles and forts, securing against the removal or destruction of any such artillery, arms, apparatus of war, munitions, or other public property. The city of Mexico, within the inner line of intrenchments surrounding the said city, is comprehended in the above stipulations, as regards the restoration of artillery, apparatus of war, &c.

The final evacuation of the territory of the Mexican republic, by the forces of the United States, shall be completed in three months from the said exchange of ratifications, or sooner if possible; the Mexican government hereby engaging, as in the foregoing article, to use all means in its power for facilitating such evacuation, and rendering it convenient to the troops, and for promoting a good understanding between them and the inhabitants.

If, however, the ratification of this treaty by both parties should not take place in time to allow the embarkation of the troops of the United States to be completed before the commencement of the sickly season at the Mexican ports on the gulf of Mexico, in such case a friendly arrangement shall be entered into between the general-in-chief of the said troops and the Mexican government, whereby healthy and otherwise suitable places, at a distance from the ports not exceeding thirty leagues, shall be designated for the residence of such troops as may not yet have embarked, until the return of the healthy season. And the space of time here referred to, as comprehending the sickly season, shall be understood to extend from the first day of May to the first day of November.

All prisoners-of-war taken on either side, on land or on sea, shall be restored as soon as practicable after the exchange of ratifications of this treaty. It is also agreed that if any Mexicans should now be held as captives by any savage tribe within the limits of the United States, as about to be established by the following article, the government of the said United States will exact the release of such captives, and cause them to be restored to their country.

ARTICLE V.

The boundary-line between the two republics shall commence in the gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land, opposite the mouth of the Rio Grande, otherwise called the Rio Bravo del Norte, or opposite the mouth of its deepest branch, if it should have more than one branch emptying directly into the sea; from thence up the middle of that river, following the deepest channel, where it has more than one, to the point where it strikes the southern boundary of New Mexico; thence westwardly, along the whole southern boundary of New Mexico (which runs north of the town called *Paso*) to its western termination; thence northward, along the western line of New Mexico, until it intersects the first branch of the river Gila (or, if it should not intersect any branch of that river, then to the point on the said line nearest to such branch, and thence in a direct line to the same); thence down the middle of the said branch and of the said river, until it empties into the Rio Colorado; thence across the Rio Colorado, following the division-line between Upper and Lower California, to the Pacific ocean.

The southern and western limits of New Mexico, mentioned in this article, are those laid down in the map entitled "*Map of the United Mexican States, as organized and defined by various acts of the Congress of said republic, and constructed according to the best authorities. Revised edition. Published at New York, in 1847, by J. Disturnell*"—of which map a copy is added to this treaty, bearing the signatures and seals of the undersigned plenipotentiaries. And, in order to preclude all difficulty in tracing upon the ground the limit separating Upper from Lower California,

it is agreed that the said limit shall consist of a straight line drawn from the middle of the Rio Gila, where it unites with the Colorado, to a point on the coast of the Pacific ocean distant one marine league due south of the southernmost point of the port of San Diego, according to the plan of said port made in the year 1782 by Don Juan Pantoja, second sailing-master of the Spanish fleet, and published at Madrid in the year 1802, in the atlas to the voyage of the schooners *Sutil* and *Mexicana*; of which plan a copy is hereunto added, signed and sealed by the respective plenipotentiaries.

In order to designate the boundary-line with due precision, upon authoritative maps, and to establish upon the ground landmarks which shall show the limits of both republics, as described in the present article, the two governments shall each appoint a commissioner and a surveyor, who, before the expiration of one year from the date of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty, shall meet at the port of San Diego, and proceed to run and mark the said boundary in its whole course to the mouth of the Rio Bravo del Norte. They shall keep journals and mark out plans of their operations; and the result agreed upon by them shall be deemed a part of this treaty, and shall have the same force as if it were inserted therein. The two governments will amicably agree regarding what may be necessary to these persons, and also as to their respective escorts, should such be necessary.

The boundary-line established by this article shall be religiously respected by each of the two republics, and no change shall ever be made therein, except by the express and free consent of both nations, lawfully given by the general government of each, in conformity with its own constitution.

ARTICLE VI.

The vessels and citizens of the United States shall, in all time, have a free and uninterrupted passage by the gulf of California, and by the river Colorado below its confluence with the Gila, to and from their possessions situated north of the boundary-line defined in the preceding article; it being understood that this passage is to be by navigating the gulf of California and the river

Colorado, and not by land, without the express consent of the Mexican government.

If, by the examinations which may be made, it should be ascertained to be practicable and advantageous to construct a road, canal, or railway, which should in whole or in part run upon the river Gila, or upon its right or its left bank, within the space of one marine league from either margin of the river, the governments of both republics will form an agreement regarding its construction, in order that it may serve equally for the use and advantage of both countries.

ARTICLE VII.

The river Gila, and the part of the Rio Bravo del Norte lying below the southern boundary of New Mexico, being, agreeably to the fifth article, divided in the middle, between the two republics, the navigation of the Gila and of the Bravo below said boundary shall be free and common to the vessels and citizens of both countries; and neither shall, without the consent of the other, construct any work that may impede or interrupt, in whole or in part, the exercise of this right—not even for the purpose of favoring new methods of navigation. Nor shall any tax or contribution, under any denomination or title, be levied upon vessels or persons navigating the same, or upon merchandise or effects transported thereon, except in the case of landing upon one of their shores. If, for the purpose of making the said rivers navigable, or for maintaining them in such state, it should be necessary or advantageous to establish any tax or contribution, this shall not be done without the consent of both governments.

The stipulations contained in the present article shall not impair the territorial rights of either republic within its established limits.

ARTICLE VIII.

Mexicans now established in territories previously belonging to Mexico, and which remain for the future within the limits of the United States, as defined by the present treaty, shall be free to continue where they now reside, or to remove at any time to the Mexican republic, retaining the property which they possess in the said territories, or disposing thereof, and removing the

proceeds wherever they please, without their being subjected, on this account, to any contribution, tax, or charge whatever.

Those who shall prefer to remain in the said territories, may either retain the title and rights of Mexican citizens, or acquire those of citizens of the United States. But they shall be under the obligation to make their election within one year from the date of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty; and those who shall remain in the said territories after the expiration of that year, without having declared their intention to retain the character of Mexicans, shall be considered to have elected to become citizens of the United States.

In the said territories, property of every kind, now belonging to Mexicans not established there, shall be inviolably respected. The present owners, the heirs of these, and all Mexicans who may hereafter acquire said property by contract, shall enjoy with respect to it guaranties equally ample as if the same belonged to citizens of the United States.

ARTICLE IX.

Mexicans who, in the territories aforesaid, shall not preserve the character of citizens of the Mexican republic, conformably with what is stipulated in the preceding article, shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and be admitted at the proper time (to be judged of by the Congress of the United States) to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, according to the principles of the constitution; and in the meantime shall be maintained and protected in the enjoyment of their liberty and property, and secured in the free exercise of their religion without restriction.

ARTICLE X.

[Stricken out.]

ARTICLE XI.

Considering that a great part of the territories which, by the present treaty, are to be comprehended for the future within the limits of the United States, is now occupied by savage tribes, who will hereafter be under the exclusive control of the government of the United States, and whose incursions within the territory of Mexico

would be prejudicial in the extreme, it is solemnly agreed that all such incursions shall be forcibly restrained by the government of the United States whensoever this may be necessary; and that when they can not be prevented, they shall be punished by the said government, and satisfaction for the same shall be exacted—all in the same way, and with equal diligence and energy, as if the same incursions were meditated or committed within its own territory, against its own citizens.

It shall not be lawful, under any pretext whatever, for any inhabitant of the United States to purchase or acquire any Mexican, or any foreigner residing in Mexico, who may have been captured by Indians inhabiting the territory of either of the two republics, nor to purchase or acquire horses, mules, cattle, or property of any kind, stolen within Mexican territory by such Indians.

And in the event of any person or persons, captured within Mexican territory by Indians, being carried into the territory of the United States, the government of the latter engages and binds itself, in the most solemn manner, so soon as it shall know of such captives being within its territory, and shall be able to do so, through the faithful exercise of its influence and power, to rescue them and return them to their country, or deliver them to the agent or representative of the Mexican government. The Mexican authorities will, as far as practicable, give to the government of the United States notice of such captures; and its agent shall pay the expenses incurred in the maintenance and transmission of the rescued captives; who, in the meantime, shall be treated with the utmost hospitality by the American authorities at the place where they may be. But if the government of the United States, before receiving such notice from Mexico, should obtain intelligence, through any other channel, of the existence of Mexican captives within its territory, it will proceed forthwith to effect their release and delivery to the Mexican agent as above stipulated.

For the purpose of giving to these stipulations the fullest possible efficacy, thereby affording the security and redress demanded by their true spirit and intent, the government of the United

States will now and hereafter pass, without unnecessary delay, and always vigilantly enforce, such laws as the nature of the subject may require. And finally, the sacredness of this obligation shall never be lost sight of by the said government when providing for the removal of the Indians from any portion of the said territories, or for its being settled by citizens of the United States; but, on the contrary, special care shall then be taken not to place its Indian occupants under the necessity of seeking new homes, by committing those invasions which the United States have solemnly obliged themselves to restrain.

ARTICLE XII.

In consideration of the extension acquired by the boundaries of the United States, as defined in the fifth article of the present treaty, the government of the United States engages to pay to that of the Mexican republic the sum of fifteen millions of dollars.

Immediately after this treaty shall have been duly ratified by the government of the Mexican republic, the sum of three millions of dollars shall be paid to the said government by that of the United States, at the city of Mexico, in the gold or silver coin of Mexico. The remaining twelve millions of dollars shall be paid at the same place, and in the same coin, in annual instalments of three millions of dollars each, together with interest on the same at the rate of six per centum per annum. This interest shall begin to run upon the whole sum of twelve millions from the day of the ratification of the present treaty by the Mexican government, and the first of the instalments shall be paid at the expiration of one year from the same day. Together with each annual instalment, as it falls due, the whole interest accruing on such instalment from the beginning shall also be paid.

ARTICLE XIII.

The United States engage, moreover, to assume and pay to the claimants all the amounts now due them, and those hereafter to become due, by reason of the claims already liquidated and decided against the Mexican republic, under the conventions between the two republics severally concluded on the eleventh day of April,

eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, and on the thirtieth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty-three: so that the Mexican republic shall be absolutely exempt, for the future, from all expense whatever on account of the said claims.

ARTICLE XIV.

The United States do furthermore discharge the Mexican republic from all claims of citizens of the United States not heretofore decided against the Mexican government, which may have arisen previously to the date of the signature of this treaty; which discharge shall be final and perpetual, whether the said claims be rejected or be allowed by the board of commissioners provided for in the following article, and whatever shall be the total amount of those allowed.

ARTICLE XV.

The United States, exonerating Mexico from all demands on account of the claims of their citizens mentioned in the preceding article, and considering them entirely and for ever cancelled, whatever their amount may be, undertake to make satisfaction for the same, to an amount not exceeding three and one quarter millions of dollars. To ascertain the validity and amount of those claims, a board of commissioners shall be established by the government of the United States, whose awards shall be final and conclusive: *Provided*, That in deciding upon the validity of each claim, the board shall be guided and governed by the principles and rules of decision prescribed by the first and fifth articles of the unratified convention, concluded at the city of Mexico on the twentieth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three; and in no case shall an award be made in favor of any claim not embraced by these principles and rules.

If, in the opinion of the said board of commissioners, or of the claimants, any books, records, or documents, in the possession or power of the government of the Mexican republic, shall be deemed necessary to the just decision of any claim, the commissioners, or the claimants through them, shall, within such period as Congress may designate, make an application in writing for the same, addressed to the Mexican minister for for-

ign affairs, to be transmitted by the secretary of state of the United States; and the Mexican government engages, at the earliest possible moment after the receipt of such demand, to cause any of the books, records, or documents, so specified, which shall be in their possession or power (or authenticated copies or extracts of the same), to be transmitted to the said secretary of state, who shall immediately deliver them over to the said board of commissioners: *Provided*, That no such application shall be made by, or at the instance of, any claimant, until the facts which it is expected to prove by such books, records, or documents, shall have been stated under oath or affirmation.

ARTICLE XVI.

Each of the contracting parties reserves to itself the entire right to fortify whatever point within its territory it may judge proper so to fortify for its security.

ARTICLE XVII.

The treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, concluded at the city of Mexico on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1831, between the United States of America and the United Mexican States, except the additional article, and except so far as the stipulations of the said treaty may be incompatible with any stipulation contained in the present treaty, is hereby revived for the period of eight years from the day of the exchange of ratifications of this treaty, with the same force and virtue as if incorporated therein; it being understood that each of the contracting parties reserves to itself the right, at any time after the said period of eight years shall have expired, to terminate the same by giving one year's notice of such intention to the other party.

ARTICLE XVIII.

All supplies whatever for troops of the United States in Mexico, arriving at ports in the occupation of such troops previous to the final evacuation thereof, although subsequently to the restoration of the customhouses at such ports, shall be entirely exempt from duties and charges of any kind; the government of the United States hereby engaging and pledging its faith to establish, and vigilantly to enforce, all possible guards

for securing the revenue of Mexico, by preventing the importation, under cover of this stipulation, of any articles other than such, both in kind and in quantity, as shall really be wanted for the use and consumption of the forces of the United States during the time they may remain in Mexico. To this end, it shall be the duty of all officers and agents of the United States to denounce to the Mexican authorities at the respective ports any attempts at a fraudulent abuse of this stipulation which they may know of, or may have reason to suspect, and to give to such authorities all the aid in their power with regard thereto; and every such attempt, when duly proved and established by sentence of a competent tribunal, shall be punished by the confiscation of the property so attempted to be fraudulently introduced.

ARTICLE XIX.

With respect to all merchandise, effects, and property whatsoever, imported into ports of Mexico while in the occupation of the forces of the United States, whether by citizens of either republic, or by citizens or subjects of any neutral nation, the following rules shall be observed:—

1. All such merchandise, effects, and property, if imported previously to the restoration of the customhouses to the Mexican authorities, as stipulated for in the third article of this treaty, shall be exempt from confiscation, although the importation of the same be prohibited by the Mexican tariff.

2. The same perfect exemption shall be enjoyed by all such merchandise, effects, and property, imported subsequently to the restoration of the customhouses, and previously to the sixty days fixed in the following article for the coming into force of the Mexican tariff at such ports respectively; the said merchandise, effects, and property being, however, at the time of their importation, subject to the payment of duties, as provided for in the said following article.

3. All merchandise, effects, and property, described in the two rules foregoing, shall, during their continuance at the place of importation, and upon their leaving such place for the interior, be exempt from all duty, tax, or impost, of every kind, under whatsoever title or denomination.

Nor shall they be there subjected to any charge whatsoever upon the sale thereof.

4. All merchandise, effects, and property, described in the first and second rules, which shall have been removed to any place in the interior while such place was in the occupation of the forces of the United States, shall, during their continuance therein, be exempt from all tax upon the sale or consumption thereof, and from every kind of impost or contribution, under whatsoever title or denomination.

5. But if any merchandise, effects, or property, described in the first and second rules, shall be removed to any place not occupied at the time by the forces of the United States, they shall, upon their introduction into such place, or upon their sale or consumption there, be subject to the same duties which, under the Mexican laws, they would be required to pay in such cases if they had been imported in time of peace, through the maritime customhouses, and had there paid the duties conformably with the Mexican tariff.

6. The owners of all merchandise, effects, or property, described in the first and second rules, and existing in any port of Mexico, shall have the right to reship the same, exempt from all tax, impost, or contribution whatever.

With respect to the metals, or other property, exported from any Mexican port while in the occupation of the forces of the United States, and previously to the restoration of the customhouse at such port, no person shall be required by the Mexican authorities, whether general or state, to pay any tax, duty, or contribution, upon any such exportation, or in any manner to account for the same to the said authorities.

ARTICLE XX.

Through consideration for the interests of commerce generally, it is agreed that, if less than sixty days should elapse between the date of the signature of this treaty and the restoration of the customhouses, conformably with the stipulation in the third article, in such case all merchandise, effects, and property whatsoever, arriving at the Mexican ports after the restoration of the said customhouses, and previously to the expiration of sixty days after the day of the signature of

this treaty, shall be admitted to entry; and no other duties shall be levied thereon than the duties established by the tariff found in force at such customhouses at the time of the restoration of the same. And to all such merchandise, effects, and property, the rules established by the preceding article shall apply.

ARTICLE XXI.

If, unhappily, any disagreement should hereafter arise between the governments of the two republics, whether with respect to the interpretation of any stipulation in this treaty, or with respect to any other particular concerning the political or commercial relations of the two nations, the said governments, in the name of those nations, do promise to each other that they will endeavor, in the most sincere and earnest manner, to settle the differences so arising, and to preserve the state of peace and friendship in which the two countries are now placing themselves; using, for this end, mutual representations and pacific negotiations. And if, by these means, they should not be enabled to come to an agreement, a resort shall not, on this account, be had to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind, by the one republic against the other, until the government of that which deems itself aggrieved shall have maturely considered, in the spirit of peace and good neighborship, whether it would not be better that such difference should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side, or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party, it shall be acceded to by the other, unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference, or the circumstances of the case.

ARTICLE XXII.

If (which is not to be expected, and which God forbid!) war shall unhappily break out between the two republics, they do now, with a view to such calamity, solemnly pledge themselves to each other and to the world, to observe the following rules—absolutely, where the nature of the subject permits, and as closely as possible in all cases where such absolute observance shall be impossible:—

1. The merchants of either republic then residing in the other, shall be allowed to remain twelve months (for those dwelling in the interior), and six months (for those dwelling at the seaports), to collect their debts and settle their affairs; during which periods they shall enjoy the same protection, and be on the same footing in all respects, as the citizens or subjects of the most friendly nations; and, at the expiration thereof, or at any time before, they shall have full liberty to depart, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hinderance: conforming therein to the same laws which the citizens or subjects of the most friendly nations are required to conform to. Upon the entrance of the armies of either nation into the territories of the other, women and children, ecclesiastics, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, merchants, artisans, manufacturers, and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting the unfortified towns, villages, or places, and in general all persons whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments unmolested in their persons. Nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their cattle taken, nor their fields wasted, by the armed force into whose power, by the events of war, they may happen to fall; but if the necessity arise to take anything from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at an equitable price.

All churches, hospitals, schools, colleges, libraries, and other establishments for charitable and beneficent purposes, shall be respected, and all persons connected with the same protected in the discharge of their duties and the pursuit of their vocations.

2. In order that the fate of prisoners-of-war may be alleviated, all such practices as those of sending them into distant, inclement, or unwholesome districts, or crowding them into close and noxious places, shall be studiously avoided. They shall not be confined in dungeons, prison-ships, or prisons; nor be put in irons, or bound, or otherwise restrained in the use of their limbs. The officers shall enjoy liberty on their paroles, within convenient districts, and have comfortable quar-

ters; and the common soldiers shall be disposed in cantonments, open and extensive enough for air and exercise, and lodged in barracks as roomy and good as are provided by the party in whose power they are, for its own troops. But if any officer shall break his parole by leaving the district so assigned him, or any other prisoner shall escape from the limits of his cantonment, after they shall have been designated to him, such individual, officer, or other prisoner, shall forfeit so much of the benefit of this article as provides for his liberty on parole or in cantonment. And if any officer so breaking his parole, or any common soldier so escaping from the limits assigned him, shall afterward be found in arms, previously to his being regularly exchanged, the person so offending shall be dealt with according to the established laws of war. The officers shall be daily furnished by the party in whose power they are, with as many rations, and of the same articles, as are allowed, either in kind or by commutation, to officers of equal rank in its own army; and all others shall be daily furnished with such rations as is allowed to a common soldier in its own service: the value of all which supplies shall, at the close of the war, or at periods to be agreed upon between the respective commanders, be paid by the other party, on a mutual adjustment of accounts for the subsistence of prisoners; and such accounts shall not be mingled with or set off against any others, nor the balance due on them be withheld as a compensation or reprisal for any cause whatever, real or pretended. Each party shall be allowed to keep a commissary of prisoners, appointed by itself, with every cantonment of prisoners in possession of the other; which commissary shall see the prisoners as often as he pleases; shall be allowed to receive, exempt from all duties or taxes, and to distribute whatever comforts may be sent to them by their friends; and shall be free to transmit his reports in open letters to the party by whom he is employed.

And it is declared that neither the pretence that war dissolves all treaties, nor any other whatever, shall be considered as annulling or suspending the solemn covenant contained in this article. On the contrary, the state of war is precisely that

for which it is provided, and during which its stipulations are to be as sacredly observed as the most acknowledged obligations under the law of nature or nations.

ARTICLE XXIII.

This treaty shall be ratified by the president of the United States of America, by and with the advice and consent of the senate thereof; and by the president of the Mexican republic, with the previous approbation of its general Congress: and the ratification shall be exchanged in the city of Washington, or at the seat of government of Mexico, in four months from the date of the signature hereof, or sooner if practicable.

IN FAITH WHEREOF, we, the respective plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty of peace, friendship, limits, and settlement; and have hereunto affixed our seals respectively.

Done in quintuplicate, at the city of Guadalupe Hidalgo, on the second day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight.

N. P. TRIST,	[L. s.]
LUIS G. CUEVAS,	[L. s.]
BERNARDO COUTO,	[L. s.]
MIGL. ATRISTAIN,	[L. s.]

And whereas the said treaty, as amended, has been duly ratified on both parts, and the respective ratifications of the same were exchanged at Queretaro, on the thirtieth day of May last, by Ambrose H. Sevier and Nathan Clifford, commissioners on the part of the government of the United States, and by Señor Don Luis de la Rosa, minister of relations of the Mexican republic, on the part of that government:

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, JAMES K. POLK, President of the United States of America, have caused the said treaty to be made public, to the end that the same, and every clause and article thereof, may be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the United States and the citizens thereof.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this fourth day of July, one thousand eight hundred [L. s.] and forty-eight, and of the independence of the United States the seventy-third.

By the President:

JAMES K. POLK.

JAMES BUCHANAN, *Secretary of State.*

“Let us turn for a moment,” says Mansfield, “to the RESULTS OF THE MEXICAN WAR. The results may be summed up in three particulars, viz.: the loss of lives, the loss of money, and the gain of territory. Each of these may be estimated with sufficient accuracy for all the purposes of history.

“1. THE LOSS OF LIFE.—The official returns of our government show an actual loss, *in the field*—by battle and sickness—of fifteen thousand men. But this is by no means all. There were large numbers of men mustered into service in the interior of the United States, whose regiments were in Mexico, and who of course must take some time, and meet with much exposure, before they were entered on the rolls of the active force. Many of these were taken sick and died, without ever appearing on the rolls of the actual force. Again, thousands of men were discharged in Mexico, as their time expired; and, of these, many died. These facts are known and admitted by the officers of the army. It may be said, then, with truth, that the real and entire loss of life, from the invasion of Mexico, was not less than twenty five thousand men.

“2. THE LOSS OF MONEY.—The treasury reports, the terms of the treaty, and some allowance for arrears, will enable us to come very near the true cost of the war. The war commenced, in respect to the action of our government for prepa-

ration and provisions, in May, 1846; and the army was not withdrawn from Mexico till June, 1848. The actual war, then, occupies a little more than two years. The appropriations by law we know, the balance in the treasury we know, and the payments under the treaty we know. There is nothing left to conjecture, then, but the amount which may be supposed necessary to cover arrears. There is, however, yet another expenditure, which is equivalent to money, although not paid in money: this is the bounty-lands. By the act of Congress passed in February, 1847, each regular soldier and each volunteer, who dies, or is discharged by reason of wounds, or is regularly discharged, is entitled to a warrant of one hundred and sixty acres of the public lands. The number of volunteers actually in Mexico was about fifty-six thousand, and the number of soldiers enlisted since the close of the war about twenty-nine thousand. About eighty-five thousand men, or, if dead, their heirs and representatives, are entitled to land-warrants. Nearly the whole of them, we may assume, will be taken out and entered in the land-offices, generally by those who have speculated in them. Almost thirteen millions of acres will be required to meet the land-warrants issued to the soldiers of the Mexican war! If sold by the United States, the value, at the minimum price, is more than sixteen millions of dollars. The government has, however, fixed a commutation price of one hundred dollars in scrip for each hundred and sixty acres. Taking that as the standard of value for land-warrants, we have eight

and a half millions of dollars for that account. The arrearages of expense attending the return and disbanding of the army can not be very closely estimated; but we may safely assume this item at not less than ten millions of dollars. The balance in the treasury, as reported by the secretary of the treasury, in May, 1846, was eight millions. The cost of the war, then, stands thus:—

Balance in the treasury, May, 1846..	\$8,000,000
Appropriated by Congress for the fiscal years 1846 and 1847.....	120,000,000
Appropriated for the arrearages of 1847.....	16,000,000
To be paid under the Mexican Treaty.....	20,000,000
Value of land-warrants issued.....	8,500,000
Add probable arrearages.....	10,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$182,500,000
Deduct from this civil expenses.....	16,000,000
	<hr/>
Total expenses of the Mexican War,	\$166,500,000

“To find the DEBT, which must ultimately appear on the books of the treasury department, the following deductions must be made:—

Balance in the treasury.....	\$8,000,000
Value of land-warrants.....	8,500,000
Ordinary revenue of two years.....	65,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$81,500,000
Deduct from the aggregate above, and there remains a debt of.....	\$85,000,000

“At least this sum must remain, as a permanent debt against the United States, as a consequence of the war with Mexico.

“3. THE GAIN IN TERRITORY.—The gain may be stated, in general terms, as the provinces of New Mexico and California. But what are these? Who knows them? Who can estimate them? Taken as so

much surface of the earth, this is a vast space; but a space absolutely hid from the eyes of civilization—an untrodden, untenanted wilderness!* The southern boundary of New Mexico is near the thirty-second degree of latitude, and San Diego on the Pacific is but a little north of it. The northern boundary of New California is in latitude forty-two degrees, being formerly the southern boundary of the United States. The eastern boundary of New Mexico is on the average longitude of twenty-nine degrees west from Washington, and the Pacific coast of California is on the average longitude of forty-four degrees, varying in fact from forty to forty-seven degrees. We have an immense space of country, then—about ten degrees north and south, and fifteen degrees east and west: this makes seven hundred miles north and south, and nine hundred miles east and west. This surface makes six hundred and thirty thousand square miles, equal in space to fifteen large states! But will the greater part of this vast space ever be inhabited by any but the restless hunter and the wan-

* It will be borne in mind that these reflections of the writer were made soon after the close of the war, in 1848.

dering trapper? Two hundred thousand square miles of this territory, in New California, have been trod by the feet of no civilized being. No spy, or pioneer, or vagrant trapper, has ever returned to report the character and scenery of that waste and lonely wilderness. Two hundred thousand square miles more are occupied with broken mountains and dreary wilds. But little remains, then, for civilization. Of that little, however, there is a future value, which may not now be counted, in the fine ports and broad coast which look out on the noble Pacific. Beyond that live four hundred millions of the human race. Soon their minds, as well as their commerce and their kingdoms, will be open to the brighter and purer light of Christianity. We shall hurry the men and the produce of our land, on mighty railroads, to the Pacific! Great cities we shall have there! Nations will come to us, and we shall go to them! And this continent will be the highway for the multitudes of the world and for the spread of the glorious light of Christian progress!***

* "The Mexican War," &c., by Edward D. Mansfield. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 1850.

APPENDIX TO THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGNS.

No. I.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, MAY 11, 1846,
RELATIVE TO THE
COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES BY MEXICO.

To the Senate and House of Representatives:—

THE existing state of the relations between the United States and Mexico renders it proper that I should bring the subject to the consideration of Congress. In my message at the commencement of your present session, the state of these relations, the causes which led to the suspension of diplomatic intercourse between the two countries in March, 1845, and the long-continued and unredressed wrongs and injuries committed by the Mexican government on citizens of the United States, in their persons and property, were briefly set forth.

As the facts and opinions which were then laid before you were carefully considered, I can not better express my present convictions of the condition of affairs up to that time, than by referring you to that communication.

The strong desire to establish peace with Mexico on liberal and honorable terms, and the readiness of this government to regulate and adjust our boundary, and other causes of difference with that power, on such fair and equitable principles as would lead to permanent relations of the most friendly nature, induced me, in September last, to seek the reopening of diplomatic relations between the two countries. Every measure adopted on our part had for its object the furtherance of these desired results. In communicating to Congress a succinct statement of the injuries which we had suffered from Mexico, and which

have been accumulating during a period of more than twenty years, every expression that could tend to inflame the people of Mexico, or defeat or delay a pacific result, was carefully avoided. An envoy of the United States repaired to Mexico, with full powers to adjust every existing difference. But though present on the Mexican soil, by agreement between the two governments, invested with full powers, and bearing evidence of the most friendly dispositions, his mission has been unavailing. The Mexican government not only refused to receive him, or listen to his propositions, but, after a long-continued series of menaces, have at last invaded our territory, and shed the blood of our fellow-citizens on our own soil.

It now becomes my duty to state more in detail the origin, progress, and failure of that mission. In pursuance of the instructions given in September last, an inquiry was made, on the 13th of October, 1845, in the most friendly terms, through our consul in Mexico, of the minister for foreign affairs, whether the Mexican government "would receive an envoy from the United States, intrusted with full powers to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments;" with the assurance that "should the answer be in the affirmative, such an envoy would be immediately despatched to Mexico." The Mexican minister, on the 15th of October, gave an affirmative answer to this inquiry; requesting, at the same time, that our naval force at Vera Cruz might be withdrawn, lest its continued presence might assume the appearance of menace and coercion pending the negotiations. This force was immediately withdrawn. On the 10th of November, 1845, Mr. JOHN SLIDELL, of Louisiana, was commissioned by me as envoy extraordinary and

minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico, and was intrusted with full powers to adjust both the questions of the Texas boundary and of indemnification to our citizens. The redress of the wrongs of our citizens naturally and inseparably blended itself with the question of boundary. The settlement of the one question, in any correct view of the subject, involves that of the other. I could not, for a moment, entertain the idea that the claims of our much-injured and long-suffering citizens, many of which had existed for more than twenty years, should be postponed or separated from the settlement of the boundary question.

Mr. Slidell arrived at Vera Cruz on the 30th of November, and was courteously received by the authorities of that city. But the government of General Herrera was then tottering to its fall. The revolutionary party had seized upon the Texas question to effect or hasten its overthrow. Its determination to restore friendly relations with the United States, and to receive our minister, to negotiate for the settlement of this question, was violently assailed, and was made the great theme of denunciation against it. The government of General Herrera, there is good reason to believe, was sincerely desirous to receive our minister; but it yielded to the storm raised by its enemies, and on the 21st of December refused to accredit Mr. Slidell, upon the most frivolous pretexts. These are so fully and ably exposed in the note of Mr. Slidell, of the 24th of December last, to the Mexican minister of foreign relations, herewith transmitted, that I deem it unnecessary to enter into further detail on this portion of the subject.

Five days after the date of Mr. Slidell's note, General Herrera yielded the government to General Paredes, without a struggle, and on the 30th of December resigned the presidency. This revolution was accomplished solely by the army, the people having taken little part in the contest; and thus the supreme power in Mexico passed into the hands of a military leader.

Determined to leave no effort untried to effect an amicable adjustment with Mexico, I directed Mr. Slidell to present his credentials to the government of General Paredes, and ask to be offi-

cially received by him. There would have been less ground for taking this step had General Paredes come into power by regular constitutional succession. In that event, his administration would have been considered but a mere constitutional continuance of the government of General Herrera; and the refusal of the latter to receive our minister would have been deemed conclusive, unless an intimation had been given by General Paredes of his desire to reverse the decision of his predecessor. But the government of General Paredes owes its existence to a military revolution, by which the subsisting constitutional authorities had been subverted. The form of government was entirely changed, as well as all the high functionaries by whom it was administered.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Slidell, in obedience to my directions, addressed a note to the Mexican minister of foreign relations, under the date of the 1st of March last, asking to be received by that government in the diplomatic character to which he had been appointed. This minister, in his reply, under date of the 12th of March, reiterated the arguments of his predecessor, and, in terms that may be considered as giving just grounds of offence to the government and people of the United States, denied the application of Mr. Slidell. Nothing, therefore, remained for our envoy but to demand his passports, and return to his own country.

Thus the government of Mexico, though solemnly pledged by official acts, in October last, to receive and accredit an American envoy, violated their plighted faith, and refused the offer of a peaceful adjustment of our difficulties. Not only was the offer rejected, but the indignity of its rejection was enhanced by the manifest breach of faith in refusing to admit the envoy, who came because they had bound themselves to receive him. Nor can it be said that the offer was fruitless from the want of opportunity of discussing it: our envoy was present on their own soil. Nor can it be ascribed to a want of sufficient powers: our envoy had full powers to adjust every question of difference. Nor was there room for complaint that our propositions for settlement were unreasonable: permission was not even given our envoy to make any proposition whatever. Nor

can it be objected that we, on our part, would not listen to any reasonable terms of their suggestion: the Mexican government refused all negotiation, and have made no proposition of any kind.

In my message at the commencement of the present session, I informed you that, upon the earnest appeal, both of the congress and convention of Texas, I had ordered an efficient military force to take a position "between the Nueces and the Del Norte." This had become necessary, to meet a threatened invasion of Texas by the Mexican forces, for which extensive military preparations had been made. The invasion was threatened solely because Texas had determined, in accordance with a solemn resolution of the Congress of the United States, to annex herself to our Union; and, under these circumstances, it was plainly our duty to extend our protection over her citizens and soil.

This force was concentrated at Corpus Christi, and remained there until after I had received such information from Mexico as rendered it probable, if not certain, that the Mexican government would refuse to receive our envoy.

Meantime, Texas, by the final action of our Congress, had become an integral part of our Union. The Congress of Texas, by its act of December 19, 1836, had declared the Rio del Norte to be the boundary of that republic. Its jurisdiction had been extended and exercised beyond the Nueces. The country between that river and the Del Norte had been represented in the congress and in the convention of Texas; had thus taken part in the act of annexation itself; and is now included within one of our congressional districts. Our own Congress had, moreover, with great unanimity, by the act approved December 31, 1845, recognised the country beyond the Nueces as a part of our territory, by including it within our own revenue-system; and a revenue-officer, to reside within that district, has been appointed, by and with the advice and consent of the senate. It became, therefore, of urgent necessity to provide for the defence of that portion of our country. Accordingly, on the 13th of January last, instructions were issued to the general in command of these troops to oc-

cupy the left bank of the Del Norte. This river which is the southwestern boundary of the state of Texas, is an exposed frontier: from this quarter invasion was threatened; upon it, and in its immediate vicinity, in the judgment of high military experience, are the proper stations for the protecting forces of the government. In addition to this important consideration, several others occurred to induce this movement. Among these are the facilities afforded by the ports at Brazos Santiago and the mouth of the Del Norte for the reception of supplies by sea; the stronger and more healthful military positions; the convenience for obtaining a ready and a more abundant supply of provisions, water, fuel, and forage; and the advantages which are afforded by the Del Norte in forwarding supplies to such posts as may be established in the interior and upon the Indian frontier.

The movement of the troops to the Del Norte was made by the commanding general, under positive instructions to abstain from all aggressive acts toward Mexico or Mexican citizens, and to regard the relations between that republic and the United States as peaceful, unless she should declare war, or commit acts of hostility indicative of a state of war. He was specially directed to protect private property and respect personal rights.

The army moved from Corpus Christi on the 11th of March, and on the 28th of that month arrived on the left bank of the Del Norte, opposite to Matamoras, where it encamped on a commanding position, which has since been strengthened by the erection of field-works. A depot has also been established at Point Isabel, near the Brazos Santiago, thirty miles in the rear of the encampment. The selection of his position was necessarily confided to the judgment of the general in command.

The Mexican forces at Matamoras assumed a belligerent attitude, and, on the 12th of April, General Ampudia, then in command, notified General Taylor to break up his camp within twenty-four hours, and to retire beyond the Nueces river; and, in the event of his failure to comply with these demands, announced that arms, and arms alone, must decide the question. But

no open act of hostility was committed until the 24th of April. On that day, General Arista, who had succeeded to the command of the Mexican forces, communicated to General Taylor that he "considered hostilities commenced, and should prosecute them." A party of dragoons, of sixty-three men and officers, were on the same day despatched from the American camp up the Rio del Norte, on its left bank, to ascertain whether the Mexican troops had crossed or were preparing to cross the river, "became engaged with a large body of these troops, and, after a short affair, in which some sixteen were killed and wounded, appear to have been surrounded and compelled to surrender."

The grievous wrongs perpetrated by Mexico upon our citizens throughout a long period of years remain unredressed; and solemn treaties, pledging her public faith for this redress, have been disregarded. A government either unable or unwilling to enforce the execution of such treaties, fails to perform one of its plainest duties.

Our commerce with Mexico has been almost annihilated. It was formerly highly beneficial to both nations; but our merchants have been deterred from prosecuting it by the system of outrage and extortion which the Mexican authorities have pursued against them, while their appeals through their own government for indemnity have been made in vain. Our forbearance has gone to such an extreme as to be mistaken in its character. Had we acted with vigor in repelling the insults and redressing the injuries inflicted by Mexico, at the commencement, we should doubtless have escaped all the difficulties in which we are now involved.

Instead of this, however, we have been exerting our best efforts to propitiate her good will. Upon the pretext that Texas, a nation as independent as herself, thought proper to unite its destinies with our own, she has affected to believe that we have severed her rightful territory, and in official proclamations and manifestoes has repeatedly threatened to make war upon us for the purpose of reconquering Texas. In the meantime, we have tried every effort at reconciliation. The cup of forbearance had been exhausted, even before the recent information from the frontier

of the Del Norte; but now, after reiterated menaces, Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory, and shed American blood upon the American soil. She has proclaimed that hostilities have commenced, and that the two nations are now at war.

As war exists, and, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself, we are called upon by every consideration of duty and patriotism to vindicate with decision the honor, the rights, and the interests of our country.

Anticipating the possibility of a crisis like that which has arrived, instructions were given in August last, "as a precautionary measure" against invasion, or threatened invasion, authorizing General Taylor, if the emergency required, to accept volunteers, not from Texas only, but from the states of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and corresponding letters were addressed to the respective governors of those states. These instructions were repeated; and, in January last, soon after the incorporation of "Texas into our Union of states," General Taylor was further "authorized by the president to make a requisition upon the executive of that state for such of its militia force as may be needed to repel invasion, or to secure the country against apprehended invasion." On the 2d day of March he was again reminded, "in the event of the approach of any considerable Mexican force, promptly and efficiently to use the authority with which he was clothed to call to him such auxiliary force as he might need." War actually existing, and our territory having been invaded, General Taylor, pursuant to authority vested in him by my direction, has called on the governor of Texas for four regiments of state troops, two to be mounted and two to serve on foot; and on the governor of Louisiana for four regiments of infantry, to be sent to him as soon as practicable.

In further vindication of our rights and defence of our territory, I invoke the prompt action of Congress to recognise the existence of the war, and to place at the disposition of the executive the means of prosecuting the war with vigor, and thus hastening the restoration of peace. To this end I recommend that authority should be given

to call into the public service a large body of volunteers, to serve for not less than six or twelve months, unless sooner discharged. A volunteer force is, beyond question, more efficient than any other description of citizen-soldiers; and it is not to be doubted that a number far beyond that required would readily rush to the field upon the call of their country. I further recommend that a liberal provision be made for sustaining our entire military force, and furnishing it with supplies and munitions of war.

The most energetic and prompt measures, and the immediate appearance in arms of a large and overpowering force, are recommended to Congress as the most certain and efficient means of bringing the existing collision with Mexico to a speedy and successful termination.

In making these recommendations, I deem it proper to declare that it is my anxious desire not only to terminate hostilities speedily, but to bring all matters in dispute between this government and Mexico to an early and amicable adjustment; and, in this view, I shall be prepared to renew negotiations whenever Mexico shall be ready to receive propositions, or to make propositions of her own.

I transmit herewith a copy of the correspondence between our envoy to Mexico and the Mexican minister for foreign affairs; and so much of the correspondence between that envoy and the secretary of state, and between the secretary of war and the general in command on the Del Norte, as is necessary to a full understanding of the subject.

JAMES K. POLK.

WASHINGTON, *May 11*, 1846.

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No. II.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL MESSAGE

DECEMBER 8, 1846.

*Fellow-Citizens of the Senate
and of the House of Representatives:—*

It is a source of high satisfaction to know that the relations of the United States with all other nations, with a single exception, are of the most amicable character. Sincerely attached to the policy of peace, early adopted and steadily pur-

sued by this government, I have anxiously desired to cultivate and cherish friendship and commerce with every foreign power. The spirit and habits of the American people are favorable to the maintenance of such international harmony. In adhering to this wise policy, a preliminary and paramount duty obviously consists in the protection of our national interests from encroachment or sacrifice, and our national honor from reproach. These must be maintained at any hazard. They admit of no compromise or neglect, and must be scrupulously and constantly guarded. In their vigilant vindication, collision and conflict with foreign powers may sometimes become unavoidable. Such has been our scrupulous adherence to the dictates of justice, in all our foreign intercourse, that, though steadily and rapidly advancing in prosperity and power, we have given no just cause of complaint to any nation, and have enjoyed the blessings of peace for more than thirty years. From a policy so sacred to humanity, and so salutary in its effects upon our political system, we should never be induced voluntarily to depart.

The existing war with Mexico was neither desired nor provoked by the United States. On the contrary, all honorable means were resorted to to avert it. After years of endurance of aggravated and unredressed wrongs on our part, Mexico, in violation of solemn treaty stipulations, and of every principle of justice recognised by civilized nations, commenced hostilities, and thus by her own act forced the war upon us. Long before the advance of our army to the left bank of the Rio Grande, we had ample cause of war against Mexico; and had the United States resorted to this extremity, we might have appealed to the whole civilized world for the justice of our cause.

I deem it to be my duty to present to you, on the present occasion, a condensed review of the injuries we had sustained, of the causes which led to the war, and of its progress since its commencement. This is rendered the more necessary because of the misapprehensions which have to some extent prevailed as to its origin and true character. The war has been represented as unjust and unnecessary, and as one of aggression on

our part upon a weak and injured enemy. Such erroneous views, though entertained by but few, have been widely and extensively circulated, not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A more effectual means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus give them "aid and comfort."

It is a source of national pride and exultation, that the great body of our people have thrown no such obstacles in the way of the government in prosecuting the war successfully, but have shown themselves to be eminently patriotic, and ready to vindicate their country's honor and interests at any sacrifice. The alacrity and promptness with which our volunteer forces rushed to the field on their country's call, prove not only their patriotism, but their deep conviction that our cause is just.

The wrongs which we have suffered from Mexico almost ever since she became an independent power, and the patient endurance with which we have borne them, are without a parallel in the history of modern civilized nations. There is reason to believe that if these wrongs had been resented and resisted in the first instance, the present war might have been avoided. One outrage, however, permitted to pass with impunity, almost necessarily encouraged the perpetration of another, until at last Mexico seemed to attribute to weakness and indecision on our part a forbearance which was the offspring of magnanimity, and of a sincere desire to preserve friendly relations with a sister republic.

Scarcely had Mexico achieved her independence, which the United States were the first among the nations to acknowledge, when she commenced the system of insult and spoliation which she has ever since pursued. Our citizens engaged in lawful commerce were imprisoned, their vessels seized, and our flag insulted in her ports. If money was wanted, the lawless seizure and confiscation of our merchant-vessels and their cargoes was a ready resource; and if, to accomplish their purposes, it became necessary to imprison the owners, captains, and crews, it was done. Rulers superseded rulers in Mexico in

rapid succession, but still there was no change in this system of depredation. The government of the United States made repeated reclamations on behalf of its citizens, but these were answered by the perpetration of new outrages. Promises of redress made by Mexico, in the most solemn forms, were postponed or evaded. The files and records of the department of state contain conclusive proofs of numerous lawless acts perpetrated upon the property and persons of our citizens by Mexico, and of wanton insults to our national flag. The interposition of our government to obtain redress was again and again invoked, under circumstances which no nation ought to disregard.

It was hoped that these outrages would cease, and that Mexico would be restrained by the laws which regulate the conduct of civilized nations in their intercourse with each other, after the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, of the 5th of April, 1831, was concluded between the two republics; but this hope soon proved to be vain. The course of seizure and confiscation of the property of our citizens, the violation of their persons, and the insults to our flag, pursued by Mexico previous to that time, were scarcely suspended for even a brief period, although the treaty so clearly defines the rights and duties of the respective parties, that it is impossible to misunderstand or mistake them. In less than seven years after the conclusion of that treaty, our grievances had become so intolerable, that, in the opinion of President Jackson, they should no longer be endured. In his message to Congress in February, 1837, he presented them to the consideration of that body, and declared that "the length of time since some of the injuries have been committed, the repeated and unavailing applications for redress, the wanton character of some of the outrages upon the property and persons of our citizens, upon the officers and flag of the United States, independent of recent insults to this government and people by the late extraordinary Mexican minister, would justify in the eyes of all nations immediate war." In a spirit of kindness and forbearance, however, he recommended reprisals as a milder mode of redress. He declared that war should not be used

as a remedy "by just and generous nations, confiding in their strength, for injuries committed, if it can be honorably avoided," and added: "It has occurred to me that, considering the present embarrassed condition of that country, we should act with both wisdom and moderation, by giving to Mexico one more opportunity to atone for the past, before we take redress into our own hands. To avoid all misconception on the part of Mexico, as well as to protect our own national character from reproach, this opportunity should be given with the avowed design and full preparation to take immediate satisfaction, if it should not be obtained on a repetition of the demand for it. To this end I recommend that an act be passed authorizing reprisals, and the use of the naval force of the United States, by the executive, against Mexico, to enforce them in the event of a refusal by the Mexican government to come to an amicable adjustment of the matters in controversy between us, upon another demand thereof, made from on board one of our vessels-of-war on the coast of Mexico."

Committees of both houses of Congress, to which this message of the president was referred, fully sustained his views of the character of the wrongs which we had suffered from Mexico, and recommended that another demand for redress should be made before authorizing war or reprisals. The committee on foreign relations, of the senate, in their report, say: "After such a demand, should prompt justice be refused by the Mexican government, we may appeal to all nations, not only for the equity and moderation with which we shall have acted toward a sister republic, but for the necessity which will then compel us to seek redress for our wrongs, either by actual war or by reprisals. The subject will then be presented before Congress, at the commencement of the next session, in a clear and distinct form; and the committee can not doubt but that such measures will be immediately adopted as may be necessary to vindicate the honor of the country, and insure ample reparation to our injured citizens."

The committee on foreign affairs, of the house of representatives, made a similar recommendation. In their report, they say that they "fully

concur with the president that ample cause exists for taking redress into our own hands, and believe that we should be justified in the opinion of other nations for taking such a step. But they are willing to try the experiment of another demand, made in the most solemn form, upon the justice of the Mexican government, before any further proceedings are adopted."

No difference of opinion upon the subject is believed to have existed in Congress at that time; the executive and legislative departments concurred; and yet such has been our forbearance, and desire to preserve peace with Mexico, that the wrongs of which we then complained, and which gave rise to these solemn proceedings, not only remain unredressed to this day, but additional causes of complaint, of an aggravated character, have ever since been accumulating.

Shortly after these proceedings, a special messenger was despatched to Mexico, to make a final demand for redress; and on the 20th of July, 1837, the demand was made. The reply of the Mexican government bears date on the 29th of the same month, and contains assurances of the "anxious wish" of the Mexican government "not to delay the moment of that final and equitable adjustment which is to terminate the existing difficulties between the two governments;" that "nothing should be left undone which may contribute to the most speedy and equitable determination of the subjects which have so seriously engaged the attention of the American government;" that the "Mexican government would adopt, as the only guides for its conduct, the plainest principles of public right, the sacred obligations imposed by international law, and the religious faith of treaties;" and that "whatever reason and justice may dictate respecting each case will be done." The assurance was further given that the decision of the Mexican government upon each cause of complaint, for which redress had been demanded, should be communicated to the government of the United States by the Mexican minister at Washington.

These solemn assurances, in answer to our demand for redress, were disregarded. By making them, however, Mexico obtained further delay. President Van Buren, in his annual message to

Congress of the 5th of December, 1837, states that "although the larger number" of our demands for redress, and "many of them aggravated cases of personal wrongs, have been now for years before the Mexican government, and some of the causes of national complaint, and those of the most offensive character, admitted of immediate, simple, and satisfactory replies, it is only within a few days past that any specific communication in answer to our last demand, made five months ago, has been received from the Mexican minister;" and that "for not one of our public complaints has satisfaction been given or offered; that but one of the cases of personal wrong has been favorably considered; and that but four cases of both descriptions, out of all those formally presented and earnestly pressed, have as yet been decided upon by the Mexican government." President Van Buren, believing that it would be vain to make any further attempt to obtain redress by the ordinary means within the power of the executive, communicated this opinion to Congress, in the message referred to, in which he said: "On a careful and deliberate examination of the contents" (of the correspondence with the Mexican government), "and considering the spirit manifested by the Mexican government, it has become my painful duty to return the subject as it now stands, to Congress, to whom it belongs, to decide upon the time, the mode, and the measure of redress." Had the United States at that time adopted compulsory measures, and taken redress into their own hands, all our difficulties with Mexico would probably have been long since adjusted, and the existing war have been averted. Magnanimity and moderation on our part only had the effect to complicate these difficulties, and render an amicable settlement of them the more embarrassing. That such measures of redress under similar provocations, committed by any of the powerful nations of Europe, would have been promptly resorted to by the United States, can not be doubted. The national honor, and the preservation of the national character throughout the world, as well as our own self-respect, and the protection due to our own citizens, would have rendered such a resort indispensable. The history of no civilized

nation in modern times has presented within so brief a period so many wanton attacks upon the honor of its flag, and upon the property and persons of its citizens, as had at that time been borne by the United States from the Mexican authorities and people. But Mexico was a sister republic, on the North American continent, occupying a territory contiguous to our own, and was in a feeble and distracted condition; and these considerations, it is presumed, induced Congress to forbear still longer.

Instead of taking redress into our own hands, a new negotiation was entered upon, with fair promises on the part of Mexico, but with the real purpose, as the event has proved, of indefinitely postponing the reparation which we demanded, and which was so justly due. This negotiation, after more than a year's delay, resulted in the convention of the 11th of April, 1839, "for the adjustment of claims of citizens of the United States of America upon the government of the Mexican republic." The joint board of commissioners created by this convention to examine and decide upon these claims was not organized until the month of August, 1840, and under the terms of the convention they were to terminate their duties within eighteen months from that time. Four of the eighteen months were consumed in preliminary discussions on frivolous and dilatory points raised by the Mexican commissioners; and it was not until the month of December, 1840, that they commenced the examination of the claims of our citizens upon Mexico. Fourteen months only remained to examine and decide upon these numerous and complicated cases. In the month of February, 1842, the term of the commission expired, leaving many claims undisposed of for want of time. The claims which were allowed by the board, and by the umpire authorized by the convention to decide in case of disagreement between the Mexican and American commissioners, amounted to two million, twenty-six thousand, one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and sixty-eight cents. There were pending before the umpire when the commission expired additional claims which had been examined and awarded by the American commissioners, and had not been allowed by the Mexican com-

missioners, amounting to nine hundred and twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven dollars and eighty-eight cents, upon which he did not decide, alleging that his authority had ceased with the termination of the joint commission. Besides these claims, there were others of American citizens amounting to three million, three hundred and thirty-six thousand, eight hundred and thirty-seven dollars and five cents, which had been submitted to the board, and upon which they had not time to decide before their final adjournment.

The sum of two million, twenty-six thousand, one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, which had been awarded to the claimants, was a liquidated and ascertained debt due by Mexico, about which there could be no dispute, and which she was bound to pay according to the terms of the convention. Soon after the final awards for this amount had been made, the Mexican government asked for a postponement of the time of making payment, alleging that it would be inconvenient to make the payment at the time stipulated. In the spirit of forbearing kindness toward a sister republic, which Mexico has so long abused, the United States promptly complied with her request. A second convention was accordingly concluded between the two governments on the 30th of January, 1843, which upon its face declares that "this new arrangement is entered into for the accommodation of Mexico." By the terms of this convention, all the interest due on the awards which had been made in favor of the claimants under the convention of the 11th of April, 1839, was to be paid to them on the 30th of April, 1843, and "the principal of the said awards, and the interest accruing thereon," was stipulated to "be paid in five years, in equal instalments every three months." Notwithstanding this new convention was entered into at the request of Mexico, and for the purpose of relieving her from embarrassment, the claimants have only received the interest due on the 30th of April, 1843, and three of the twenty instalments. Although the payment of the sum thus liquidated, and confessedly due by Mexico to our citizens as indemnity for acknowledged acts of outrage and wrong, was secured by treaty, the

obligations of which are ever held sacred by all just nations, yet Mexico has violated this solemn engagement by failing and refusing to make the payment. The two instalments due in April and July, 1844, under the peculiar circumstances connected with them, have been assumed by the United States and discharged to the claimants, but they are still due by Mexico. But this is not all of which we have just cause of complaint. To provide a remedy for the claimants whose cases were not decided by the joint commission under the convention of April 11, 1839, it was expressly stipulated by the sixth article of the convention of the 30th of January, 1843, that "a new convention shall be entered into for the settlement of all claims of the government and citizens of the United States against the republic of Mexico which were not finally decided by the late commission, which met in the city of Washington, and of all claims of the government and citizens of Mexico against the United States."

In conformity with this stipulation, a third convention was concluded and signed at the city of Mexico on the 20th of November, 1843, by the plenipotentiaries of the two governments, by which provision was made for ascertaining and paying these claims. In January, 1844, this convention was ratified by the senate of the United States with two amendments, which were manifestly reasonable in their character. Upon a reference of the amendments proposed to the government of Mexico, the same evasions, difficulties, and delays were interposed which have so long marked the policy of that government toward the United States. It has not even yet decided whether it would or would not accede to them, although the subject has been repeatedly pressed upon its consideration.

Mexico has thus violated a second time the faith of treaties, by failing or refusing to carry into effect the sixth article of the convention of January, 1843.

Such is the history of the wrongs which we have suffered and patiently endured from Mexico through a long series of years. So far from affording reasonable satisfaction for the injuries and insults we had borne, a great aggravation of them consists in the fact that while the United

States, anxious to preserve a good understanding with Mexico, have been constantly but vainly employed in seeking redress for past wrongs, new outrages were constantly occurring, which have continued to increase our causes of complaint and to swell the amount of our demands. While the citizens of the United States were conducting a lawful commerce with Mexico, under the guaranty of a treaty of "amity, commerce, and navigation," many of them have suffered all the injuries which would have resulted from open war. This treaty, instead of affording protection to our citizens, has been the means of inviting them into the ports of Mexico, that they might be, as they have been in numerous instances, plundered of their property and deprived of their personal liberty if they dared insist on their rights. Had the unlawful seizures of American property, and the violation of the personal liberty of our citizens, to say nothing of the insults to our flag which have occurred in the ports of Mexico, taken place on the high-seas, they would themselves long since have constituted a state of actual war between the two countries. In so long suffering Mexico to violate her most solemn treaty obligations, plunder our citizens of their property, and imprison their persons, without affording them any redress, we have failed to perform one of the first and highest duties which every government owes to its citizens; and the consequence has been, that many of them have been reduced from a state of affluence to bankruptcy. The proud name of American citizen, which ought to protect all who bear it from insult and injury throughout the world, has afforded no such protection to our citizens in Mexico. We had ample cause of war against Mexico long before the breaking out of hostilities. But even then we forbore to take redress into our own hands, until Mexico herself became the aggressor by invading our soil in hostile array and shedding the blood of our citizens.

Such are the grave causes of complaint on the part of the United States against Mexico—causes which existed long before the annexation of Texas to the American Union; and yet, animated by the love of peace, and a magnanimous moderation, we did not adopt those measures of redress

which, under such circumstances, are the justified resort of injured nations.

The annexation of Texas to the United States constituted no just cause of offence to Mexico. The pretext that it did so is wholly inconsistent, and irreconcilable with well-authenticated facts connected with the revolution by which Texas became independent of Mexico. That this may be the more manifest, it may be proper to advert to the causes and to the history of the principal events of that revolution.

Texas constituted a portion of the ancient province of Louisiana, ceded to the United States by France in the year 1803. In the year 1819, the United States, by the Florida treaty, ceded to Spain all that part of Louisiana within the present limits of Texas; and Mexico, by the revolution which separated her from Spain, and rendered her an independent nation, succeeded to the rights of the mother-country over this territory. In the year 1824, Mexico established a federal constitution, under which the Mexican republic was composed of a number of sovereign states, confederated together in a federal union similar to our own. Each of these states had its own executive, legislature, and judiciary, and, for all except federal purposes, was as independent of the general government, and that of the other states, as is Pennsylvania or Virginia under our constitution. Texas and Coahuila united and formed one of these Mexican states. The state constitution which they adopted, and which was approved by the Mexican confederacy, asserted that they were "free and independent of the other Mexican United States, and of every other power and dominion whatsoever;" and proclaimed the great principle of human liberty, that "the sovereignty of the state resides originally and essentially in the general mass of the individuals who compose it." To the government under this constitution, as well as to that under the federal constitution, the people of Texas owed allegiance.

Emigrants from foreign countries, including the United States, were invited by the colonization laws of the state and of the federal government to settle in Texas. Advantageous terms were offered to induce them to leave their own

country and become Mexican citizens. This invitation was accepted by many of our citizens, in the full faith that in their new home they would be governed by laws enacted by representatives elected by themselves, and that their lives, liberty, and property would be protected by constitutional guaranties similar to those which existed in the republic they had left. Under a government thus organized they continued until the year 1835, when a military revolution broke out in the city of Mexico, which entirely subverted the federal and state constitutions, and placed a military dictator at the head of the government.

By a sweeping decree of a Congress subservient to the will of the dictator, the several state constitutions were abolished, and the states themselves converted into mere departments of the central government. The people of Texas were unwilling to submit to this usurpation. Resistance to such tyranny became a high duty. Texas was fully absolved from all allegiance to the central government of Mexico from the moment that government had abolished her state constitution, and in its place substituted an arbitrary and despotic central government.

Such were the principal causes of the Texan revolution. The people of Texas at once determined upon resistance, and flew to arms. In the midst of these important and exciting events, however, they did not omit to place their liberties upon a secure and permanent foundation. They elected members to a convention, who, in the month of March, 1836, issued a formal declaration that their "political connection with the Mexican nation has for ever ended, and that the people of Texas do now constitute a FREE, SOVEREIGN, and INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, and are fully invested with all the rights and attributes which properly belong to independent nations." They also adopted for their government a liberal republican constitution. About the same time, Santa Anna, then the dictator of Mexico, invaded Texas with a numerous army for the purpose of subduing her people, and enforcing obedience to his arbitrary and despotic government. On the 21st of April, 1836, he was met by the Texan citizen-soldiers, and on that day was achieved by them the memorable victory of San Jacinto, by which

they conquered their independence. Considering the numbers engaged on the respective sides, history does not record a more brilliant achievement. Santa Anna himself was among the captives.

In the month of May, 1836, Santa Anna acknowledged, by a treaty with the Texan authorities, in the most solemn form, "the full, entire, and perfect independence of the republic of Texas." It is true he was then a prisoner-of-war; but it is equally true that he had failed to reconquer Texas, and had met with signal defeat; that his authority had not been revoked, and that by virtue of this treaty he obtained his personal release. By it hostilities were suspended, and the army which had invaded Texas under his command returned in pursuance of this arrangement, unmolested, to Mexico.

From the day that the battle of San Jacinto was fought until the present hour, Mexico has never possessed the power to reconquer Texas. In the language of the secretary of state of the United States, in a despatch to our minister in Mexico, under date of the 8th of July, 1842—"Mexico may have chosen to consider, and may still choose to consider Texas as having been at all times since 1835, and as still continuing, a rebellious province; but the world has been obliged to take a very different view of the matter. From the time of the battle of San Jacinto, in April, 1836, to the present moment, Texas has exhibited the same external signs of national independence as Mexico herself, and with quite as much stability of government. Practically free and independent, acknowledged as a political sovereignty by the principal powers of the world, no hostile foot finding rest within her territory for six or seven years, and Mexico herself refraining for all that period from any further attempt to re-establish her own authority over that territory, it can not but be surprising to find Mr. De Bocanegra" (the secretary of foreign affairs of Mexico) "complaining that for that whole period citizens of the United States, or its government, have been favoring the rebels of Texas, and supplying them with vessels, ammunition, and money, as if the war for the reduction of the province of Texas had been constantly prosecuted by Mexico,

and her success prevented by these influences from abroad." In the same despatch, the secretary of state affirms that "since 1837 the United States have regarded Texas as an independent sovereignty, as much as Mexico; and that trade and commerce with citizens of a government at war with Mexico can not, on that account, be regarded as an intercourse by which assistance and succor are given to Mexican rebels. The whole current of Mr. De Bocanegra's remarks runs in the same direction, as if the independence of Texas had not been acknowledged. It has been acknowledged—it was acknowledged in 1837, against the remonstrance and protest of Mexico; and most of the acts of any importance, of which Mr. De Bocanegra complains, flow necessarily from that recognition. He speaks of Texas as still being 'an integral part of the territory of the Mexican republic,' but he can not but understand that the United States do not so regard it. The real complaint of Mexico, therefore, is, in substance, neither more nor less than a complaint against the recognition of Texan independence. It may be thought rather late to repeat that complaint, and not quite just to confine it to the United States, to the exemption of England, France, and Belgium; unless the United States, having been the first to acknowledge the independence of Mexico herself, are to be blamed for setting an example for the recognition of that of Texas." And he added that "the constitution, public treaties, and the laws, oblige the president to regard Texas as an independent state, and its territory as no part of the territory of Mexico." Texas had been an independent state, with an organized government, defying the power of Mexico to overthrow or reconquer her, for more than ten years before Mexico commenced the present war against the United States. Texas had given such evidence to the world of her ability to maintain her separate existence as an independent nation, that she had been formally recognised as such, not only by the United States, but by several of the principal powers of Europe. These powers had entered into treaties of amity, commerce, and navigation, with her. They had received and accredited her ministers and other diplomatic agents at their respective courts, and

they had commissioned ministers and diplomatic agents on their part to the government of Texas. If Mexico, notwithstanding all this, and her utter inability to subdue or reconquer Texas, still stubbornly refused to recognise her as an independent nation, she was none the less so on that account. Mexico herself had been recognised as an independent nation by the United States, and by other powers, many years before Spain, of which, before her revolution, she had been a colony, would agree to recognise her as such; and yet Mexico was at that time, in the estimation of the civilized world, and in fact, none the less an independent power because Spain still claimed her as a colony. If Spain had continued until the present period to assert that Mexico was one of her colonies, in rebellion against her, this would not have made her so, or changed the fact of her independent existence. Texas, at the period of her annexation to the United States, bore the same relation to Mexico that Mexico had borne to Spain for many years before Spain acknowledged her independence, with this important difference—that, before the annexation of Texas to the United States was consummated, Mexico herself, by a formal act of her government, had acknowledged the independence of Texas as a nation. It is true that, in the act of recognition, she prescribed a condition, which she had no power or authority to impose, that Texas should not annex herself to any other power; but this could not detract in any degree from the recognition which Mexico then made of her actual independence. Upon this plain statement of facts, it is absurd for Mexico to allege, as a pretext for commencing hostilities against the United States, that Texas is still a part of her territory.

But there are those who, conceding all this to be true, assume the ground that the true western boundary of Texas is the Nueces, instead of the Rio Grande; and that, therefore, in marching our army to the east bank of the latter river, we passed the Texan line, and invaded the territory of Mexico. A simple statement of facts, known to exist, will conclusively refute such an assumption. Texas, as ceded to the United States by France in 1803, has been always claimed as extending west to the Rio Grande, or Rio Bravo.

This fact is established by the authority of our most eminent statesmen at a period when the question was as well if not better understood than it is at present. During Mr. Jefferson's administration, Messrs. Monroe and Pinckney, who had been sent on a special mission to Madrid, charged, among other things, with the adjustment of boundary between the two countries, in a note addressed to the Spanish minister of foreign affairs, under date of the 28th of January, 1805, assert that the boundaries of Louisiana, as ceded to the United States by France, "are the river Perdido on the east, and the river Bravo on the west;" and they add that "the facts and principles which justify this conclusion are so satisfactory to our government as to convince it that the United States have not a better right to the island of New Orleans, under the cession referred to, than they have to the whole district of territory which is above described."

Down to the conclusion of the Florida treaty, in February, 1819, by which this territory was ceded to Spain, the United States asserted and maintained their territorial rights to this extent. In the month of June, 1818, during Mr. Monroe's administration, information having been received that a number of foreign adventurers had landed at Galveston, with the avowed purpose of forming a settlement in that vicinity, a special messenger was despatched by the government of the United States, with instructions from the secretary of state to warn them to desist, should they be found there "or any other place north of the Rio Bravo, and within the territory claimed by the United States." He was instructed, should they be found in the country north of that river, to make known to them "the surprise with which the president has seen possession thus taken, without authority from the United States, of a place within their territorial limits, and upon which no lawful settlement can be made without their sanction." He was instructed to call upon them to "avow under what national authority they profess to act," and to give them due warning "that the place is within the United States, who will suffer no permanent settlement to be made there, under any authority other than their own." As late as the 8th of July, 1842, the secretary of

state of the United States, in a note addressed to our minister in Mexico, maintains that, by the Florida treaty of 1819, the territory as far west as the Rio Grande was confirmed to Spain. In that note he states that, "by the treaty of the 22d of February, 1819, between the United States and Spain, the Sabine was adopted as the line of boundary between the two powers. Up to that period, no considerable colonization had been effected in Texas; but the territory between the Sabine and the Rio Grande being confirmed to Spain by the treaty, applications were made to that power for grants of land; and such grants, or permissions of settlement, were in fact made by the Spanish authorities in favor of citizens of the United States proposing to emigrate to TEXAS in numerous families, before the declaration of independence by Mexico."

The Texas which was ceded to Spain by the Florida treaty of 1819 embraced all the country now claimed by the state of Texas between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. The republic of Texas always claimed this river as her western boundary, and in her treaty made with Santa Anna in May, 1836, he recognised it as such. By the constitution which Texas adopted in March, 1836, senatorial and representative districts were organized extending west of the Nueces. The Congress of Texas, on the 19th of December, 1836, passed "an act to define the boundaries of the republic of Texas," in which they declared the Rio Grande from its mouth to its source to be their boundary, and by the said act they extended their "civil and political jurisdiction" over the country up to that boundary. During a period of more than nine years, which intervened between the adoption of her constitution and her annexation as one of the states of our Union, Texas asserted and exercised many acts of sovereignty and jurisdiction over the territory and inhabitants west of the Nueces. She organized and defined the limits of counties extending to the Rio Grande. She established courts of justice and extended her judicial system over the territory. She established a customhouse, and collected duties, and also post-offices and post-roads, in it. She established a land-office, and issued numerous grants for land, within its limits.

A senator and a representative residing in it were elected to the Congress of the republic, and served as such before the act of annexation took place. In both the Congress and convention of Texas, which gave their assent to the terms of annexation to the United States, proposed by our Congress, were representatives residing west of the Nueces, who took part in the act of annexation itself. This was the Texas which, by the act of our Congress of the 29th of December, 1845, was admitted as one of the states of our Union. That the Congress of the United States understood the state of Texas which they admitted into the Union to extend beyond the Nueces is apparent from the fact that on the 31st of December, 1845, only two days after the act of admission, they passed a law "to establish a collection-district in the state of Texas," by which they created a port of delivery at Corpus Christi, situated west of the Nueces, and being the same point at which the Texas customhouse, under the laws of that republic, had been located, and directed that a surveyor to collect the revenue should be appointed for that port by the president, by and with the advice and consent of the senate. A surveyor was accordingly nominated, and confirmed by the senate, and has been ever since in the performance of his duties. All these acts of the republic of Texas, and of our Congress, preceded the orders for the advance of our army to the east bank of the Rio Grande. Subsequently, Congress passed an act "establishing certain post-routes," extending west of the Nueces. The country west of that river now constitutes a part of one of the congressional districts of Texas, and is represented in the house of representatives. The senators from that state were chosen by a legislature in which the country west of that river was represented. In view of all these facts, it is difficult to conceive upon what ground it can be maintained that, in occupying the country west of the Nueces with our army, with a view solely to its security and defence, we invaded the territory of Mexico. But it would have been still more difficult to justify the executive, whose duty it is to see that the laws be faithfully executed, if in the face of all these proceedings, both of the Congress of Texas and of the United States, he had

assumed the responsibility of yielding up the territory west of the Nueces to Mexico, or of refusing to protect and defend this territory and its inhabitants, including Corpus Christi, as well as the remainder of Texas, against the threatened Mexican invasion.

But Mexico herself has never placed the war which she has waged upon the ground that our army occupied the intermediate territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. Her refuted pretension that Texas was not in fact an independent state, but a rebellious province, was obstinately persevered in; and her avowed purpose in commencing a war with the United States was to reconquer Texas, and to restore Mexican authority over the whole territory—not to the Nueces only, but to the Sabine. In view of the proclaimed menaces of Mexico to this effect, I deemed it my duty, as a measure of precaution and defence, to order our army to occupy a position on our frontier as a military post, from which our troops could best resist and repel any attempted invasion which Mexico might make.

Our army had occupied a position at Corpus Christi, west of the Nueces, as early as August, 1845, without complaint from any quarter. Had the Nueces been regarded as the true western boundary of Texas, that boundary had been passed by our army many months before it advanced to the eastern bank of the Rio Grande. In my annual message of December last I informed Congress that, upon the invitation of both the Congress and convention of Texas, I had deemed it proper to order a strong squadron to the coasts of Mexico, and to concentrate an efficient military force on the western frontier of Texas, to protect and defend the inhabitants against the menaced invasion of Mexico. In that message I informed Congress that the moment the terms of annexation offered by the United States were accepted by Texas, the latter became so far a part of our own country as to make it our duty to afford such protection and defence; and that for that purpose our squadron had been ordered to the gulf, and our army to "take a position between the Nueces and the Del Norte," or Rio Grande, and "to repel any invasion of the Texan territory which might be attempted by

the Mexican forces." It was deemed proper to issue this order, because, soon after the president of Texas, in April, 1845, had issued his proclamation convening the Congress of that republic, for the purpose of submitting to that body the terms of annexation proposed by the United States, the government of Mexico made serious threats of invading the Texan territory. These threats became more imposing as it became more apparent, in the progress of the question, that the people of Texas would decide in favor of accepting the terms of annexation; and, finally, they had assumed such a formidable character as induced both the Congress and convention of Texas to request that a military force should be sent by the United States into her territory for the purpose of protecting and defending her against the threatened invasion. It would have been a violation of good faith toward the people of Texas to have refused to afford the aid which they desired against a threatened invasion, to which they had been exposed by their free determination to annex themselves to our Union, in compliance with the overture made to them by the joint resolution of our Congress.

Accordingly, a portion of the army was ordered to advance into Texas. Corpus Christi was the position selected by General Taylor. He encamped at that place in August, 1845, and the army remained in that position until the 11th of March, 1846, when it moved westward, and on the 28th of that month reached the east bank of the Rio Grande, opposite to Matamoras. This movement was made in pursuance of orders from the war department, issued on the 13th of January, 1846. Before these orders were issued, the despatch of our minister in Mexico, transmitting the decision of the council of government of Mexico, advising that he should not be received, and also the despatch of our consul residing in the city of Mexico—the former bearing date on the 17th, and the latter on the 18th of December, 1845, copies of both of which accompanied my message to Congress of the 11th of May last—were received at the department of state. These communications rendered it highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that our minister would not be received by the government of General

Herrera. It was also well known that but little hope could be entertained of a different result from General Paredes, in case the revolutionary movement which he was prosecuting should prove successful, as was highly probable. The partisans of Paredes, as our minister, in the despatch referred to, states, breathed the fiercest hostility against the United States, denounced the proposed negotiation as treason, and openly called upon the troops and the people to put down the government of Herrera by force. The reconquest of Texas, and war with the United States, were openly threatened. These were the circumstances existing, when it was deemed proper to order the army under the command of General Taylor to advance to the western frontier of Texas, and occupy a position on or near the Rio Grande.

The apprehensions of a contemplated Mexican invasion have been since fully justified by the event. The determination of Mexico to rush into hostilities with the United States was afterward manifested from the whole tenor of the note of the Mexican minister of foreign affairs to our minister, bearing date on the 12th of March, 1846. Paredes had then revolutionized the government, and his minister, after referring to the resolution for the annexation of Texas, which had been adopted by our Congress in March, 1845, proceeds to declare that "a fact such as this, or, to speak with greater exactness, so notable an act of usurpation, created an imperious necessity that Mexico, for her own honor, should repel it with proper firmness and dignity. The supreme government had beforehand declared that it would look upon such an act as a *casus belli*; and, as a consequence of this declaration, negotiation was, by its very nature, at an end, and war was the only recourse of the Mexican government."

It appears, also, that on the 4th of April following, General Paredes, through his minister of war, issued orders to the Mexican general in command on the Texan frontier to "attack" our army "by every means which war permits." To this General Paredes had been pledged to the army and people of Mexico during the military revolution which had brought him into power. On the 18th of April, 1846, General Paredes addressed a letter to the commander on that fron-

tier, in which he stated to him, "At the present date I suppose you at the head of that valiant army, either fighting already, or preparing for the operations of a campaign;" and "supposing you already on the theatre of operations, and with all the forces assembled, it is indispensable that hostilities be commenced, yourself taking the initiative against the enemy."

The movement of our army to the Rio Grande was made by the commanding general under positive orders to abstain from all aggressive acts toward Mexico or Mexican citizens, and to regard the relations between the two countries as peaceful, unless Mexico should declare war, or commit acts of hostility indicative of a state of war; and these orders he faithfully executed. While occupying his position on the east bank of the Rio Grande, within the limits of Texas, then recently admitted as one of the states of our Union, the commanding general of the Mexican forces, who, in pursuance of the orders of his government, had collected a large army on the opposite shore of the Rio Grande, crossed the river, invaded our territory, and commenced hostilities by attacking our forces.

Thus, after all the injuries which we had received and borne from Mexico, and after she had insultingly rejected a minister sent to her on a mission of peace, and whom she had solemnly agreed to receive, she consummated her long course of outrage against our country by commencing an offensive war and shedding the blood of our citizens on our own soil.

The United States never attempted to acquire Texas by conquest. On the contrary, at an early period after the people of Texas had achieved their independence, they sought to be annexed to the United States. At a general election in September, 1836, they decided with great unanimity in favor of "annexation;" and in November following, the Congress of the republic authorized the appointment of a minister, to bear their request to this government. This government, however, having remained neutral between Texas and Mexico during the war between them, and considering it due to the honor of our country, and our fair fame among the nations of the earth, that we should not at this early period consent to an-

nexation, nor until it should be manifest to the whole world that the reconquest of Texas by Mexico was impossible, refused to accede to the overtures made by Texas. On the 12th of April, 1844, and after more than seven years had elapsed since Texas had established her independence, a treaty was concluded for the annexation of that republic to the United States, which was rejected by the senate. Finally, on the 1st of March, 1845, Congress passed a joint resolution for annexing her to the United States, upon certain preliminary conditions to which her assent was required. The solemnities which characterized the deliberations and conduct of the government and people of Texas, on the deeply interesting questions presented by these resolutions, are known to the world. The Congress, the executive, and the people of Texas, in a convention elected for that purpose, accepted with great unanimity the proposed terms of annexation; and thus consummated upon her part the great act of restoring to our federal Union a vast territory which had been ceded to Spain by the Florida treaty more than a quarter of a century before.

After the joint resolution for the annexation of Texas to the United States had been passed by our Congress, the Mexican minister at Washington addressed a note to the secretary of state, bearing date on the 6th of March, 1845, protesting against it as "an act of aggression, the most unjust which can be found recorded in the annals of modern history—namely, that of despoiling a friendly nation, like Mexico, of a considerable portion of her territory;" and protesting against the resolution of annexation, as being an act "whereby the province of Texas, an integral portion of the Mexican territory, is agreed and admitted into the American Union;" and he announced that, as a consequence, his mission to the United States had terminated, and demanded his passports, which were granted. It was upon the absurd pretext, made by Mexico (herself indebted for her independence to a successful revolution), that the republic of Texas still continued to be, notwithstanding all that had passed, a province of Mexico, that this step was taken by the Mexican minister.

Every honorable effort has been used by me

to avoid the war which followed, but all have proved vain. All our attempts to preserve peace have been met by insult and resistance on the part of Mexico. My efforts to this end commenced in the note of the secretary of state of the 10th of March, 1845, in answer to that of the Mexican minister. While declining to reopen a discussion which had already been exhausted, and proving again what was known to the whole world—that Texas had long since achieved her independence—the secretary of state expressed the regret of this government that Mexico should have taken offence at the resolution of annexation passed by Congress, and gave assurance that our “most strenuous efforts shall be devoted to the amicable adjustment of every cause of complaint between the two governments, and to the cultivation of the kindest and most friendly relations between the sister republics.”

That I have acted in the spirit of this assurance, will appear from the events which have since occurred. Notwithstanding Mexico had abruptly terminated all diplomatic intercourse with the United States, and ought, therefore, to have been the first to ask for its resumption, yet, waiving all ceremony, I embraced the earliest favorable opportunity to “ascertain from the Mexican government whether they would receive an envoy from the United States, intrusted with full power to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments.” In September, 1845, I believed the propitious moment for such an overture had arrived. Texas, by the enthusiastic and almost unanimous will of her people, had pronounced in favor of annexation. Mexico herself had agreed to acknowledge the independence of Texas, subject to a condition, it is true, which she had no right to impose and no power to enforce. The last lingering hope of Mexico, if she still could have retained any, that Texas would ever again become one of her provinces, must have been abandoned.

The consul of the United States at the city of Mexico was, therefore, instructed by the secretary of state, on the 15th of September, 1845, to make the inquiry of the Mexican government. The inquiry was made, and on the 15th of October, 1845, the minister of foreign affairs of the

Mexican government, in a note addressed to our consul, gave a favorable response—requesting, at the same time, that our naval force might be withdrawn from Vera Cruz while negotiations should be pending. Upon the receipt of this note, our naval force was promptly withdrawn from Vera Cruz. A minister was immediately appointed, and departed to Mexico. Everything bore a promising aspect for a speedy and peaceful adjustment of all our difficulties. At the date of my annual message to Congress, in December last, no doubt was entertained but that he would be received by the Mexican government, and the hope was cherished that all cause of misunderstanding between the two countries would be speedily removed. In the confident hope that such would be the result of his mission, I informed Congress that I forbore at that time to “recommend such ulterior measures of redress for the wrongs and injuries we had so long borne, as it would have been proper to make had no such negotiation been instituted.” To my surprise and regret, the Mexican government, though solemnly pledged to do so, upon the arrival of our minister in Mexico, refused to receive and accredit him. When he reached Vera Cruz, on the 30th of November, 1845, he found that the aspect of affairs had undergone an unhappy change. The government of General Herrera, who was at that time president of the republic, was tottering to its fall. General Paredes (a military leader) had manifested his determination to overthrow the government of Herrera by a military revolution; and one of the principal means which he employed to effect his purpose, and render the government of Herrera odious to the army and people of Mexico, was by loudly condemning its determination to receive a minister of peace from the United States, alleging that it was the intention of Herrera, by a treaty with the United States, to dismember the territory of Mexico, by ceding away the department of Texas. The government of Herrera is believed to have been well disposed to a pacific adjustment of existing difficulties; but, probably alarmed for its own security, and in order to ward off the danger of the revolution led by Paredes, violated its solemn agreement, and refused to receive or accredit our minister; and this, although

informed that he had been invested with full power to adjust all questions in dispute between the two governments. Among the frivolous pretexts for this refusal, the principal one was, that our minister had not gone upon a special mission, confined to the question of Texas alone, leaving all the outrages upon our flag and our citizens unredressed. The Mexican government well knew that both our national honor and the protection due to our citizens imperatively required that the two questions of boundary and indemnity should be treated of together, as naturally and inseparably blended; and they ought to have seen that this course was best calculated to enable the United States to extend to them the most liberal justice. On the 30th of December, 1845, General Herrera resigned the presidency, and yielded up the government to General Paredes without a struggle. Thus a revolution was accomplished solely by the army commanded by Paredes, and the supreme power in Mexico passed into the hands of a military usurper, who was known to be bitterly hostile to the United States.

Although the prospect of a pacific adjustment with the new government was unpromising, from the known hostility of its head to the U. States, yet, determined that nothing should be left undone on our part to restore friendly relations between the two countries, our minister was instructed to present his credentials to the new government, and ask to be accredited by it in the diplomatic character in which he had been commissioned. These instructions he executed by his note of the 1st of March, 1846, addressed to the Mexican minister of foreign affairs; but his request was insultingly refused by that minister, in his answer of the 12th of the same month. No alternative remained for our minister but to demand his passports, and return to the United States.

Thus was the extraordinary spectacle presented to the civilized world, of a government, in violation of its own express agreement, having twice rejected a minister of peace, invested with full powers to adjust all the existing differences between the two countries, in a manner just and honorable to both. I am not aware that modern history presents a parallel case, in which, in time of peace, one nation has refused even to hear propo-

sitions from another for terminating existing difficulties between them. Scarcely a hope of adjusting our difficulties, even at a remote day, or of preserving peace with Mexico, could be cherished while Paredes remained at the head of the government. He had acquired the supreme power by a military revolution, and upon the most solemn pledges to wage war against the United States, and to reconquer Texas, which he claimed as a revolted province of Mexico. He had denounced as guilty of treason all those Mexicans who considered Texas as no longer constituting a part of the territory of Mexico, and who were friendly to the cause of peace. The duration of the war which he waged against the United States was indefinite, because the end which he proposed, of the reconquest of Texas, was hopeless. Besides, there was good reason to believe, from all his conduct, that it was his intention to convert the republic of Mexico into a monarchy, and to call a foreign European prince to the throne. Preparatory to this end, he had, during his short rule, destroyed the liberty of the press, tolerating that portion of it only which openly advocated the establishment of a monarchy. The better to secure the success of his ultimate designs, he had, by an arbitrary decree, convoked a Congress—not to be elected by the free voice of the people, but to be chosen in a manner to make them subservient to his will, and to give him absolute control over their deliberations.

Under all these circumstances, it was believed that any revolution in Mexico, founded upon opposition to the ambitious projects of Paredes, would tend to promote the cause of peace as well as prevent any attempted European interference in the affairs of the North American continent—both objects of deep interest to the United States. Any such foreign interference, if attempted, must have been resisted by the United States. My views upon that subject were fully communicated to Congress in my last annual message. In any event, it was certain that no change whatever in the government of Mexico which would deprive Paredes of power could be for the worse, so far as the United States were concerned, while it was highly probable that any change must be for the better.

This was the state of affairs existing when Congress, on the 13th of May last, recognised the existence of the war which had been commenced by the government of Paredes; and it became an object of much importance, with a view to a speedy settlement of our difficulties and the restoration of an honorable peace, that Paredes should not retain power in Mexico.

Before that time there were symptoms of a revolution in Mexico, favored, as it was understood to be, by the more liberal party, and especially by those who were opposed to foreign interference and to the monarchical form of government. Santa Anna was then in exile in Havana, having been expelled from power and banished from his country by a revolution which occurred in December, 1844; but it was known that he had still a considerable party in his favor in Mexico. It was also equally well known that no vigilance which could be exerted by our squadron would, in all probability, have prevented him from effecting a landing somewhere on the extensive gulf-coast of Mexico, if he desired to return to his country. He had openly professed an entire change of policy; had expressed his regret that he had subverted the federal constitution of 1824; and avowed that he was now in favor of its restoration. He had publicly declared his hostility, in the strongest terms, to the establishment of a monarchy, and to European interference in the affairs of his country. Information to this effect had been received, from sources believed to be reliable, at the date of the recognition of the existence of the war by Congress, and was afterward fully confirmed by the receipt of the despatch of our consul in the city of Mexico, with the accompanying documents, which are herewith transmitted. Besides, it was reasonable to suppose that he must see the ruinous consequences to Mexico of a war with the United States, and that it would be his interest to favor peace.

It was under these circumstances and upon these considerations that it was deemed expedient not to obstruct his return to Mexico, should he attempt to do so. Our object was the restoration of peace; and, with that view, no reason was perceived why we should take part with Paredes, and aid him, by means of our blockade, in

preventing the return of his rival to Mexico. On the contrary, it was believed that the intestine divisions which ordinary sagacity could not but anticipate as the fruit of Santa Anna's return to Mexico, and his contest with Paredes, might strongly tend to produce a disposition with both parties to restore and preserve peace with the United States. Paredes was a soldier by profession, and a monarchist in principle. He had but recently before been successful in a military revolution, by which he had obtained power. He was the sworn enemy of the United States, with which he had involved his country in the existing war. Santa Anna had been expelled from power by the army; was known to be in open hostility to Paredes, and publicly pledged against foreign intervention and the restoration of monarchy in Mexico. In view of these facts and circumstances it was, that, when orders were issued to the commander of our naval forces in the gulf, on the 13th day of May last, the same day on which the existence of the war was recognised by Congress, to place the coasts of Mexico under blockade, he was directed not to obstruct the passage of Santa Anna to Mexico, should he attempt to return.

A revolution took place in Mexico in the early part of August following, by which the power of Paredes was overthrown, and he has since been banished from the country, and is now in exile. Shortly afterward, Santa Anna returned. It remains to be seen whether his return may not yet prove to be favorable to a pacific adjustment of the existing difficulties, it being manifestly his interest not to persevere in the prosecution of a war commenced by Paredes, to accomplish a purpose so absurd as the reconquest of Texas to the Sabine. Had Paredes remained in power, it is morally certain that any pacific adjustment would have been hopeless.

Upon the commencement of hostilities by Mexico against the United States, the indignant spirit of the nation was at once aroused. Congress promptly responded to the expectations of the country, and, by the act of the 13th of May last, recognised the fact that war existed, by the act of Mexico, between the United States and that republic, and granted the means necessary for its vigorous prosecution. Being involved in a war

thus commenced by Mexico, and for the justice of which on our part we may confidently appeal to the whole world, I resolved to prosecute it with the utmost vigor. Accordingly, the ports of Mexico on the gulf and on the Pacific have been placed under blockade, and her territory invaded at several important points. The reports from the departments of war and the navy will inform you more in detail of the measures adopted in the emergency in which our country was placed, and of the gratifying results which have been accomplished.

The various columns of the army have performed their duty, under great disadvantages, with the most distinguished skill and courage. The victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and of Monterey, won against greatly superior numbers, and against most decided advantages in other respects on the part of the enemy, were brilliant in their execution, and entitle our brave officers and soldiers to the grateful thanks of their country. The nation deplores the loss of the brave officers and men who have gallantly fallen while vindicating and defending their country's rights and honor.

It is a subject of pride and satisfaction that our volunteer citizen-soldiers, who so promptly responded to their country's call, with an experience of the discipline of a camp of only a few weeks, have borne their part in the hard-fought battle of Monterey with a constancy and courage equal to that of veteran troops, and worthy of the highest admiration. The privations of long marches through the enemy's country and through a wilderness, have been borne without a murmur. By rapid movements the province of New Mexico, with Santa Fé, its capital, has been captured without bloodshed. The navy has co-operated with the army, and rendered important services: if not so brilliant, it is because the enemy had no force to meet them on their own element, and because of the defences which Nature has interposed in the difficulties of the navigation on the Mexican coasts. Our squadron in the Pacific, with the co-operation of a gallant officer of the army, and a small force hastily collected in that distant country, have acquired bloodless possession of the Californias, and the American flag

has been raised at every important point in that province.

I congratulate you on the success which has thus attended our military and naval operations. In less than seven months after Mexico commenced hostilities, at a time selected by herself, we have taken possession of many of her principal ports, driven back and pursued her invading army, and acquired military possession of the Mexican provinces of New Mexico, New Leon, Coahuila, Tamaulipas, and the Californias, a territory larger in extent than that embraced in the original thirteen states of the Union, inhabited by a considerable population, and much of it more than a thousand miles from the points at which we had to collect our forces and commence our movements. By the blockade, the import and export trade of the enemy has been cut off.

Well may the American people be proud of the energy and gallantry of our regular and volunteer officers and soldiers. The events of these few months afford a gratifying proof that our country can, under any emergency, confidently rely for the maintenance of her honor and the defence of her rights, on an effective force, ready at all times voluntarily to relinquish the comforts of home for the perils and privations of the camp. And though such a force may be for the time expensive, it is in the end economical, as the ability to command it removes the necessity of employing a large standing army in time of peace, and proves that our people love their institutions, and are ever ready to defend and protect them.

While the war was in a course of vigorous and successful prosecution, being still anxious to arrest its evils, and considering that, after the brilliant victories of our arms on the 8th and 9th of May last, the national honor could not be compromised by it, another overture was made to Mexico, by my direction, on the 27th of July last, to terminate hostilities by a peace just and honorable to both countries. On the 31st of August following, the Mexican government declined to accept this friendly overture, but referred it to the decision of a Mexican Congress, to be assembled in the early part of the present month. I communicate to you, herewith, a copy of the letter of the secretary of state, proposing to reopen

negotiations, of the answer of the Mexican government, and of the reply thereto of the secretary of state.

The war will continue to be prosecuted with vigor, as the best means of securing peace. It is hoped that the decision of the Mexican Congress, to which our last overture has been referred, may result in a speedy and honorable peace. With our experience, however, of the unreasonable course of the Mexican authorities, it is the part of wisdom not to relax in the energy of our military operations until the result is made known. In this view, it is deemed important to hold military possession of all the provinces which have been taken, until a definitive treaty of peace shall have been concluded and ratified by the two countries.

The war has not been waged with a view to conquest; but, having been commenced by Mexico, it has been carried into the enemy's country, and will be vigorously prosecuted there, with a view to obtain an honorable peace, and thereby secure ample indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as to our much-injured citizens, who hold large pecuniary demands against Mexico.

By the laws of nations, a conquered territory is subject to be governed by the conqueror during his military possession, and until there is either a treaty of peace, or he shall voluntarily withdraw from it. The old civil government being necessarily superseded, it is the right and duty of the conqueror to secure his conquest, and to provide for the maintenance of civil order and the rights of the inhabitants. This right has been exercised, and this duty performed, by our military and naval commanders, by the establishment of temporary governments in some of the conquered provinces in Mexico, assimilating them as far as practicable to the free institutions of our own country. In the provinces of New Mexico and of the Californias, little if any further resistance is apprehended from the inhabitants to the temporary governments which have thus, from the necessity of the case, and according to the laws of war, been established. It may be proper to provide for the security of these important conquests by making an adequate appropriation for the purpose of erecting fortifications and de-

fraying the expenses necessarily incident to the maintenance of our possession and authority over them.

Near the close of your last session, for reasons communicated to Congress, I deemed it important, as a measure for securing a speedy peace with Mexico, that a sum of money should be appropriated and placed in the power of the executive, similar to that which had been made upon two former occasions, during the administration of President Jefferson.

On the 26th of February, 1803, an appropriation of two millions of dollars was made, and placed at the disposal of the president. Its object is well known. It was at that time in contemplation to acquire Louisiana from France, and it was intended to be applied as a part of the consideration which might be paid for that territory. On the 13th of February, 1806, the same sum was in like manner appropriated, with a view to the purchase of the Floridas from Spain. These appropriations were made to facilitate negotiations, and as a means to enable the president to accomplish the important objects in view. Though it did not become necessary for the president to use these appropriations, yet a state of things might have arisen in which it would have been highly important for him to do so, and the wisdom of making them can not be doubted. It is believed that the measure recommended at your last session met with the approbation of decided majorities in both houses of Congress. Indeed, in different forms, a bill making an appropriation of two millions of dollars passed each house, and it is much to be regretted that it did not become a law. The reasons which induced me to recommend the measure at that time still exist; and I again submit the subject for your consideration, and suggest the importance of early action upon it. Should the appropriation be made, and be not needed, it will remain in the treasury: should it be deemed proper to apply it in whole or in part, it will be accounted for as other public expenditures.

Immediately after Congress had recognised the existence of the war with Mexico, my attention was directed to the danger that privateers might be fitted out in the ports of Cuba and Porto Rico

to prey upon the commerce of the United States; and I invited the special attention of the Spanish government to the fourteenth article of our treaty with that power of the 20th of October, 1795, under which the citizens and subjects of either nation who shall take commissions or letters of marque to act as privateers against the other "shall be punished as pirates."

It affords me pleasure to inform you that I have received assurances from the Spanish government that this article of the treaty shall be faithfully observed on its part. Orders for this purpose were immediately transmitted from that government to the authorities of Cuba and Porto Rico to exert their utmost vigilance in preventing any attempts to fit out privateers in those islands against the United States. From the good faith of Spain I am fully satisfied that this treaty will be executed in its spirit as well as its letter; while the United States will, on their part, faithfully perform all the obligations which it imposes on them.

Information has been recently received at the department of state that the Mexican government has sent to Havana blank commissions to privateers, and blank certificates of naturalization, signed by General Salas, the present head of the Mexican government. There is also reason to apprehend that similar documents have been transmitted to other parts of the world. Copies of these papers, in translation, are herewith transmitted.

As the preliminaries required by the practice of civilized nations for commissioning privateers and regulating their conduct appear not to have been observed, and as these commissions are in blank, to be filled up with the names of citizens and subjects of all nations who may be willing to purchase them, the whole proceeding can only be construed as an invitation to all the freebooters upon earth, who are willing to pay for the privilege, to cruise against American commerce. It will be for our courts of justice to decide whether, under such circumstances, these Mexican letters of marque and reprisal shall protect those who accept them, and commit robberies upon the high-seas under their authority, from the pains and penalties of piracy.

If the certificates of naturalization thus granted be intended by Mexico to shield Spanish subjects from the guilt and punishment of pirates, under our treaty with Spain, they will certainly prove unavailing. Such a subterfuge would be but a weak device to defeat the provisions of a solemn treaty.

I recommend that Congress should immediately provide by law for the trial and punishment as pirates of Spanish subjects who, escaping the vigilance of their government, shall be found guilty of privateering against the United States. I do not apprehend serious danger from these privateers. Our navy will be constantly on the alert to protect our commerce. Besides, in case prizes should be made of American vessels, the utmost vigilance will be exerted by our blockading squadron to prevent the captors from taking them into Mexican ports, and it is not apprehended that any nation will violate its neutrality by suffering such prizes to be condemned and sold within its jurisdiction.

I recommend that Congress should immediately provide by law for granting letters of marque and reprisal against vessels under the Mexican flag. It is true that there are but few if any commercial vessels of Mexico upon the high-seas; and it is, therefore, not probable that many American privateers would be fitted out, in case a law should pass authorizing this mode of warfare. It is, notwithstanding, certain that such privateers may render good service to the commercial interests of the country, by recapturing our merchant-ships, should any be taken by armed vessels under the Mexican flag, as well as by capturing these vessels themselves. Every means within our power should be rendered available for the protection of our commerce. . . . In order to prosecute the war with vigor and energy, as the best means of bringing it to a speedy termination, a further loan will be necessary, to meet the expenditures for the present and the next fiscal years. If the war should be continued until the 30th of June, 1848—being the end of the next fiscal year—it is estimated that an additional loan of twenty-three millions of dollars will be required. . . .

JAMES K. POLK.

WASHINGTON, *December 8, 1846.*

No. III.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA,

FEBRUARY 23, 24, 1847.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, }
 AGUA NUEVA, March 6, 1847. }

SIR: I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of the forces under my command which resulted in the engagement of BUENA VISTA, the repulse of the Mexican army, and the reoccupation of this position.

The information which reached me of the advance and concentration of a heavy Mexican force in my front, had assumed such a probable form as to induce a special examination far beyond the reach of our pickets, to ascertain its correctness. A small party of Texan spies, under Major M'Culloch, despatched to the *hacienda* of Encarnacion, thirty miles from this, on the route to San Luis Potosi, had reported a cavalry force of unknown strength at that place. On the 20th of February, a strong reconnoissance, under Lieutenant-Colonel May, was despatched to the *hacienda* of Heclionda, while Major M'Culloch made another examination of Encarnacion. The results of these expeditions left no doubt that the enemy was in large force at Encarnacion, under the orders of General Santa Anna, and that he meditated a forward movement and attack upon our position.

As the camp of Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's force was greatly superior to our own, particularly in the arm of cavalry, I determined, after much consideration, to take up a position about eleven miles in rear, and there await the attack. The army broke up its camp and marched at noon on the 21st, encamping at the new position a little in front of the *hacienda* of Buena Vista. With a small force I proceeded to Saltillo, to make some necessary arrangements for the defence of the town, leaving Brigadier-General Wool in the immediate command of the troops.

Before those arrangements were completed, on the morning of the 22d, I was advised that the enemy was in sight, advancing. Upon reaching the ground, it was found that his cavalry advance was in our front, having marched from Encarnacion, as we have since learned, at eleven o'clock

on the day previous, and driving in a mounted force left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. Our troops were in position, occupying a line of remarkable strength. The road at this point becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery by a system of deep and impassable gullies, while on the left a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extends far back toward the mountain which bounds the valley. The features of the ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantage of its numerical superiority. In this position we prepared to receive him.

Captain Washington's battery (fourth artillery) was posted to command the road; while the first and second Illinois regiments, under Colonels Hardin and Bissell, each eight companies (to the latter of which was attached Captain Conner's company of Texas volunteers), and the second Kentucky, under Colonel M'Kee, occupied the crests of the ridges on the left and in rear. The Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry, commanded by Colonels Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left, near the base of the mountain; while the Indiana brigade, under Brigadier-General Lane (composed of the second and third regiments, under Colonels Bowles and Lane), the Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Davis, the squadrons of the first and second dragoons, under Captain Steen and Lieutenant-Colonel May, and the light batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg (third artillery), were held in reserve.

At eleven o'clock, I received from General Santa Anna a summons to surrender at discretion, which, with a copy of my reply, I have already transmitted.

The enemy still forbore his attack, evidently waiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by our lookouts as they approached the field. A demonstration made on his left caused me to detach the second Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery to our right, in which position they bivouacked for the night.

In the meantime, the Mexican light troops had engaged ours on the extreme left (composed of

parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry dismounted, and a rifle-battalion from the Indiana brigade, under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Colonel Marshall), and kept up a sharp fire, climbing the mountain-side, and apparently endeavoring to gain our flank. Three pieces of Captain Washington's battery had been detached to the left, and were supported by the second Indiana regiment. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line, but without effect. The skirmishing of the light troops was kept up, with trifling loss on our part, until dark, when I became convinced that no serious attack would be made before the morning, and returned with the Mississippi regiment and squadron of second dragoons to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and lay upon their arms.

A body of cavalry, some fifteen hundred strong, had been visible all day in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a narrow pass east of the city. This cavalry, commanded by General Miñon, had evidently been thrown in our rear to break up and harass our retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town, if practicable. The city was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers, under Major Warren of the first regiment. A field-work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Captain Webster's company, first artillery, and armed with two twenty-four-pound howitzers; while the train and headquarter camp was guarded by two companies of Mississippi riflemen under Captain Rogers, and a field-piece commanded by Captain Shover, third artillery. Having made these dispositions for the protection of the rear, I proceeded on the morning of the 23d to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before my arrival on the field.

During the evening and night of the 22d, the enemy had thrown a body of light troops on the mountain-side, with the purpose of outflanking our left; and it was here that the action of the 23d commenced at an early hour. Our riflemen, under Colonel Marshall, who had been reinforced by three companies under Major Trail, second Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground hand-

somely against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect.

About eight o'clock, a strong demonstration was made against the centre of our position, a heavy column moving along the road. This force was soon dispersed by a few rapid and well-directed shots from Captain Washington's battery.

In the meantime, the enemy was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the obvious intention of forcing our left, which was posted on an extensive plateau. The second Indiana and second Illinois regiments formed this part of our line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the orders of Captain O'Brien—Brigadier-General Lane being in the immediate command. In order to bring his men within effective range, General Lane ordered the artillery and second Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket-range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was served against it with great effect, but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support had fallen back in disorder, being exposed, as well as the battery, not only to a severe fire of small-arms from the front, but also to a murderous cross-fire of grape and canister from a Mexican battery on the left. Captain O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his pieces, all the horses and cannoneers of the third piece being killed or disabled. The second Indiana regiment, which had fallen back as stated, could not be rallied, and took no further part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant colonel, Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and depot at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the light troops, which had rendered such good service on the mountain, were compelled to withdraw, which they did, for the most part, in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the depot at Buena

Vista, to the defence of which they afterward contributed.

Colonel Bissell's regiment (second Illinois), which had been joined by a section of Captain Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear in great force. At this moment, I arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican infantry which had turned our flank. The second Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery under Captain Bragg, had previously been ordered from the right to reinforce our left, and arrived at a most opportune moment. That regiment, and a portion of the first Illinois, under Colonel Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground we had lost. The batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg were in position on the plateau, and did much execution, not only in front, but particularly upon the masses which had gained our rear.

Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, the third Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, was dispatched to strengthen that part of our line, which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time, Lieutenant Kilburn, with a piece of Captain Bragg's battery, was directed to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the enemy making several efforts, both with infantry and cavalry, against our line, and being always repulsed with heavy loss.

I had placed all the regular cavalry and Captain Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse, under the orders of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing to the rear along the base of the mountain, which was done in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell. In the meantime, our left, which was still strongly threatened by a superior force, was further strengthened by the

detachment of Captain Bragg's and a portion of Captain Sherman's batteries to that quarter.

The concentration of artillery-fire upon the masses of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to effect a retreat upon the main line of battle. The squadron of the first dragoons, under Lieutenant Rucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine, which these retreating corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of those corps.

While the squadron was detached on this service, a large body of the enemy was observed to concentrate on our extreme left, apparently with the view of making a descent upon the *hacienda* of Buena Vista, where our train and baggage were deposited. Lieutenant-Colonel May was ordered to the support of that point, with two pieces of Captain Sherman's battery, under Lieutenant Reynolds.

In the meantime, the scattered forces near the *hacienda*, composed in part of Majors Trail and Gorman's commands, had been to some extent organized under the advice of Major Munroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position.

Before our cavalry had reached the *hacienda*, that of the enemy had made its attack, having been handsomely met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, under Colonels Marshall and Yell. The Mexican column immediately divided, one portion sweeping by the depot, where it received a destructive fire from the force which had collected there, and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lieutenant Reynolds's section—the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain on our left. In the charge at Buena Vista, Colonel Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment. We also lost Adjutant Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry—a young officer of much promise.

Lieutenant-Colonel May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the first dragoons and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the enemy, upon whose masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, our artillery was doing fearful execution.

The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained our rear was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body. At this moment, I received from General Santa Anna a message by a staff-officer, desiring to know what I wanted. I immediately despatched Brigadier-General Wool to the Mexican general-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing. Upon reaching the Mexican lines, General Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. The extreme right of the enemy continued its retreat along the base of the mountain, and finally, in spite of all our efforts, effected a junction with the remainder of the army.

During the day, the cavalry of General Miñon had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several of our men. Approaching the town, they were fired upon by Captain Webster, from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved off toward the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely toward Buena Vista. At this time, Captain Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the cavalry with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which lead to the lower valley, closely pursued by Captain Shover, who was further supported by a piece of Captain Webster's battery, under Lieutenant Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Captain Wheeler's company of Illinois volunteers. The enemy made one or two efforts to charge the artillery, but was finally driven back in a confused mass, and did not again appear upon the plain.

In the meantime, the firing had partially ceased

upon the principal field. The enemy seemed to confine his efforts to the protection of his artillery; and I had left the plateau for a moment, when I was recalled thither by a very heavy musketry-fire. On regaining that position, I discovered that our infantry (Illinois and second Kentucky) had engaged a greatly superior force of the enemy—evidently his reserves—and that they had been overwhelmed by numbers. The moment was most critical. Captain O'Brien, with two pieces, had sustained this heavy charge to the very last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed. Captain Bragg, who had just arrived from the left, was ordered at once into battery. Without any infantry to support him, and at the imminent risk of losing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzles of his pieces. The first discharge of canister caused the enemy to hesitate; the second and third drove him back in disorder, and saved the day.

The second Kentucky regiment, which had advanced beyond supporting distance in this affair, was driven back and closely pressed by the enemy's cavalry. Taking a ravine which led in the direction of Captain Washington's battery, their pursuers became exposed to his fire, which soon checked and drove them back with loss.

In the meantime, the rest of our artillery had taken position on the plateau, covered by the Mississippi and third Indiana regiments, the former of which had reached the ground in time to pour a fire into the right flank of the enemy, and thus contribute to his repulse. In this last conflict we had the misfortune to sustain a very heavy loss. Colonel Hardin, first Illinois, and Colonel M'Kee and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, second Kentucky regiments, fell at this time while gallantly heading their commands.

No further attempt was made by the enemy to force our position; and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat. Though the night was severely cold, the troops were compelled for the most part to bivouack without fires, expecting

that morning would renew the conflict. During the night the wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every preparation made to receive the enemy should he again attack our position. Seven fresh companies were drawn from the town, and Brigadier-General Marshall, who had made a forced march from the Rinconada, with a reinforcement of Kentucky cavalry and four heavy guns, under Captain Prentiss, first artillery, was near at hand, when it was discovered that the enemy had abandoned his position during the night. Our scouts soon ascertained that he had fallen back upon Agua Nueva. The great disparity of numbers and the exhaustion of our troops rendered it inexpedient and hazardous to attempt pursuit. A staff-officer was despatched to General Santa Anna, to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed on the following day. Our own dead were collected and buried; and the Mexican wounded, of which a large number had been left upon the field, were removed to Saltillo, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

On the evening of the 26th, a close reconnoissance was made of the enemy's position, which was found to be occupied only by a small body of cavalry, the infantry and artillery having retreated in the direction of San Luis Potosi. On the 27th, our troops resumed their former camp at Agua Nueva, the enemy's rear-guard evacuating the place as we approached, leaving a considerable number of wounded. It was my purpose to beat up his quarters at Encarnacion early the next morning; but, upon examination, the weak condition of the cavalry-horses rendered it unadvisable to attempt so long a march without water. A command was finally despatched to Encarnacion, on the 1st of March, under Colonel Belknap. Some two hundred wounded and about sixty Mexican soldiers were found there, the army having passed on in the direction of Matehuala, with greatly reduced numbers, and suffering much from hunger. The dead and dying were strewed upon the road, and crowded the buildings of the *hacienda*.

The American force engaged in the action of Buena Vista is shown, by the accompanying field-report, to have been three hundred and thirty-

four officers, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-five men, exclusive of the small command left in and near Saltillo. Of this number, two squadrons of cavalry and three batteries of light artillery, making not more than four hundred and fifty-three men, composed the only force of regular troops.

The strength of the Mexican army is stated by General Santa Anna, in his summons, to be twenty thousand men; and that estimate is confirmed by all the information since obtained.

Our loss is two hundred and sixty-seven killed, four hundred and fifty-six wounded, and twenty-three missing. Of the numerous wounded, many did not require removal to the hospital, and it is hoped that a comparatively small number will be permanently disabled.

The Mexican loss in killed and wounded may be fairly estimated at fifteen hundred, and will probably reach two thousand. At least five hundred of their killed were left upon the field of battle. We have no means of ascertaining the number of deserters and dispersed men from their ranks, but it is known to be very great.

Our loss has been especially severe in officers, twenty-eight having been killed upon the field. We have to lament the death of Captain George Lincoln, assistant adjutant-general, serving on the staff of General Wool—a young officer of high bearing and approved gallantry, who fell early in the action. No loss falls more heavily upon the army in the field than that of Colonels Hardin and M'Kee, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clay. Possessing in a remarkable degree the confidence of their commands, and the last two having enjoyed the advantage of a military education, I had looked particularly to them for support in case we met the enemy. I need not say that their zeal in engaging the enemy, and the cool and steadfast courage with which they maintained their positions during the day, fully realized my hopes, and caused me to feel yet more sensibly their untimely loss.

I perform a grateful duty in bringing to the notice of the government the general good conduct of the troops. Exposed for successive nights without fires to the severity of the weather, they were ever prompt and cheerful in the discharge

of every duty, and finally displayed conspicuous steadiness and gallantry in repulsing at great odds a disciplined foe. While the brilliant success achieved by their arms releases me from the painful necessity of specifying many cases of bad conduct before the enemy, I feel an increased obligation to mention particular corps and officers, whose skill, coolness, and gallantry, in trying situations and under a continued and heavy fire, seem to merit particular notice.

To Brigadier-General Wool my obligations are especially due. The high state of discipline and instruction of several of the volunteer regiments was attained under his command; and to his vigilance and arduous services before the action, and his gallantry and activity on the field, a large share of our success may justly be attributed. During most of the engagement he was in immediate command of the troops thrown back on our left flank. I beg leave to recommend him to the favorable notice of the government. Brigadier-General Lane (slightly wounded) was active and zealous throughout the day, and displayed great coolness and gallantry before the enemy.

The services of the light artillery, always conspicuous, were more than usually distinguished. Moving rapidly over the roughest ground, it was always in action at the right place and the right time, and its well-directed fire dealt destruction in the masses of the enemy. While I recommend to particular favor the gallant conduct and valuable services of Major Munroe, chief of artillery, and Captains Washington, fourth artillery, and Sherman and Bragg, third artillery, commanding batteries, I deem it no more than just to mention all the subaltern officers. They were nearly all detached at different times, and in every situation exhibited conspicuous skill and gallantry. Captain O'Brien, Lieutenants Brent, Whiting, and Couch, fourth artillery, and Bryan, topographical engineers (slightly wounded), were attached to Captain Washington's battery; Lieutenants Thomas, Reynolds, and French, third artillery (severely wounded), to that of Captain Sherman; and Captain Shover and Lieutenant Kilburn, third artillery, to that of Captain Bragg. Captain Shover, in conjunction with Lieutenant Donaldson, first artillery, rendered gallant and important service

in repulsing the cavalry of General Miñon. The regular cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel May, with which was associated Captain Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse, rendered useful service in holding the enemy in check, and in covering the batteries at several points. Captain Steen, first dragoons, was severely wounded early in the day, while gallantly endeavoring, with my authority, to rally the troops which were falling to the rear.

The Mississippi riflemen, under Colonel Davis, were highly conspicuous for their gallantry and steadiness, and sustained throughout the engagement the reputation of veteran troops. Brought into action against an immensely superior force, they maintained themselves for a long time unsupported and with heavy loss, and held an important part of the field until reinforced. Colonel Davis, though severely wounded, remained in the saddle until the close of the action. His distinguished coolness and gallantry at the head of his regiment on this day entitle him to the particular notice of the government. The third Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, and a fragment of the second, under Colonel Bowles, were associated with the Mississippi regiment during the greater portion of the day, and acquitted themselves creditably in repulsing the attempts of the enemy to break that portion of our line. The Kentucky cavalry, under Colonel Marshall, rendered good service dismounted, acting as light troops on our left, and afterward, with a portion of the Arkansas regiment, in meeting and dispersing the column of cavalry at Buena Vista. The first and second Illinois, and the second Kentucky regiments, served immediately under my eye, and I bear a willing testimony to their excellent conduct throughout the day. The spirit and gallantry with which the first Illinois and second Kentucky engaged the enemy in the morning, restored confidence to that part of the field, while the list of casualties will show how much these three regiments suffered in sustaining the heavy charge of the enemy in the afternoon. Captain Conner's company of Texas volunteers, attached to the second Illinois regiment, fought bravely, its captain being wounded and two subalterns killed. Colonel Bissell, the only surviving colonel of these regiments, merits notice for his

coolness and bravery on this occasion. After the fall of the field-officers of the first Illinois and second Kentucky regiments, the command of the former devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Weatherford; that of the latter upon Major Fry.

Regimental commanders and others who have rendered reports, speak in general terms of the good conduct of their officers and men, and have specified many names, but the limits of this report forbid a recapitulation of them here. I may, however, mention Lieutenants Rucker and Campbell, of the dragoons, and Captain Pike, Arkansas cavalry, commanding squadrons; Lieutenant-Colonel Field, Kentucky cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel Roane, Arkansas cavalry, upon whom the command devolved after the fall of Colonel Yell; Major Bradford, Captain Sharpe (severely wounded), and Adjutant Griffith, Mississippi regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Hadden, second Indiana regiment, and Lieutenant Robinson, A. D. C. to General Lane; Lieutenant-Colonel Weatherford, first Illinois regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, Major Trail, and Adjutant Whiteside (severely wounded), second Illinois regiment; and Major Fry, second Kentucky regiment, as being favorably noticed for gallantry and good conduct. Major M'Culloch, quartermaster in the volunteer service, rendered important services before the engagement, in the command of a spy-company, and, during the affair, was associated with the regular cavalry. To Major Warren, first Illinois volunteers, I feel much indebted for his firm and judicious course while exercising command in the city of Saltillo.

The medical staff, under the able direction of Assistant-Surgeon Hitchcock, were assiduous in attention to the wounded upon the field, and in their careful removal to the rear. Both in these respects, and in the subsequent organization and service of the hospitals, the administration of this department was everything that could be wished.

Brigadier-General Wool speaks in high terms of the officers of his staff; and I take pleasure in mentioning them here, having witnessed their activity and zeal upon the field. Lieutenant and A. D. C. M'Dowell; Colonel Churchill, inspector-general; Captain Chapman, assistant quartermaster; Lieutenant Sitgreaves, topographical engi-

neers; and Captains Howard and Davis, volunteer service, are conspicuously noticed by the general for their gallantry and good conduct. Messrs. March, Addicks, Potts, Harrison, Burgess, and Dusenburg, attached in various capacities to General Wool's headquarters, are likewise mentioned for their intelligent alacrity in conveying orders to all parts of the field.

In conclusion, I beg leave to speak of my own staff, to whose exertions in rallying troops and communicating orders I feel greatly indebted. Major Bliss, assistant adjutant-general, Captain J. H. Eaton, and Lieutenant R. S. Garnett, aids-de-camp, served near my person, and were prompt and zealous in the discharge of every duty. Major Munroe, besides rendering valuable service as chief of artillery, was active and instrumental, as were also Colonels Churchill and Belknap, inspectors-general, in rallying troops and disposing them for the defence of the train and baggage. Colonel Whiting, quartermaster-general, and Captain Eaton, chief of the subsistence department, were engaged with the duties of their departments, and also served in my immediate staff upon the field. Captain Sibley, assistant quartermaster, was necessarily left with the headquarter camp near town, where his services were highly useful. Major Mansfield and Lieutenant Benham, engineers, and Captain Linnard and Lieutenants Pope and Franklin, topographical engineers, were employed before and during the engagement in making reconnoissances, and on the field were very active in bringing information and in conveying my orders to distant points. Lieutenant Kingsbury, in addition to his proper duties as ordnance-officer, Captain Chilton, assistant quartermaster, and Majors Dix and Coffee, served also as extra aids-de-camp, and were actively employed in the transmission of orders. Mr. Thomas L. Crittenden, of Kentucky, though not in service, volunteered as my aid-de-camp on this occasion, and served with credit in that capacity. Major Craig, chief of ordnance, and Surgeon Craig, medical director, had been detached on duty from headquarters, and did not reach the ground until the morning of the 24th—too late to participate in the action, but in time to render useful services in their respective departments of the staff.

I respectfully enclose returns of the troops engaged, and of casualties incident to the battle.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

Major-General U. S. A. Commanding.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY,
Washington, D. C.

No. IV.

GENERAL SCOTT'S PLAN OF OPERATIONS,
AS PROPOSED TO THE GOVERNMENT.

VERA CRUZ AND ITS CASTLE.

I BEG to repeat, in a more methodical form, the views I have already had the honor to express (hastily and orally) to the secretaries of war and the navy, touching an expedition against the above places.

The government, or interior people of Mexico, seem, in war, to present to us this dilemma: "*If you come with few, we will overwhelm you; if with many, you will overwhelm yourselves.*"

It is apprehended that this may be true of the line of operations upon the capital of Mexico from the Rio Grande, considering the great length of that line, and the deficiency of food and water on many of its links, some of them thirty, forty, or sixty miles in length.

To reach the heart of that country, from the gulf-coast, there is a difficulty in three quarters of the year, more formidable than the artificial defences of other countries: I allude to the *vomito* in all the ports, not to speak of the want of harbors for shipping, and of practicable roads leading into the interior, except at and from Vera Cruz.

Unless with a view to a second or new line of operations, I regard the possession by us of the city of Vera Cruz and its castle, San Juan d'Ulloa, as a step toward compelling Mexico to sue for peace, as not likely to be worth one tenth of the lives, time, and money, which their capture would cost us. In other words, I am persuaded that our possession of those places would be of but very little more value than the present strict blockade of the port; unless, as intimated above, the capture should be promptly followed by a march thence, with a competent force, upon the capital. To conquer a peace, I am now persuaded that we must take the city of Mexico, or place it in

imminent danger of capture, and mainly through the city of Vera Cruz.

To take the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa would, no doubt, be a virtual and prompt capture of the city lying under its guns. The reverse of the proposition would probably not be equally certain; I mean in any short time. The castle, after the loss of the city, might still hold out for many weeks, perhaps months, until compelled to surrender from the want of subsistence and water, unless earlier reduced by land and water batteries, escalade, &c. It is believed that the castle, with a competent garrison, can not be taken by water-batteries alone; or by the latter and an escalade, without a very heavy and disproportionate loss of life on the part of the assailants, besides a loss of time, which, by running into the season of the *vomito*, might quadruple the waste of life, and cause the invading army to lose a campaign. For these reasons, it seems decidedly preferable to capture the city first, and by its means (shelter and guns) to attack the castle by land and water, including joint escalades; unless it should be found probable that the want of food and drinking-water would lead to an early surrender.

To place the capture of both places beyond the probability of a failure, I suppose the following means to be indispensable: The present blockading squadron reinforced by many bomb-ketches, probably yet to be constructed. An army of at least ten thousand men, consisting of cavalry (say) two thousand, artillery (say) six hundred, and the remainder infantry. The whole of the artillery, and at least half of the cavalry and infantry, ought to be regular troops. Scows and other boats, specially constructed for the purpose, sufficient to land, at once, at least twenty-five hundred men, with two light batteries, would be needed. Cavalry and artillery horse would follow, after a foothold had been gained. The number of cavalry I have named might be indispensable to aid in repelling any Mexican army in the field, seeking to save the city from an assault or a siege. For this purpose, and to overcome opposition at the point of descent, I have assumed ten thousand men to be the minimum force of the invaders.

The point of descent might be anywhere beyond the reach of the enemy's guns at the city and the castle, including Alvarado; but, preferably, as near the city as practicable. I suppose the expedition may be fitted out, and in position to make the descent, at the latest, by the begin-

ning of the new year; leaving three months for the capture of the city and castle, and for the commencement of the march upon the capital before the season of yellow fever. By that time (say in the month of March) that army might be augmented to about twenty thousand men, for ulterior operations, by new regiments of regulars and volunteers. There are already on the Rio Grande and in Mexico more surplus United States volunteers than would be needed for the expedition in the first instance; and I suppose that four or five thousand regulars might be in readiness by the first of December (mostly drawn from the same quarter), and still leave a *threatening* force at Monterey. The junction of Brigadier-General Wool with General Taylor, together with the recruits who may be enlisted for the regular army in the next month, will, it is believed, give the required number for the above purposes.

All of which is respectfully submitted to the secretary of war.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
WASHINGTON, Oct. 27, 1846. }

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FOREGOING.

VERA CRUZ AND ITS CASTLE.

NEW LINE OF OPERATIONS THENCE UPON THE CAPITAL.

ON the 27th ultimo, I had the honor to submit a short memoir under this head. I beg to add a supplement.

Seeing the obstinacy of Mexico in declining all overtures to treat with us, and her present dogged silence on the same subject, even after we have blockaded all her ports—again and again beaten or scattered her armies, and occupied many of her outer provinces—it is evident that, to compel her to sue for peace, we must modify our plan of invasion, and prosecute it with, if possible, redoubled means.

Time is always at least the *second* element of cost in war; sometimes the *first*. Nay, the shorter the war, the greater in general the economy of life. Hence, among other reasons, a little war—a war prosecuted with inadequate means or vigor—is a greater evil than a big war. It discredits the party possessed of the superior means; it exhausts her finances, exhausts enthusiasm, and generally ends in a failure of all the objects proposed. Besides, in the present instance, neutral commerce begins to exhibit signs of impatience under the loss of an important mart; and interest, sympathy, or the chapter of accidents, may, if the blockade, &c., be long continued, raise up new parties against us. Such is, no doubt, the sustaining *hope* of Mexico.

Until recently, I had concurred in the opinion of others, that Mexico might be compelled to propose reasonable terms of accommodation by the time we had conquered the advantages our arms have now obtained. Considering her political instability, and our want, at the time, of an adequate regular army, the plan of campaign assumed at the beginning of hostilities seemed worthy of an experiment. It has failed; and further brilliant victories, on a single line of operations toward the capital, may be as tedious as that route is difficult, and equally barren of peace. The fatuous obstinacy of the enemy—now known to be in the inverse ratio of the prowess of her troops and financial means—yet remains to be subdued.

With a view to additional developments, I recur to the suggestions I have heretofore made.

The *minimum* force (ten thousand men) then proposed, I still deem indispensable. Personally, I would be willing to attempt the capture of Vera Cruz, and through it the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, with perhaps a smaller army, aided by the blockading squadron off that coast. But I very much doubt whether the government ought to risk the expedition, under any commander, with a land-force of less than twelve, perhaps fifteen thousand men.

Considering the comparatively short line from her central and more populous states to Vera Cruz, and that the war on the part of Mexico has evidently become *national*, no matter who may be the ruler, she certainly may be expected to assemble some twenty or thirty thousand men to garrison and to cover (in the field) Vera Cruz. This I am obliged to suppose she may do with greater ease than she placed seven or eight thousand troops at Monterey. She would probably have ample time to double that number at that point, if we admit her capacity to arm so many: first, by getting early information of our intended embarkation; and, second, by the possible delay of weeks, from heavy winds (northers) and surf, after the arrival of our transports off the points of descent. All these calculations (many of them probabilities) ought to be carefully considered before fitting out an expedition; the failure of which, from inadequate means, would be so fatal to the credit of the administration and the character of our country.

I have suggested, apparently, a large number of land-troops for the operations on the coast. A small deduction, equal to the number of men, say twelve hundred, that might for the first moments be drawn from the blockading squadron, may be made.

After effecting a landing, no doubt under a heavy fire, with say two or three thousand of our best troops, at once, in boats yet to be constructed, making good the foothold, until the remainder of the expedition could follow, after beating the covering army, the city would be the next object of attack. If not likely to be forced to surrender by cutting off its supplies, in some few weeks, an assault would be preferable, with

the loss of several hundred men, to a longer delay. The fall of the castle would necessarily soon follow that of the city.

I have said the principal object in these captures would be, to open a new and better line of operations upon the enemy's capital. To reach that point, or to place it in imminent danger of capture, an army of more than twenty thousand men may be needed: first, to beat, in the field and in passes, any accumulated force in the way; second, to garrison any important points in the rear, to secure a free communication with Vera Cruz; and, third, to make distant detachments, in order to gather in, without long halts, necessary subsistence.

If ten thousand men be more than necessary for the capture of Vera Cruz, &c., so much the smaller reinforcement — say by the month of May, at the latest — would be needed for the advance upon the capital.

I suppose the expedition of ten thousand men may be put afloat, at the latest, by the first of January. It seems that the *vomito* is not to be feared, on the coast, before May. The interval would allow us time to take the harbor of Vera Cruz, and to raise (by the aid of bounties) ten or twelve new regiments of regulars and to fill the ranks of the old, for operations in the interior.

If the reinforcements, with the necessary horses, guns, and means of transportation, arrive at Vera Cruz before the season of the *vomito*, the capital would be in peril, and probably a peace early secured. Perhaps, before the arrival of that reinforcement, we might be able to advance and take Jalapa.

But it might be asked, "How obtain the land-force, regulars and volunteers, for the expedition, and have all afloat — eight, nine, or ten thousand men — by the first of January?"

Including the troops under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Wool (ordered down upon Monterey), there will soon be on Major-General Taylor's line of operations upon Mexico, *via* the Rio Grande and Monterey, say six thousand five hundred regulars and thirteen thousand five hundred twelve months' volunteers, making a total of twenty thousand men. We may leave upon that line, say, twenty-five hundred regulars and eight thousand five hundred volunteers; total, eleven thousand men. With this force, all necessary garrisons in the rear may be kept up, and a column held at Monterey capable of advancing on the line of Saltillo and San Luis de Potosi, or of detaining in its front a large portion, or twice the number of the Mexican forces. It is certain that a garrison of Americans at Monterey, of four or even three thousand men,

would be able to defend it against a Mexican army of three or four times the number. But the moveable column at that point, out of the total of eleven thousand, might be carried up to at least eight thousand. This, it may be assumed, would be fully sufficient to threaten and probably to take Saltillo, if not San Luis de Potosi, &c., &c., combined with the movement on the new line of operations from Vera Cruz.

Deducting the forces to remain on the old line of operations, as above, we shall have disposable, for the expedition against Vera Cruz, four thousand regulars and five thousand volunteers, which, with the men to be drawn from the blockading squadron, may give an aggregate capable of taking that city.

I have not included in the aggregate of twenty thousand men, above, any volunteers sent down from Santa Fé to Chihuahua, which force, under the orders issued, would, of course, come upon the line of Camargo and Monterey; nor have I included the recruits, to be enlisted in time for the new expedition. Besides those additions, probably more than sufficient to make good all intermediate casualties, perhaps two or three other companies of regulars (rifles and infantry) may be disposable for the two attacking columns.

To meet the double invasion, Mexico must either divide her forces and increase our chance of success on both lines, or double her forces on one, and leave the other comparatively open to our advance.

To divide our forces on the lower Rio Grande, and in the direction of Monterey and Saltillo, equitably and wisely between the two lines of operations upon the enemy's capital, the positive instructions of the government will be needed, besides the presence on the theatre of war of the highest in army rank. The latter, I beg to say, is the proper officer to carry out, on the spot, the instructions of government in respect to that division, and to direct the principal attacking column on and from Vera Cruz.

I need scarcely add that all preliminary arrangements should be commenced at once, such as taking up transport-vessels for troops and supplies, with say one thousand horses for officers, cavalry, and artillery; the purchase and construction of boats for debarkation in the surf, &c., &c. These arrangements may be made here, in great part, and within a few days, when I shall be ready to proceed to the Rio Grande, to complete those arrangements before the arrival of the transports.

All which is respectfully submitted to the secretary of war.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
WASHINGTON, NOV. 12, 1846. }

ANALYTICAL INDEX

A.

- ABERCROMBIE**, Colonel, sortie made by, upon the French batteries at Yorktown, ii. 399.
- Abercrombie**, Major-General, large force under the command of, at Albany, in 1756 and 1758, i. 93, 103; embarkation of the army of, on Lake George—expedition of, against Ticonderoga, i. 104; defeat of, at Ticonderoga—retreat of, to Fort Edward, i. 105.
- Acadians**, expulsion of, from Nova Scotia, in 1755, i. 90.
- Ackland**, Lady Harriet, with her husband in Burgoyne's army, ii. 26; asks of Burgoyne permission to visit her husband in the American camp, ii. 48; letter to Gates given to, by Burgoyne—kind reception of, by Gates—peculiar circumstances of, ii. 49; subsequent history of (*note*), ii. 50.
- Ackland**, Major, life of, saved by General Wilkinson at the second battle of Bemis's Heights, ii. 42; rapid recovery of, from his wounds—died from the effects of his wounds, according to Lossing (*note*), ii. 50.
- Acorns**, General Jackson's fare at Fort Strother, iii. 91.
- Adair**, General, arrival of, with Kentuckians, at Jackson's camp, below New Orleans, iii. 233; position of, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 236.
- Adams**, John, Washington nominated by, as commander-in-chief, i. 157; anecdote told by, of Franklin and his liking for night air, i. 344; conversation of, with Lord Howe, at Staten island, i. 345, 346.
- Adams**, John Quincy, language of, in relation to the embargo and non-intercourse acts, ii. 419.
- Adams**, Mrs., cannonades at the siege of Boston described by, i. 246, 249.
- Adams**, Parson, the Georgiana given in charge of, by Captain Porter, iii. 131.
- Adams**, Samuel, an early friend of the popular cause in Boston, i. 141.
- Adams** sloop-of-war, cruise of, in 1814, iii. 153.
- Agnew**, General, associated with Governor Tryon, in his expedition to destroy stores at Danbury, i. 464.
- Agua Nueva**, small garrison left at, by General Taylor, on his way to Saltillo, iii. 382; village of, burned by order of Taylor—rapid night-march of Taylor's advance-guard from, to Buena Vista—impressive scene presented by the burning of, iii. 386; disappointment of Santa Anna in not finding Taylor at, iii. 387.
- Aix-la-Chapelle**, Cape Breton and Louisburg ceded to France by the treaty of, in 1748, i. 32.
- Albany**, large force assembled at, under General Abercrombie, in 1756 and 1758, i. 93, 103.
- Alden**, Colonel Ichabod, negligence of, in the defence of Cherry Valley, in 1778, ii. 161.
- Alert**, British man-of-war, captured by Captain Porter, in the Essex, ii. 451.
- Alexandria**, large amount of plunder carried away from, by the British, in 1814, iii. 197.
- Alfred and Raleigh**, American frigates, cruise of, under the command of Captains Hinman and Thompson, in 1777, ii. 76.
- Alfred**, American frigate, captured by the British ships Ariadne and Ceres, ii. 150.
- Alison**, his admiration of American naval gallantry in the war of 1812, iii. 220.
- Allen**, a clergyman from Massachusetts, at the battle of Bennington, ii. 5.
- Allen**, Ethan, characteristic anecdote of, told by Lossing—the capture of Ticonderoga undertaken by, i. 153; a favorite with the "Green-Mountain Boys," i. 155; letter of, to the provincial congress of New York, proposing the invasion of Canada, i. 195; superseded in command of the "Green-Mountain Boys" by Seth Warner—employed by Schuyler to raise recruits in Canada—his attempt on Montreal in conjunction with Major Brown, i. 199; made prisoner by the British—treatment of, by General Prescott—sent prisoner to England, i. 200; his abuse of his jailers, i. 442; visit of, to Valley Forge, and his return to Vermont, ii. 102.
- Allen**, Lieutenant William Henry, cruise of, in the Argus, in the British Channel, in 1813, iii. 25; mortal wound received by, in the action with the British brig Pelican—buried in England with military honors, iii. 26.
- Alliance**, an American frigate, put at the disposal of Lafayette when returning to France in 1779—difficulty experienced in finding a crew to sail under her French captain Landais—conspiracy to mutiny discovered on board, when near the coast of France, ii. 164; in the squadron of Paul Jones in 1779, ii. 186; broadsides fired by, into her consort the Bon Homme Richard during her action with the Serapis, ii. 192.
- Almonte**, Colonel, Mexican minister, departure of, from Washington, in 1845, iii. 265; declaration of, respecting the annexation of Texas, iii. 266.
- Alvarado**, unsuccessful attempts made upon, by Commodore Conner, iii. 365; capture of, by Lieutenant Hunter, iii. 415.
- Alwyn**, Lieutenant, sailing-master of the Constitution, death of, in the engagement with the Java, ii. 501.
- American troops**, impression made upon the Germans by the bearing of, at the surrender of Burgoyne, ii. 58.
- "**American Turtle**," Bushnell's, history of the attempt made by means of, to sink Lord Howe's ship Eagle, i. 318; sunk in the Hudson by the British, i. 371.

- Amherst, Lord, expedition of, against Louisburg, in 1757, i. 100, 102; Ticonderoga and Crown Point taken by—retreat of, from Montreal, i. 107; movements of, on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence—noble humanity of, displayed in restraining his Indian allies, i. 133; Montreal surrendered to, by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, i. 134.
- Amozoque, attempt of Santa Anna to surprise Generals Worth and Quitman at, iii. 427.
- Ampudia, General, approach of, to Matamoras, with reinforcements—proclamation addressed by, to foreign-born soldiers in the American camp, iii. 275; arrival of, at Matamoras, iii. 276; communication sent by, to General Taylor—Taylor's reply to, iii. 277; confidence of, in the defences of Monterey, iii. 298; Monterey surrendered by, to the forces of Taylor, iii. 313.
- Anderson, Mr., plan of, for the destruction of Lord Howe's fleet in the harbor of New York, i. 313; plan of, favored by Putnam, i. 314.
- André, Major John, quartered in Doctor Franklin's house in Philadelphia—testimony of Mrs. Bache to the good conduct of—portrait of Franklin carried off by, ii. 89; theatrical tastes of, ii. 90; advances made by Arnold to Sir Henry Clinton through—assumed name of, *John Anderson*—biographical notice of, ii. 245; efforts of, to obtain an interview with Arnold, ii. 247, 249; visit of, to Arnold, within the American lines, ii. 251; adventures of, after parting with Arnold, ii. 253; capture of, by Cowboys, ii. 256; letter written by, to Washington, from North Salem, ii. 259; removal of, from North Salem, at midnight, ii. 265; kind treatment of, by Washington and others—efforts made by Sir Henry Clinton to obtain the release of, ii. 266; trial of, by a board of general officers—condemned to the death of a spy—letter written by, to Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 267; conference held at Dobbs's ferry to consider the case of—threatening letter of Arnold to Washington in favor of, ii. 269; letter of, to Washington, begging the privilege of a soldier's death—Thacher's account of the execution of, ii. 271; remains of, removed to Westminster Abbey in 1821—order of knighthood bestowed upon a brother of, by George III.—testimony of Sir Henry Clinton to the noble character of—universal feeling of sympathy for, ii. 272; monument erected to the memory of, at Tarrytown—captors of, rewarded by Congress, ii. 273.
- Angell, Colonel, bridge over the Rahway at Springfield defended by, against the troops of Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 234.
- Angus, Lieutenant, sent across the Niagara river to attack British posts, ii. 478.
- Annapolis regiment, flight of, at the first fire at Bladensburg, iii. 178.
- Apaches, speech of an old chief of, to General Kearney, iii. 345; Kearney in the country of—dress and arms of (*note*), iii. 356.
- Appendix to the "War of 1812," iii. 243.
- Appendix to the "Mexican Campaigns," iii. 481.
- Arbuthnot, Admiral, fleet of, sails past Fort Moultrie into the harbor of Charleston, ii. 208.
- Argus, brig, escape of, from a British squadron, in 1812, ii. 487; capture of, by the British brig Pelican, iii. 25.
- Argus, sloop-of-war, burnt at the Washington navy-yard, in 1814, on the approach of the British, iii. 190.
- Ariel, an American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 55.
- Arista, General, chief command of the Mexican forces assumed by, at Matamoras—large bodies of troops thrown over the Rio Grande by, iii. 279; defeat of, at Palo Alto, iii. 284; defeat of, at Resaca de la Palma, iii. 288; large quantities of ammunition and baggage abandoned by, iii. 289; Matamoras abandoned by, iii. 294; pursuit of, by Colonel Garland, iii. 296; palace of, in Monterey, converted into a hospital by General Taylor, iii. 315.
- Arkansas, volunteers from, run away at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 394.
- Armand, Colonel, bad conduct of the cavalry of, at the battle of Camden, ii. 224.
- Armijo, governor of New Mexico, preparations for defence made by, against General Kearney, iii. 339; deserted by his army, iii. 342.
- Armstrong, Colonel John, destruction of Kittanning by, in 1756, i. 96.
- Armstrong, General, American left wing commanded by, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 15.
- Armstrong, Major, North-Carolinians commanded by, at the battle of Camden, ii. 225.
- Armstrong, Secretary, plan of, for the invasion of Canada, in the fall of 1813, iii. 104; declares the British approach to Washington to be improbable, iii. 174; compelled to resign as secretary of war, iii. 197.
- Army, American, necessity for the reorganization of, in 1776, i. 358; bounties offered by Congress to encourage enlistments in, during the War of the Revolution (*note*), i. 359; generals and officers appointed to command, in 1812, ii. 430.
- Arnold, Benedict, energetic proceedings of, after the battle of Lexington, i. 150; anxiety of, to lead the expedition against Ticonderoga, i. 154; enters the fort at Ticonderoga side by side with Ethan Allen, i. 155; St. Johns on the Sorel captured and abandoned by, i. 156; movements of, on Lake Champlain, i. 193; superseded in command of the forts on the lake—disappointment and irritation of—desire of, to attempt the conquest of Canada, i. 194; letter of, to the continental Congress, proposing an expedition against Canada, i. 195; expedition against Canada intrusted to, by Washington—names of officers under the command of—route taken by the expedition under, i. 196; progress of his expedition from the Kennebec to Quebec, i. 201–206; letter to Schuyler intrusted by, to an Indian, i. 205; arrival of, at Point Levi, opposite Quebec—approach of, known in Quebec, i. 206; wounded in the knee in his attack on Quebec, i. 212; attempt of, to blockade Quebec—made brigadier-general for his services at Quebec, i. 213; movements of, after the surrender of Major Butterfield at the Cedars, i. 273; convention made by, with Captain Forster, for an exchange of prisoners, i. 274; retreat of, from Montreal—narrow escape of, from Burgoyne, at St. Johns—the last man of the American force that left the shores of Canada, i. 279; fleet equipped on Lake George through the energy of—difficulty of, concerning goods belonging to Montreal merchants, i. 365; details of his engagement with Sir Guy Carleton's fleet on Lake Champlain, i. 367; escape of his fleet from the British at night—pursued and overtaken, fights again, i. 368; compelled to abandon his vessels, retires through the woods to Ticonderoga, i. 369; intrusted with a body of militia sent against the British on Rhode island, i. 451; name of, omitted

- from the list of major-generals appointed by Congress—letter of, to Washington, in relation to the neglect of Congress, i. 454; efforts of Washington in favor of, i. 455; attempt of, to intercept Tryon, on his retreat from Danbury—horse shot under, and narrow escape of, i. 467; appointed major-general by Congress—horse presented to, by Congress—letter addressed by, to Congress, in relation to his wrongs—Richard Henry Lee a strong friend of, i. 469; Washington a friend of—possessed of military genius, but destitute of moral principle, i. 470; recommended by Washington for the command of New-York and New-England militia, i. 497; service in the northern army accepted by, i. 500; movements of, for the relief of Fort Schuyler—grandiloquent proclamation issued by, ii. 10; exaggerated stories of the force under, cause St. Leger to abandon the siege of Fort Schuyler, ii. 11; return of, from his march toward Fort Schuyler, to the assistance of Gates, ii. 12; activity of, at Bemis's heights, ii. 24; offended at the arbitrary conduct of Gates, ii. 30; letters of, written to Gates, ii. 30, 31; Colonel Morgan's corps withdrawn from the command of—resignation of, accepted by Gates, ii. 31; extraordinary excitement of, on the field of battle at Bemis's heights—wound received by, in the knee wounded at Quebec, ii. 43; command at West Point obtained by, 240; history of the treason of, ii. 241-264; extravagant style of living of, at Philadelphia, ii. 242, 243; tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be reprimanded—language of Washington's reprimand to—early insight into the character of, obtained by Colonel Brown, ii. 243; exorbitant claims of, upon Congress—many officers envious of the reputation of—attempt of, to obtain a loan from Luzerne, the French ambassador, ii. 244; detested by the people of Philadelphia—communications opened by, with Sir Henry Clinton, under the name of *Gustavus*, ii. 245; interview of, with Major André, ii. 251; price demanded by, for his treason, ii. 253; receives intelligence of the capture of André through the letter of Colonel Jameson, ii. 261; escape of, on board the *Vulture*, ii. 262; discovery of his treason by Washington—letter written by, to Washington, exonerating Mrs. Arnold and others, ii. 263; letters written by, in favor of Major André, ii. 266, 270; scheme for the abduction of, ii. 270; proclamation issued by, from New York, ii. 273; despised by the British officers and soldiers, ii. 274; expedition against Virginia intrusted to, by Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 304; reward offered by Jefferson for the capture of, ii. 305; plan for blockading in Portsmouth, ii. 327; escape of, from Lafayette and De Tilly, ii. 328; succeeds to the chief command of the British forces in Virginia at the death of General Phillips—what an American captain said would be done with, if caught (*note*)—return of, to New York, ii. 330; expedition against New London intrusted to, ii. 389; gratification of, at the sight of New London in flames—the burning of New London the last military service of, ii. 391; publicly insulted in England, ii. 274; death of, in obscurity, in London, in 1801, ii. 275.
- Arnold, Mrs., parting of Arnold with, ii. 261; letter of Arnold to Washington, requesting kind treatment for, ii. 263; entirely innocent of her husband's treason, ii. 264; little sympathy felt for, in Philadelphia, ii. 275.
- Assumpink creek, encampment of Washington on—arrival of the British at, i. 429; critical position of Washington's army on, i. 430; deception practised by Washington upon the British at, i. 432.
- Astor, John Jacob, United States loan taken by, in 1813, ii. 506.
- Atalanta, a British vessel, capture of, by the *Wasp*, in 1814, iii. 155.
- Atkinson, General, ravages of the cholera among the troops of, in 1832, iii. 374.
- Atlantic, a British letter of marque, capture of, by the *Essex*, iii. 130; equipped as a cruiser, and called the *Essex Junior*, iii. 131.
- Atlee, Colonel, taken prisoner at the battle of Long island, i. 327.
- Augusta, Georgia, taken possession of, by the British, under Colonel Campbell, in 1779, ii. 172; surrender of, to General Pickens and Colonel Lee—Colonel Griesson killed at, after the surrender, ii. 348.
- Autossee, a Creek town, destroyed by Georgia militia under General Floyd, in 1813, iii. 98.
- Avon, sloop-of-war, captured by the *Wasp* in 1814, iii. 155.
- Ayers, Lieutenant, American flag planted on the Obispo at Monterey by, iii. 310.
- Ayotla, in the valley of Mexico, arrival of General Twiggs at, iii. 436.
- B.
- Backus, Captain, gallantry of, at the storming of Monterey, iii. 302.
- Backus, Colonel, in command of the American regulars at Sackett's Harbor, at the time of the British attack in 1813, iii. 13; death of, at the head of his regiment, iii. 14.
- Bainbridge, Captain (afterward Commodore), arguments of, urging the active employment of the American navy in 1812, ii. 443; biographical notice of, ii. 491; privateer beaten off by, while in command of a merchantship—sailor seized by, on board a British merchantman—captured in the *Retaliation*, by the French, ii. 492; important service rendered by, as convoy, when in command of the *Norfolk*—voyages of, in the *George Washington*, to Algiers and Constantinople, ii. 493; in command of the *Essex* in 1801—made a prisoner by the *Tripolitans* in 1803, ii. 495; appointed to the command of the frigates *Constellation* and *Constitution*, ii. 497; cruise of, in the South Atlantic, ii. 498; account of his capture of the *Java*, ii. 499; British testimony to the noble conduct of, toward his prisoners—subsequent career of, and death (*note*), ii. 502; blockaded at Boston, in the Independence, iii. 153.
- Baird, Sir James, decisive attack made by, upon the rear of General Robert Howe's force, near Savannah, ii. 171.
- Baker, Colonel, succeeds to the command of General Shields at Cerro Gordo, iii. 423.
- Balcarras, Lord, gallantry displayed by, at Bemis's heights, ii. 41, 43.
- Balfour, Colonel, tyrannical conduct of, in Charleston, ii. 364.
- Ball, Lieutenant, surrender of, to the French, in 1756, i. 91.
- Baltimore, adjournment of Congress to meet at, in 1776, i. 414; intrenchments thrown up by the people of, in 1814, iii. 170; attempt of the British upon, in 1814, iii. 198; firm stand against the British made by the militia from, iii. 199.

- Barbour, Major, killed at the storming of Monterey, iii. 302.
- Barclay, an American whaler, recapture of, by the Essex, iii. 127.
- Barclay, Commodore, severe wounds received by, in the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 63; friendship formed by, with Captain Perry, iii. 66.
- Barita, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, taken possession of, by Colonel Wilson, iii. 293.
- Barney, Captain Joshua, activity of the gunboats of, in the Patuxent river, in 1814, iii. 171; blows up his flotilla, on the approach of the British toward Marlborough, iii. 173; anxiety of, to be with the army at Bladensburg, iii. 174; position chosen by, at Bladensburg, iii. 175; good service done by the sailors and marines of, at Bladensburg, iii. 178; made prisoner by the British at the battle of Bladensburg, iii. 182; prisoners and sick left in charge of, by the British, iii. 196.
- Barrancos fort, at Pensacola, blown up by the Spaniards, iii. 223.
- Barré, Isaac, in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109.
- Barren Hill, skilful retreat of Lafayette from, ii. 108; anxiety of Washington for the safety of Lafayette at, ii. 110.
- Barrett, Colonel, militia under the command of, at Concord, in 1775, i. 144; the bridge at Concord defended by, i. 145.
- Barron, Commodore, on board the Chesapeake at the time of the Leopard's attack, ii. 415; sentenced by court-martial to be suspended for five years, ii. 418.
- Barry, Captain, exploits of, on the Delaware, in 1778, ii. 107; capture of the Raleigh, commanded by, ii. 155.
- Barry, Major, Simms's account of the capture of, by Lieutenant Manning, ii. 374.
- Barton, Colonel, capture of General Prescott by, on Rhode island—honors and rewards received by, from Congress, i. 501.
- Basking Ridge, capture of General Lee at, i. 410.
- Baume, Colonel, expedition against Bennington commanded by—instructions of Burgoyne to—slow march of the troops of, ii. 2, 5, 6; letter written by, to Burgoyne, ii. 3; asks reinforcements from Burgoyne, ii. 4; deserted by his Indians, ii. 5, 6; attacked in his intrenchments by troops under General Stark, ii. 5; brave defence made by—mortally wounded, ii. 6.
- Baxter, Colonel, position of, in the defence of Fort Washington, i. 389; killed in the attack, by a British officer, i. 390.
- Bayard, Mr., imprudent concession made by, to the British commissioners at Ghent, iii. 211.
- Baylor, Colonel, surprise and massacre of light-horse under the command of, at Old Tappan, ii. 158.
- Bayou Bienvenu, landing of the British at, in the expedition against New Orleans, in 1814, iii. 228.
- Beaumarchais, French agent for supplying financial aid to the United States, ii. 104.
- Bellamy, George Anne, anecdote of Braddock told by, i. 52.
- Bellisle, Count de, death of, at Exilles, i. 95.
- Belvidera, a British frigate, chase of, by Commodore Rogers, in the President, ii. 444.
- Bemis's heights, arrival of the American army at, ii. 21; encampments of the opposing forces at, ii. 22; position of the British and American forces at, ii. 23; battle at, commenced by Daniel Morgan, ii. 24; victory at, claimed by Burgoyne, ii. 26; the ammunition of the Americans nearly exhausted at, ii. 28; commencement of the second battle at, ii. 40; killed and wounded at the second battle of, ii. 44.
- Bennington, expedition against, under Colonel Baume, ii. 1; battle of, ii. 5; consequences of the British defeat at, ii. 7.
- Bent, George, appointed by General Kearney civil governor of New Mexico, iii. 346; he and his officers butchered in New Mexico, iii. 469.
- Bent's fort, on the Arkansas, description of—arrival of Colonel Kearney at, on his march to Santa Fé, iii. 340.
- Beresford, Captain, in the seventy-four Poictiers, captures the Frolic and the Wasp, ii. 491.
- Berkeley, Vice-Admiral, order of, sent on board the Chesapeake by Captain Humphreys, ii. 416.
- "Berlin and Milan decrees" of Napoleon, ii. 413.
- Berlin imperial decree, iii. 250.
- Bermuda, inhabitants of, friendly to the cause of America, i. 220; British fleets and armies assembled at, in 1814, iii. 170.
- Bernie, Major, death of, at Monk's Corner, ii. 209.
- Biddle, Lieutenant, courage displayed by, in the fight between the Wasp and the Frolic, ii. 490; British brig-of-war Penguin captured by—severe wound received by, iii. 219.
- Billingsport, American works at, taken by Colonel Stirling, ii. 69.
- Bingham, Captain, in command of the Little Belt in the fight with the President, ii. 421.
- Bishop, a negro servant, left to Washington by Braddock, i. 81.
- Bishop, Colonel, attack made by, on the American post at Black Rock—death of, on his retreat from Black Rock, iii. 16.
- Bishop's palace at Monterey, capture of, iii. 309.
- Bissell, Colonel, position of, with Illinois volunteers and Texans at Buena Vista, iii. 388.
- Black Hawk, victory obtained over, by General Atkinson, at "Bad Axe," iii. 374; visit of, with other chiefs, to Washington and other cities, iii. 375.
- Black Hawk war, an active part taken in, by Colonel Taylor, iii. 267.
- Black Mingo swamp, party of Tories defeated by Marion near, ii. 296.
- Black Rock, on the Niagara river, attacked by the British under Colonel Bishop, iii. 16.
- Blackwarrior-town, General Coffee despatched against, by Jackson, iii. 87.
- Bladensburg, approach of the British to, iii. 174; found deserted by the British—battle of, iii. 175; General Winder's statement respecting his conduct at (*note*), iii. 176; flight of the Maryland militia at the battle of, iii. 178, 190; killed and wounded at the battle of, iii. 183; battle-field of, as it appeared by moonlight, iii. 196.
- Blakeley, Captain, cruise of, in the sloop-of-war Wasp, in 1814, iii. 154; vessel of, supposed to have foundered at sea, iii. 155.
- Blake, Lieutenant, daring displayed by, at Palo Alto, iii. 281; accidental death of, iii. 286.
- Bliss, Major, letter of General Wool to, complaining of inaction at Monclova, iii. 367.
- "Bloody Bill," foray made by, from Charleston, ii. 376.

- "Blue-light Federalists" of New England, iii. 115.
- Blythe, Captain, death of, in the British brig *Boxer*, in the action with the *Enterprise*, iii. 28.
- Boerstler, Colonel, sent by General Smith across the Niagara river, to attack the British posts, ii. 478; surrender of, with his whole force, to the British, near Beavertams, iii. 15.
- Bon Homme Richard*, so named by Paul Jones, in compliment to Benjamin Franklin, ii. 186; engagement of, with the *Serapis*, ii. 188, 194.
- Bordentown, storehouses destroyed at, by the British, ii. 110.
- Borland, Major, capture of, with Arkansas cavalry, at Encarnacion, iii. 380.
- Boscawen, Admiral, Holborne superseded by, in 1757, i. 100.
- Boston, artillery and ammunition of, seized by General Gage, i. 140; removal of the citizens of, to the country, i. 160; disposition of the American forces near, i. 161; force of the American and British armies at the siege of, i. 188; position of the opposing camps at, as described by Washington, i. 188; sufferings of the British army in, i. 190, 230; hopes of the tory citizens of, i. 191; opinions of Washington's generals, as to the propriety of an attack upon—could not be set on fire by means of carcass and hot shot, i. 217; measures resorted to in, to procure supplies of firewood—balls and plays got up in, by the British officers—disturbance of a dramatic performance in, i. 231; Washington authorized by Congress to make an assault upon, i. 233; movements of the British in, i. 234; Washington in favor of an assault upon, over the ice, i. 243; bombardment of the British in, i. 244; plan of Washington for an attack upon, i. 245; Howe in favor of removing the scene of hostilities from, to New York—insecurity of the British in, after Washington's occupation of Dorchester heights, i. 247; preparations made by Howe for the evacuation of—informal arrangement made with General Howe to spare, when evacuating, i. 248; plunder of stores in, by Crean Brush, i. 250; apprehensions of fire by the inhabitants of, on Howe's departure—evacuation of, as described by a British officer, i. 252; departure of Tories from, i. 252, 254; taken possession of, by the American forces—evidences of British precipitation in departing from—little damage done to buildings in, according to Washington, i. 253; small-pox prevalent in, at the time of the British evacuation, i. 254; honors paid to Washington for his services at—joy caused throughout the colonies by the British evacuation of, i. 256; news of the evacuation of, how received in England, i. 257; British vessels-of-war driven from—British transports captured in the harbor of, i. 281.
- Boston Daily Advertiser*, proposition made in, in 1814, for a separate peace to be negotiated by the New-England states, iii. 114.
- Boston Gazette* on the ill success of Hampton and Wilkinson in the invasion of Canada, iii. 110.
- Boston Neck, fortified by General Gage, in 1775, i. 140.
- Boston port-bill, i. 138, 139.
- Boston "tea-party," i. 138.
- Boundbrook, General Lincoln driven out of, by Cornwallis, i. 464.
- Bowles, Colonel, gallantry of, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 398.
- Bowling-Green, New York, leaden effigy of George III. in, destroyed, i. 306.
- Boxer*, British brig, capture of, by the *Enterprise*, iii. 28.
- Boyd, Captain, Major André delayed by, at Crowpond, ii. 255.
- Boyd, General, battle fought by, with British regulars, at Chrysler's farm, iii. 109.
- Braddock, Fanny, biographical notice of, i. 48; suicide of, i. 50.
- Braddock, General, biographical notice of, i. 47; distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, i. 50; had served under the duke of Cumberland in Scotland, i. 51; anecdotes illustrating the character of, i. 51, 52; an inveterate gambler, i. 51; his duel with Colonel Gunley, i. 52; a strict disciplinarian, i. 53, 64; arrival of, in Hampton roads—council of governors called by, at Alexandria, i. 55; style of travelling of, to Winchester—slow progress of the army of, i. 62; difficulties of, in procuring supplies—arrival of the army of, at Fort Cumberland, i. 63; his little respect for the provincial troops—a funeral in the camp of, i. 64; his treatment of the Indians, i. 65; his neglect of Captain Jack, i. 66, 67; anger of, against the provinces, i. 68; slow and difficult march of, to Little Meadows, i. 69; precautions of, against surprise, i. 73; sudden attack upon, at the Monongahela, i. 76; conduct of, on the field of battle, i. 77; retreat ordered by—mortal wound received by, i. 78; borne from the field in a tumbril—his impatience for death, i. 79; deserted by his troops—joined by Colonel Gage, i. 80; leaves his horse and negro servant to Washington—death of, at Great Meadows—funeral service for, read by Washington, i. 81; effect of the defeat of, on the relations between the colonies and England, i. 85.
- Bradstreet, Colonel, efforts of, for the relief of Oswego, i. 91, 94; sudden attack upon, by French and Indians, i. 92; in the expedition against Ticonderoga, under Abercrombie, i. 104; Fort Frontenac taken by, i. 105.
- Bragg, Lieutenant, battery of, retained in Fort Brown, iii. 280; his battery of little use in the streets of Monterey, iii. 302; position of the battery of, at Buena Vista, iii. 388; decisive effect of his fire of "grape," iii. 402.
- Brandywine river, position of Washington's army on, before the battle, ii. 15; crossed by Howe and Cornwallis, at unguarded fords—rout of Sullivan's division at the battle of, ii. 18; confused retreat of the American army after the battle of—killed and wounded at the battle of, ii. 19; destitute condition of the American army after the battle of, ii. 63.
- Brant, conjunction of, with Walter Butler, in an expedition against Cherry Valley, ii. 160; Minisink settlement ravaged by, in 1779, ii. 163.
- Breed's hill, intrenchments thrown up on, instead of Bunker's hill, i. 163; fortifications on, discovered by the British—cannonaded from Copp's hill and men-of-war, i. 164; panic among the men on, allayed by Prescott, i. 165; preparations by the British for an attack upon, i. 166; attack upon, intrusted to Major-General Howe, i. 167; privations endured by the defenders of—arrival of Generals Warren and Pomeroy at, i. 169; description of the assault upon, i. 171; repulse of the British at, i. 172; officers picked off at—scene at the battle of, described by Burgoyne, i. 173; second repulse of the British at, i. 174; reinforcements of marines brought to

- Howe at, by Clinton, i. 175; failure of ammunition to the defenders of, i. 175, 176; third attack of the British upon, i. 175; retreat from, ordered by Colonel Prescott, i. 176; killed and wounded at—reputation gained by the Americans by the battle at, i. 178; names of British officers who fell at, i. 180.
- Breyman, Colonel, battle of Bennington lost to the British through the slow movements of, ii. 6.
- Brier creek, General Ashe defeated at, by General Prevost, ii. 174.
- Bristol, a British fifty-gun ship, damage received by, at the siege of Charleston, i. 294.
- Brock, General, biographical notice of, ii. 435; energetic movements of, on the breaking out of the war of 1812, ii. 436; determination of, to attack General Hull at Detroit, ii. 439; Hull's surrender to, of the fort at Detroit, ii. 440; killed at the battle of Queenstown, ii. 467; funeral honors paid to the memory of, ii. 472.
- Broke, Captain, sent with a British squadron in search of Commodore Rogers, ii. 445; challenges the Chesapeake to a contest with the Shannon, iii. 19; wound received by, in the action with the Chesapeake, iii. 23.
- Bromfield, Major, Colonel Ledyard killed by, at Fort Griswold, after its surrender, ii. 390.
- Bronx river, American army encamped on, i. 375.
- Brooke, Colonel, command of the British force attacking Baltimore devolves upon, on the death of General Ross, iii. 199; retreat of, iii. 200.
- Brooklyn, troops at, reinforced by Washington, on the landing of Howe at Gravesend bay, i. 322; visit of Washington to, i. 325; arrival of Mifflin in, with reinforcements—Washington with the army at—retreat from, determined upon by a council of war, i. 332; American works at, taken possession of by General Howe, i. 337.
- Brooks, Colonel, *ruse* suggested by, which led to St. Leger's giving up the siege of Fort Schuyler, ii. 10.
- Brown, General Jacob, British attack on Ogdensburg repulsed by, ii. 463; Sackett's Harbor defended by, against the British under Prevost and Yeo—despatch of, detailing the events of the defence of Sackett's Harbor, iii. 13; made brigadier-general for his services at Sackett's Harbor, iii. 14; third invasion of Canada attempted by, in the summer of 1814, iii. 160; Scott supported by, at Lundy's Lane, iii. 164; wounded at Lundy's Lane, iii. 165; anxiety of, to escape with his garrison from Fort Erie—return of, to Fort Erie—compelled to abandon his scheme for the conquest of Canada, iii. 169.
- Brown, Major, death of, in Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, iii. 290; succeeded by Captain Hawkins in the command of the fort, iii. 291.
- Brownstown, defeat of Major Van Horne near—Colonel Miller sent by General Hull to dislodge British and Indians at, ii. 437.
- Brunswick, Franklin and Adams at, on their way to the quarters of Lord Howe, i. 344; retreat of Washington to, i. 399; British kept in check at, by Alexander Hamilton, i. 405; march of the army of Washington to, after the battle of Monmouth—court-martial assembled at, for the trial of General Lee, ii. 126.
- Brush, Captain, intercepted by Tecumseh, on his way to Detroit, with supplies for General Hull, ii. 436.
- Brush, Crean, stores in Boston plundered by, on its evacuation by the British under Howe, i. 250.
- Buchanan, James, a volunteer in the defence of Baltimore in 1814, iii. 199.
- Buena Vista, considered a strong position by General Wool, iii. 380; determination of General Taylor to fall back upon, on the approach of Santa Anna—description of the pass at, iii. 384; field of battle chosen by Taylor at—American troops encamped at the village of, iii. 385; battle of, commenced on Washington's birthday, iii. 387; American army placed in position at, by General Wool, iii. 388; second day of the battle of, iii. 391; coolness of Taylor during the crisis at, iii. 397; terrible repulse of a Mexican cavalry-charge at, iii. 399; thunderstorm during the battle of, iii. 401; singular question asked of Taylor at, by Santa Anna, iii. 401; killed and wounded at—the victory at, adds greatly to Taylor's reputation—retreat of the Mexicans after the battle at, iii. 403; guns lost at, recaptured at Contreras, iii. 447; Taylor's report of the battle of, iii. 503.
- Buffalo and other villages burned in 1813 by the British, in retaliation for the burning of Newark, in Canada, iii. 111.
- Buford, Colonel, pursuit of, by Colonel Tarleton—massacre of the troops of, by Tarleton, ii. 213.
- Bull, Governor, efforts made by, to have Colonel Hayne's sentence remitted, ii. 365.
- Bunker's hill, occupation of, advocated by Putnam and Prescott, i. 161; description of the neighborhood of, i. 162; breastwork raised on, by Putnam, i. 166; description of the defences on, i. 169; disposition of the American forces at the battle of, i. 171; efforts of Putnam to rally the Americans at, i. 177; breastwork raised on, by the British, i. 178.
- Burgoyne, General, anecdote of (*note*), i. 160; scene at the battle of Breed's hill described by, i. 173; biographical notice of—a member of Parliament, i. 483; married a daughter of the earl of Derby—a dramatist and a poet—character of, as described by Horace Walpole, i. 484; welcomed and aided by Governor Carleton, in Canada—amount of force and names of officers under—humanity of his directions to his Indian allies, i. 485; pompous proclamation issued by, i. 486; approach of, to Ticonderoga, i. 490; American weak point, Sugar-loaf hill, discovered by, i. 491; learns the abandonment of Ticonderoga, i. 493; breaks through the bridge, boom, and chain, supposed to protect Skenesborough, i. 494; delay of, at Skenesborough, i. 498, 500; resolves to make a road to Fort Edward through the forest—proclamation issued by, i. 500; slow progress of, toward Fort Anne, i. 509; unable to restrain his Indians, i. 510; greatly in need of horses, ii. 1; expedition sent by, against Bennington—his instructions to Colonel Baume—encampment of, opposite Saratoga, ii. 2; determination of, to form a junction with Howe, if possible, ii. 20; crosses the Hudson to Saratoga—operations of General Lincoln in the rear of, ii. 21; army of, harassed on its march by Arnold, ii. 22; letter of, to Sir Guy Carleton, after the battle at Bemis's heights, ii. 26; letter received by, from Sir Henry Clinton—disappointment of, on learning that Howe could not carry out the plan of the campaign, ii. 28; deserted by many of his Indians—fortifies his camp—letter of, to Sir Henry Clinton, advising an attack on Fort Montgomery—scarcity of provisions in the camp of, ii. 29; in ignorance of Clinton's successes

- compelled to fight, or starve, ii. 39; narrow escape of, at the second battle at Bemis's heights—camp abandoned by, in the night, ii. 44; cautious retreat of, toward Saratoga, ii. 46, 47; retreat of, from Saratoga—destroys the house and mills of General Schuyler, ii. 50; condition of affairs in the camp of, as described by Baroness Reidesel, ii. 51; desperate plans of, for extrication from his position, ii. 53; completely hemmed in—desperate position of, as described by himself, ii. 54; negotiations for surrender opened by—terms of surrender agreed upon by, ii. 55; hears too late from Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 56; particulars of the surrender of, ii. 57; friendly footing established between, and General Gates, ii. 58; powerful impression made upon, by the kindness of Schuyler, ii. 59; surrender of, considered in England fatal to the continuance of British influence in America, ii. 61; a prisoner on parole, while in the British Parliament, ii. 409.
- Burr, Aaron, a volunteer in Arnold's Quebec expedition, i. 196; way of escape from New York pointed out to Putnam by, i. 351.
- Burrowes, Captain, in command of the *Enterprise*, in the action with the British brig *Boxer*, iii. 27; mortal wound received by, in the action with the *Boxer*, iii. 28.
- Burton, Colonel, with Braddock at the battle of the Monongahela, i. 77.
- Bushnell, contrivance of, for blowing up British ships, i. 314; plan of, favored by Putnam, i. 315; his "American Turtle" sent to the bottom, i. 371.
- Butler, Colonel, German *yagers* surprised by, near Tarrytown, ii. 159.
- Butler, Colonel John, British and Indians led by, against Wyoming, in 1778, ii. 137; Wyoming abandoned by, to the mercy of his Indians, ii. 140.
- Butler, Colonel William, expedition of, against Indians at the head-waters of the Delaware, ii. 160.
- Butler, Colonel Zebulon, defence of Wyoming undertaken by, ii. 136; defeat and massacre of the troops under, ii. 138.
- Butler, General William O., at the storming of Monterey, iii. 303.
- Butler, Walter, son of Colonel John, escape of, from prison, at Albany—expedition of, against settlers in Tryon county, ii. 160.
- Byron, Captain, chase of, in the *Belvidera*, by Commodore Rogers in the *President*, ii. 444.
- C.
- Cadwallader, Colonel Lambert, position of, in the defence of Fort Washington, in 1776, i. 389; efforts of, to cooperate with Washington at Trenton, i. 423; march of, with Colonel Reed, to Bordentown, i. 426; appointment as brigadier-general not accepted by, i. 452; duel of, with General Conway, ii. 101.
- Cadwallader, General, brigade of, at Puebla, with General Scott, iii. 434.
- Cæsar and Isis, battle between, ii. 146.
- Caldwell, Mrs., shot dead in her own house, at Connecticut Farms, ii. 232.
- Caldwell, Reverend Mr., shot by a sentinel (*note*), ii. 232; distributes hymn-books to the militia for wadding, ii. 235.
- Caledonia, American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 55.
- California, determination of Colonel Fremont to overthrow the Mexican authority in, iii. 327; independence declared in, by Fremont, iii. 328; civil government organized in, by Commodore Stockton—conquest of, acknowledged by the Mexican authorities, iii. 331; expedition of General Kearney to, iii. 346; possession of, secured to the United States by the joint efforts of Stockton, Fremont, and Kearney, iii. 364; Colonel Stevenson, with New-York volunteers, stationed in, iii. 469.
- Callender, Captain, bad conduct of, at Breed's hill, i. 172.
- Camargo, capture of, by a body of infantry sent by General Taylor, iii. 296; entrance of Taylor into, iii. 297.
- Cambridge, commotion created in, by the arrival of General Howe at Charlestown, i. 168; apprehensions of a British attack upon, after the battle of Breed's hill, i. 181; arrival of Washington at, i. 186; centre of the continental army at, under Putnam, i. 189; want of discipline in the army at, i. 214; visit of the committee of Congress to the camp at, i. 216; sickness in the camp at, i. 220; appearance of the camp at, as described by a spectator, i. 227; copy of the king's speech sent to the camp at, by the British commander, i. 233.
- Camden, battle of, ii. 224; killed and wounded at, ii. 229; several prisoners taken at, hanged by order of Cornwallis, ii. 277; march of General Greene toward, ii. 327; attempt of Greene to surprise Lord Rawdon at, ii. 338; evacuated and burned by Rawdon, ii. 345; miserable fate of the loyalists of, ii. 346.
- Campbell, Colonel, of Virginia, patriots commanded by, at King's mountain, ii. 280; at the battle of Hobkirk's hill, ii. 341; death of, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 373.
- Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel, death of, in his attack on Fort Montgomery, ii. 36.
- Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel, and three hundred British troops, made prisoners on board transports in Boston harbor, i. 282; harsh treatment of, at Concord, as a prisoner-of-war—efforts of Washington in favor of, i. 444; expedition sent to the South under the command of, ii. 170; troops landed by, near Savannah—General Prevost ordered to co-operate with, ii. 171; Augusta taken possession of by, ii. 172.
- Campbell, Lord William, governor of South Carolina, mortal wound received by, at the siege of Charleston, i. 294.
- Canada, conquest of, determined on by Pitt, i. 107; expedition against, resolved upon by Washington, i. 193; desire of Benedict Arnold to attempt the conquest of, i. 194; invasion of, intrusted by Congress to General Schuyler, i. 195; expedition against, intrusted to Arnold by Washington, i. 196; efforts of Ethan Allen and Major Brown to obtain recruits in, i. 198; General Lee ordered by Congress to take command of the army in, i. 258; unfriendliness of the people of, toward the Americans—letter of Washington to Schuyler, relative to affairs in, i. 262; commissioners appointed by Congress to visit, i. 263; lamentable condition of affairs in, as described by the commissioners, i. 275; early intelligence obtained in, of the declaration of war in 1812, ii. 432; proclamation issued by General Hull to the people of, ii. 433; the invasion of, still persisted in, after Hull's disgrace, ii. 456; advantages of, in naval resources on the lakes, ii. 463; British force for the defence of, much inferior to that under General Dearborn intended for its

- invasion, ii. 476; invasion of, by General Harrison, iii. 67; General Armstrong's plans for the invasion of, iii. 104, 157; premature announcement of the conquest of, in the *National Intelligencer*, iii. 108; battle fought in, at Chrysler's farm, iii. 109; invasion of, denounced by Webster, in 1814, iii. 113; services of General Scott in preventing the invasion of, in 1838, iii. 377.
- Canadians, cruelties practised by, on English prisoners, during Wolfe's siege of Quebec, i. 114.
- Causeau, taken by the French in 1744, i. 7; the rendezvous of the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, i. 13.
- Cape Breton, capture of, by the provincials, in 1745, i. 30; ceded to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, i. 32.
- Cape Finisterre, French fleet defeated off, in 1746, i. 32.
- Capitol hill, at Washington, encampment of the British on, in 1814, iii. 193; cannon moved away from, by the force of wind, iii. 195.
- Captain Jack, biographical notice of, i. 66.
- Captures, American and British, of vessels in the war of 1812, iii. 220.
- Carden, Captain, captured in the Macedonian by Decatur, in the United States, ii. 486.
- Carleton, Colonel Sir Guy, in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109; operations of, against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, in 1775, i. 195, 197; defeat of, by Seth Warner and his Green-Mountain Boys—escape of, from Montgomery, at Montreal, i. 201; escape of, past the mouth of the Sorel, in disguise—arrival of, at Quebec, at the moment of Arnold's departure, i. 207; measures taken by, for the defence of Quebec against Arnold and Montgomery, i. 208; humanity of, toward American prisoners in Quebec, i. 260; large reinforcements received by, at Quebec, i. 278; formidable fleet launched by, at St. Johns, i. 366; remarkable kindness and humanity of, toward American prisoners, i. 369; Crown Point taken possession of and abandoned by—prisoners released by, on parole, much impressed by his kindness, i. 370; his humanity the cause of his being superseded by Burgoyne—services rendered by, to Burgoyne, i. 485.
- Carlisle, earl of, British commissioner, character of, ii. 112; challenge sent to, by Lafayette—Horace Walpole's account of Lafayette's challenge to (*note*), ii. 115.
- Caroline, schooner, anchored opposite the British camp below New Orleans, iii. 229; terrible effect on the British of the cannonade from, iii. 230; set on fire by red-hot shot and blown up, iii. 232.
- Caroline, steamboat, captured and burned by Canadians, in 1837, iii. 377.
- Carroll, General, position of, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 236.
- Carson, Christopher, biographical notice of—fight of, with a French Canadian—Colonel Fremont's first acquaintance with, iii. 319.
- Casa de Mata, a powder-depot, blown up by General Worth, iii. 457.
- Casa de Montezuma, on the Gila river, ruins of, described, iii. 357; tradition of the Pimo Indians respecting, iii. 358.
- Cass, Colonel, afterward General, sent by General Hull to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of Malden, ii. 434; a volunteer at the battle of the Thames, iii. 69.
- Caswell, General, in command of North-Carolina militia, in 1780, ii. 220; militia under the command of, form a junction with General Gates on his way to Camden, ii. 223.
- Catawba river, Morgan saved from the pursuit of the British by a sudden rise in, ii. 311; crossed by Cornwallis in the night, ii. 312.
- Cedars, a fort on the St. Lawrence, surrender of, by Major Butterfield to Captain Forster, i. 272.
- Cedar Springs, attempted surprise of Colonel Clarke at, by Colonel Dunlap, in 1780, ii. 219.
- Ceralvo, taken possession of, by General Worth, iii. 297.
- Cerro Gordo, Mexican army posted by Santa Anna at the pass of—description of the fortifications of, iii. 418; preparations made by General Scott to assail the heights of—celebrated order of battle issued at, by Scott, iii. 419; close pursuit of Santa Anna and his generals after the battle of—killed and wounded at the battle of—prisoners and artillery taken at, by Scott, iii. 425; total rout of the Mexican army at the battle of, iii. 426.
- Chalco, General Twigg's repulses a Mexican attack on his march from Ayotla to, iii. 437.
- Champe, Sergeant, attempt made by, to abduct Arnold, after his treason, ii. 270.
- Chandler, General, pursuit of General Vincent by, after the capture of Fort George in Canada, iii. 14; camp of, taken by surprise by the British, and himself made prisoner, iii. 15.
- Channing, Doctor, his commendation of Scott's humanity in the removal of the Cherokees, iii. 378.
- Chapultepec, position and history of, iii. 454; account of the siege and storming of, as given by General Scott, iii. 459; officers and corps distinguished in the storming of, iii. 461; killed and wounded at, and after the storming of, iii. 466.
- Charleston, preparations for the defence of, against Sir Peter Parker and Sir Henry Clinton, i. 289; chief command at, assumed by General Lee, i. 290; aid brought to, by Pulaski—approach of General Prevost toward—narrow escape of, from Prevost, ii. 175; propositions for surrender made by the defenders of, to Prevost—surrender of, proposed only to gain time, according to Simms (*note*)—rapid retreat of Prevost from, on the approach of General Lincoln, ii. 176; siege of, by Sir Henry Clinton, in the spring of 1780, ii. 207; surrender of, by Lincoln, ii. 212; movements of Clinton after the fall of, ii. 213; Lord Rawdon held in check at, by Marion and Sumter, ii. 347; evacuation of, by the British, in 1782, ii. 379; blockade of, proclaimed by the British, in 1813, iii. 29.
- Charlestown, panic in, on the approach of Lord Percy from Lexington, i. 149; shelled and set on fire by order of General Gage, i. 173; houses remaining in, burned by order of Putnam, i. 232.
- Charlotte, flight of Gates and Caswell to, after the battle of Camden, ii. 228; advance of General Greene from, ii. 295.
- Charlottesville, state assembly dispersed at, by Tarleton's dragoons, ii. 332.
- Charlton, British ship, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 181.
- Chasseurs Britanniques*, marauding expeditions of, iii. 31, 33.
- Chastellux, Marquis de, accompanies Rochambeau to America, ii. 237; visit of, to Mount Vernon, ii. 388.
- Chatham, earl of, speech of, in Parliament, on American affairs, after the surrender of Burgoyne, ii. 61.

- Chandière river, arrival of Arnold at, on his march toward Quebec—narrow escape of Arnold and his party from a cataract on, i. 205.
- Chauncey, Captain Isaac, selected by Congress for command on the lakes in 1812, ii. 464; flotilla assembled by, at Sackett's Harbor, iii. 6; vessels-of-war constructed by, on Lake Ontario—movements of, on the lake, iii. 39; British storehouses and boats destroyed by, at York—eagerness of, for battle with the British fleet under Sir James Yeo—disasters sustained by the fleet of, in a storm, iii. 40; urgency of, with Perry, to retain his command at Erie, iii. 52; British fleet on Lake Ontario driven by, into Burlington bay, iii. 105.
- Cherokee Indians, Colonel Gist authorized to raise a number of, for service against the British, in 1777, i. 452; some of them indisposed to war, in 1813, iii. 75; peaceable removal of, by General Scott, in 1838, iii. 378.
- Cherry Valley, expedition of Walter Butler and Brant against, in 1778, ii. 160; massacre of the inhabitants of, ii. 161.
- Cherub, British sloop-of-war, the *Phœbe* aided by, in the capture of the *Essex*, iii. 150.
- Chesapeake, American frigate, account of the attack made upon, by the British frigate *Leopard*, in 1807, ii. 415; general indignation caused by the attack upon, ii. 418; Captain Lawrence promoted to the command of, after his capture of the *Peacock*, ii. 504; considered an unlucky ship—account of the capture of, by the *Shannon*, in 1813, iii. 19; arrears of prize-money due to the sailors of, iii. 20, 21.
- Chesapeake bay, blockade of, proclaimed by the British, in 1813, iii. 29; arrival of a large British fleet in, under Admiral Cockburn, iii. 171; ravages of Sir Peter Parker on the shores of, in 1814, iii. 198.
- Chesterfield, Lord, remarks of, on colonial affairs, in 1757, i. 99.
- Chew's house, delay at, the cause of the loss of the battle of Germantown, ii. 66.
- Cheyney, Thomas, important information given by, to Washington, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 17.
- Chihuahua, General Wool's expedition against, in 1846, iii. 347; aimlessness of the expedition against, iii. 349, 351; arrival of Colonel Doniphan's command in, iii. 405; battle of El Paso fought in, iii. 406; American flag planted by Doniphan on the walls of the capital of, iii. 410.
- Childs, Colonel, Loma d'Independencia captured by, at the siege of Monterey, iii. 308; gallantry displayed by, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, iii. 421; left by Scott in command of a garrison at Puebla, iii. 434; attacked at Puebla by the Mexican General Rea, iii. 468.
- Chippewa, a British vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 54.
- Chippewa, battle of, iii. 161; killed and wounded at the battle of, iii. 162.
- Chittenden, Governor, opposition of, to the war of 1812, iii. 114.
- Cholula, near Puebla, last vestiges of the ruins of, disappeared, iii. 429.
- Chrysler's farm, in Canada, battle fought at, between a body of British regulars and the Americans under General Boyd, iii. 109.
- Chrystie, Colonel, gallantry of, at the battle of Queens-town, ii. 466, 467.
- Church, Doctor, attempted treasonable correspondence of, with Captain Wallace, in 1775, i. 218; confined in jail at Norwich—subsequent fate of, i. 219.
- Churubusco, fortified by Santa Anna, iii. 440; account of the operations against, as detailed by General Scott, iii. 447; *tête de pont* at, carried by the bayonet, iii. 449; capture of the citadel at, iii. 450; battle in the rear of, won by General Shields, iii. 451; killed and wounded at, iii. 451, 452.
- Cilley, Colonel, in the battle at Bemis's heights, ii. 42.
- Cincinnati, volunteers mustered and organized at, by General Wool, iii. 349.
- Ciudad de los Angeles, capture of, by Stockton and Fremont, iii. 331.
- Claiborne, General, victory obtained by, over the Creeks under Weatherford, iii. 98.
- Clarke, Major George Rogers, biographical notice of—expedition of, to recover Vincennes from the British, in 1779, ii. 177.
- Clay, Captain Cassius M., made prisoner by the Mexicans at Encarnacion, iii. 380.
- Clay, General, reinforcements under the command of, arrive at Fort Meigs, iii. 4; left in charge of Fort Meigs by General Harrison, iii. 6; the fort defended by, against General Proctor, iii. 36.
- Clay, Henry, eloquence of, exerted in favor of the war of 1812, ii. 457, 505; in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the war in 1813, iii. 34.
- Clay, Lieutenant-Colonel (son of Henry), death of, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 403.
- Cleveland, Colonel, at the battle of King's mountain, ii. 281; speech of, at King's mountain, ii. 282.
- Clinch, General, Major Dade's command massacred while marching to the relief of, at Fort Drane, iii. 375.
- Clinton, Colonel James (afterward General), placed in command of Fort Montgomery and Fort Constitution, i. 286; warned by Washington of the approach of British ships-of-war, i. 371; wound received by, while defending Fort Clinton against Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 36; troops commanded by, at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 395.
- Clinton, General George, militia on the Hudson river in command of, i. 307; co-operation of, with General Heath, in the Highlands, i. 385; appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; New-York militia called out by, to withstand Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 33; his defence of Fort Montgomery against Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 35; narrow escape of, before the surrender, ii. 36; movements of, after the fall of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, ii. 37; hangs two British spies on an apple-tree, ii. 38.
- Clinton, Sir Henry, arrival of, at Boston, in the *Cerberus*, in 1775, i. 160; sent to co-operate with loyalists in the South—biographical notice of, i. 288; operations of, at the siege of Charleston, i. 291; repulse of, by Colonel Thompson, i. 293; chief body of British troops under the command of, at the battle of Long island, i. 324; night-march of, from Flatbush to the Jamaica road, i. 326; left at New York by Sir William Howe—answer received by, from Putnam, in reply to his demand for Edmund Palmer, i. 502; efforts of, to form a junction with Burgoyne, ii. 32; lands at Tarrytown and Verplanck's Point, to deceive Putnam, ii. 33; sudden attack made by, upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery, ii. 34; letter of, to Burgoyne, found in a silver bullet taken

- from a spy, ii. 38; scheme of Washington for seizing the person of, abandoned by the advice of Hamilton, ii. 107; Lafayette sent to watch the movements of, between the Schuylkill and the Delaware, ii. 108; secrecy of the movements of, on evacuating Philadelphia, ii. 116; measures taken by Washington for harassing the retreat of, ii. 117; puts his baggage in front and his best troops in the rear, ii. 118; midnight retreat of, after the battle of Monmouth—losses sustained by the army of, in its march through New Jersey, ii. 125; many deserters from the army of, ii. 126; movement of, for the defence of Rhode Island against General Sullivan, ii. 149; attack upon Little Egg Harbor planned by, ii. 158; expedition of, against South Carolina, in 1780, ii. 205; movements of, in South Carolina, after the fall of Charleston, ii. 213; return of, to New York, ii. 215; contempt of, for the meanness of Arnold, ii. 262; refuses to exchange Arnold for André, ii. 268; emissaries sent by, among the mutineers at Morristown, ii. 308; delusion of, as to Washington's proposed attack upon New York, ii. 388
- Coates, Colonel, British under, surprised at Quinby bridge, ii. 359; stand made by, against Sumter, at Shubrick's plantation, ii. 361.
- Cochran, Admiral Alexander, arrival of, in the Chesapeake, with his fleet, in 1814, iii. 171; in command of the fleet intended to operate against New Orleans, iii. 227.
- Cochran, Honorable Colonel, letter from Sir Henry Clinton borne by, to Cornwallis, in Yorktown—death of, while "taking a look at the Yankees" from the ramparts, ii. 401.
- Cockburn, Admiral Sir George, disposition of, to violence and cruelty, iii. 31; whole American coast blockaded by, in 1814—proclamation issued by, inviting slaves to insurrection, iii. 153; arrival of, in the Chesapeake, with a large fleet, in 1814, iii. 171; type of the *National Intelligencer* destroyed by, iii. 195.
- Coffee, General, sent by General Jackson against Blackwarriortown, iii. 87; expedition of, against the Creeks at Tallashatchee, iii. 88; at the battle of Horseshoe Bend, iii. 100; rapid movements of, with reinforcements for Jackson, at New Orleans, iii. 229; night-attack of, upon the British encampment below New Orleans, iii. 230; position of, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 236.
- Coffin, Captain, command of, cut to pieces by Colonel Washington after the battle at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 344.
- Coffin, Major, brutality of, as shown in his treatment of Andrew Jackson and his brother when boys, iii. 81.
- Colerus, M., Washington annoyed by the importunities of, i. 471.
- Collier, Admiral Sir George, the Massachusetts expedition against M-Lean, at Penobscot bay, broken up by, ii. 197.
- Colonial battles, i. 5.
- Colorado river, arrival of the army of General Taylor at, iii. 271; crossed by the Americans in spite of the threatened opposition of the Mexicans, iii. 272.
- Columbia, frigate, burned on the approach of the British to Washington, iii. 190.
- Comanches, precautions of General Kearney against, iii. 339.
- Comarga, capitulation of, signed in California, in 1847, iii. 364.
- Commissioners, British, arrival of, at Philadelphia, in 1778, ii. 112; personal description of, ii. 112. 113; reception of, by the inhabitants of Philadelphia, ii. 113; despatches sent by, to Congress—reply of Congress to the despatches of—efforts made by, to bribe distinguished Americans, ii. 114; efforts of, to turn to account the national prejudice against the French, ii. 115; total failure of all their exertions, ii. 116.
- "Common Sense," Paine's pamphlet, influence of, in preparing the popular mind for independence, i. 304.
- "Conciliatory bills" of Lord North, how received in the United States, ii. 112.
- Concord, design of General Gage to seize arms and ammunition at, i. 140; as it was in 1775—stores destroyed at, by Colonel Smith, i. 144; the battle at the north bridge at, i. 145.
- Congress and Montgomery, American frigates, burned on the Hudson, in 1777, ii. 37.
- Connecticut Farms, in New Jersey, plundered and burned by Knyphausen, in 1780—Mrs. Caldwell shot dead in her own house at, ii. 232.
- Connecticut, mercenary spirit pervading the troops from, according to Washington, i. 222; anxiety of the troops from, to leave the continental army, i. 224; places of the troops from, supplied by men from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, i. 226; body of light-horse from, discharged by Washington, i. 298; large desertions from the army in New York, of the militia from, i. 339.
- Connecticut river, vessels destroyed on, by British cruisers, in 1814, iii. 153.
- Conner, Commodore, meeting between, and General Taylor, at Point Isabel, iii. 292; operations of, in the gulf of Mexico—Tampico surrendered to, by a deputation of the authorities, iii. 365.
- Constellation, frigate, attempt of the British to cut out, at Craney island, iii. 30.
- Constitution, chase of, by a British squadron, under Captain Broke, ii. 446; the *Guerriere*, a British frigate, commanded by Captain Dacres, captured by, ii. 452; account of the capture of the *Java* by, ii. 499; cruises of Captain Stewart in, in 1815, iii. 214; chase of, by several British ships, iii. 215.
- Continental army, adoption of, by Congress, i. 158; generals chosen for, by Congress, i. 158, 188; constituent elements of, i. 158; command of, assumed by Washington, i. 186; description of the camp of, at Cambridge—generals appointed for, by Congress, i. 187; little discipline in, i. 189, 214; hunting-shirts recommended for, by Washington, i. 189; alarming want of ammunition in, i. 189, 190; arrival of ammunition in the camp of, from Rhode Island, i. 192; want of discipline in, i. 214; condition of, as described by a contemporary, i. 220; characteristics of the Massachusetts officers in, according to Gordon—difficulty experienced by Washington in selecting officers for, i. 221; resolution of Washington to reorganize, i. 222; little patriotism displayed by the Massachusetts soldiers in, i. 225; improved condition of affairs in, in December, of 1775, i. 226; necessity for the reorganization of, in 1776, i. 358; efforts of Congress to procure enlistments in (*note*), i. 359.
- Continental money, extreme depreciation of, ii. 204.
- Contrecoeur, the British fort on the Ohio fork taken by, in 1754, i. 35; his fears of the force of Braddock, i. 82; Indian cruelties toward British prisoners witnessed by, i. 83.

- Contreras, movements of Scott's forces across the Pedegral toward—General Valencia strongly posted near, iii. 442; occupied by several bodies of American troops—attack upon, threatened by Santa Anna, iii. 443; American troops at, exposed all night to heavy rains, without shelter, iii. 444; account of the storming of, in the language of General Scott, iii. 445; killed and wounded at the storming of, iii. 446; brass guns lost at Buena Vista recaptured at, iii. 447.
- Conway, Colonel (afterward General), favorable impression produced upon Washington by, i. 471; good conduct of, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 19; intriguing letter written by, received by Washington, ii. 97; attempt of, to explain away his words to Washington—resignation offered by, not accepted—appointed by Congress inspector-general of the army—names of officers in conspiracy with, to supplant Washington—cabal of, brought to an issue by Washington's letter, ii. 98; instrumentality of Wilkinson and Lord Stirling in exposing the cabal of, ii. 99, 100; impertinent letters written by, to Washington—resignation of, accepted by Congress—severely wounded in a duel with General Cadwallader—penitent letter written by, to Washington, ii. 101.
- Cook, Captain, the navigator, in the expedition against Louisburg in 1758, i. 103; in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109.
- Cooper river, importance of the command of, at the siege of Charleston, in 1780, ii. 209.
- Coosa river, Fort Strother constructed by General Jackson at the Ten islands of, iii. 88; crossed at night on horseback by the troops of Jackson, iii. 89.
- Cornell, Ezekiel, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Cornwallis, Earl, at the battle of Long island, i. 324; movements of, with the object of attacking Fort Lee, i. 393; carelessness of, in New Jersey, i. 418; command in New Jersey resumed by, i. 427; confidence of, at Assumpink creek, i. 432; hears thunder from Princeton, i. 435; alarm of, for his stores at Brunswick, i. 437; permitted by Washington to send money and stores to Hessian prisoners, i. 448; Philadelphia taken possession of by, ii. 64; arrival of, at Charleston, with reinforcements for Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 210; left by Clinton in command in South Carolina, ii. 215; night-march of, toward Clermont, ii. 223; rigorous measures of, after the battle of Camden, ii. 276; disastrous retreat of, from Salisbury—encouraging effect upon the patriots of the retreat of, ii. 286; position of the forces of, on General Greene's taking command in the South, ii. 294; baggage destroyed by, to facilitate his pursuit of Morgan, ii. 303, 310; Catawba river crossed by, at night, in pursuit of Morgan, ii. 312; narrow escape of, while crossing the Catawba, ii. 313; retirement of, from the Dan to Hillsborough, ii. 317; leaves Hillsborough for Allamance creek, ii. 320; harassed by Colonel Williams and by Pickens and Lee, ii. 321; inferior force under the command of, at Bell's mill—movement of, to attack General Greene at Guilford courthouse, ii. 322; desperate manœuvre resorted to by, at Guilford courthouse, ii. 324; retreat of, to Cross creek, followed by Greene, ii. 326; march of, to Wilmington, at the mouth of Cape-Fear river—determination of, to form a junction with Phillips and Arnold, in Virginia, ii. 327; deterred from attempting to surprise Lafayette, by Charley Morgan, a spy, ii. 330; deception practised by, on Lafayette, at James river—ordered by Sir Henry Clinton to send a portion of his troops to New York—determines to seek the cover of Portsmouth, ii. 333; devastations of, in Virginia and North Carolina, ii. 335; concentrates his whole force at Yorktown, ii. 380; shut up in Yorktown by Lafayette, St. Simon, and De Grasse, ii. 381; ordered by Sir Henry Clinton to send several of his regiments to the North, ii. 383; Washington's intention to march against, carefully concealed from his own officers, ii. 385; reinforcements promised to, by Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 393; confidence of, in his power to hold Yorktown, ii. 394; desperate situation of, at Yorktown, ii. 399; last letter received by, from Clinton, ii. 401; propositions sent by, to Washington, for the surrender of Yorktown, ii. 402; a guest at the headquarters of Washington, ii. 406; subsequent career of, ii. 409.
- Corpus Christi, encampment of General Taylor at—visits of the freezing "northers" at, iii. 269; Taylor's preparations for leaving, for the Rio Grande, iii. 270.
- Cotton, high price of, during the war of 1812, iii. 212.
- Coventry, earl of, speech of, in Parliament, after the surrender of Burgoyne, ii. 61.
- Cow-boys, arrest of Major André by, near Tarrytown, ii. 256.
- Cowpens, account of Colonel Tarleton's defeat at, ii. 298–302; killed and wounded at—ammunition and materials of war taken at, ii. 302.
- Crane, Lieutenant, in command of the brig-of-war *Nautilus* when captured by Broke's squadron in 1812, ii. 446.
- Crane, Major, British frigate in the East river hulled by the guns of, i. 337.
- Craney island, attack of the British upon the fortifications on, in 1813, iii. 31.
- Creeks, massacre of, at Tallushatchee and Littafuchee, iii. 8; partial civilization of, iii. 76; hostile rising among, in 1813—surprise and capture of Fort Mims by, iii. 77; Autossee, a town of, destroyed by Georgia militia under General Floyd, iii. 97; severe defeat of, by General Jackson, at the Great Bend of the Tallapoosa river, iii. 99; end of the war with, iii. 104.
- Cressop, "the rattlesnake colonel," roguery of, i. 63, 68.
- Crittenden, John J., at the battle of the Thames, iii. 69.
- Croghan, Captain, Fort Stephenson successfully defended by, against General Proctor, in 1813, iii. 37; humanity of, displayed in his treatment of the British wounded—made lieutenant-colonel by the president, iii. 38; unsuccessful expedition of, against Mackinaw, in 1814, iii. 158.
- Cross, Colonel, sudden disappearance of, from General Taylor's camp, on the Rio Grande, iii. 276; efforts made for the discovery of, iii. 278; body of, found—supposed to have been assassinated by Falcon, iii. 279.
- Crown Point, expedition under Colonel William Johnson against, in 1755, i. 87; capture of, by "Green-Mountain Boys," i. 155; determination of a council of war to withdraw the army from, to Ticonderoga, i. 285; wretched condition of the American troops at, i. 364; fleet of Arnold rendezvous at, i. 365; taken possession of, by Sir Guy Carleton, i. 370.
- Cruger, Colonel, defence of Ninety-Six by royalists under the command of, ii. 349; left at Ninety-Six to protect the retreat of the loyalists, ii. 355; in command of American royalists at Eutaw Springs, ii. 369.

- Culpepper volunteers, flag and motto of, i. 238; Governor Dunmore's attempt on Hampton defeated by, i. 239.
- Cumberland, duke of, in favor of sending troops to drive the French from the Ohio, in 1754, i. 47.
- Cunningham, General, encounter of a body of Tories under, with General Sumter, ii. 376.
- Cunningham, William, bloody foray made by, from Charleston, in 1781, ii. 376.
- Curran, Lieutenant, death of, on board the *Essex*, in a duel, iii. 132.
- Custis, John Parke, with his mother at Cambridge, in 1775, i. 225; accompanies Washington as aid, on his way to Williamsburg, ii. 388.
- Custis, Mrs. Martha, marriage of, to Washington, i. 185.
- "Cuyahoga Packet," containing General Hull's stores, seized at Malden by the British, ii. 432.
- Cuyler, Yan Yost, instrumentality of, in causing St. Leger to abandon the siege of Fort Schuyler, ii. 11.
- Cyane, capture of, by the Constitution, iii. 215.
- D.
- Dacres, Captain, in command of the *Guerriere* when captured by the Constitution, ii. 453.
- Dade, Major, massacre of the command of, while marching to the relief of Fort Drane, iii. 375.
- Dale, Richard, made first-lieutenant of the *Bon Homme Richard* by Paul Jones, ii. 187.
- Danbury, Tryon's expedition to destroy stores at—General Sullivan's efforts for the defence of, i. 464; stores at, destroyed by the British—the enemy fired upon by some of the inhabitants of, i. 465; four citizens of, burned—retreat of Tryon from, after setting many houses on fire, i. 466; Generals Gates and M'Dougall stationed at, in 1778, ii. 157.
- Dan river, retreat of General Greene to, ii. 315; recrossed by Greene after the retreat of Cornwallis, ii. 317.
- D'Anville, failure of his expedition for the recapture of Louisiana, in 1746, i. 31.
- Dartmoor jail, attempt of Americans to escape from, iii. 220; cruel treatment of American prisoners in, iii. 222.
- Davidson, General, left by Greene to defend the fords of the Catawba against Cornwallis, ii. 312; shot dead while mounting his horse, ii. 313.
- Davis, Colonel Jefferson, position of, with the Mississippi riflemen, at Buena Vista, iii. 388; important services rendered by the Mississippi riflemen under, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 397, 398.
- Dearborn, Major Henry (afterward General), with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21; made first major-general in 1812, ii. 430; proposition for an armistice made by Prevost acceded to by, ii. 456; large force under the command of, near Plattsburg and Greenbush, ii. 462; important services rendered by, in the war of the Revolution—great confidence reposed in, by the government, ii. 475; goes into winter-quarters at Plattsburg and Burlington, ii. 476; expedition of, against York—march upon Montreal proposed by, in the spring of 1813, iii. 6; inactivity of, at Fort George, iii. 15; removal of, from his command, by President Madison, iii. 16.
- De Barras, safe arrival of, with his squadron, in the Chesapeake, ii. 389.
- De Beaujeu, death of, in his attack upon Braddock, i. 76; the ambuscade for Braddock was contrived by, i. 82.
- Deborre, General, ill conduct of, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 18, 19.
- De Bougainville, retreat of, before General Townshend, at Quebec, i. 130.
- De Castro, General, orders Fremont to leave California, iii. 323; strange message sent by, to Fremont, iii. 324; determination of Fremont to attack, iii. 327; pursuit of, by Fremont, to Santa Clara—squadron of dragoons of, defeated by a small party of Fremont's men, iii. 328.
- Decatur, Commodore Stephen, biographical notice of—account of his recapture of the frigate *Philadelphia* from the Tripolitans, ii. 482; brilliant exploits of, in the harbor of Tripoli, under Commodore Preble, ii. 483; desperate conflict of, with the commander of a Turkish vessel—personal appearance of, as described by Washington Irving, ii. 484; account of his capture of the Macedonian, ii. 485; blockaded in New London in 1814, iii. 153; chase of, in the President, in 1815, iii. 217; compelled to surrender to a greatly superior force, iii. 218; death of, from a wound received in a duel with Commodore Barron (*note*), ii. 485.
- Decatur, Lieutenant James, treacherously shot by a Turk in the harbor of Tripoli, ii. 484.
- Declaration of Independence, adoption of, i. 303; read to the American army in New York, i. 305.
- Defeat of Braddock, i. 76.
- De Grasse, Admiral Count, arrival of, with a fleet, in the Chesapeake—news of the arrival of, received in Philadelphia, ii. 380; fight between his fleet and that of Admiral Graves, off the capes of Virginia, ii. 389; Lafayette urged by, to attack Lord Cornwallis, before the arrival of Washington and Rochambeau, ii. 391; interview of Washington with, on board the *Ville de Paris*, ii. 392; urged by Washington and Lafayette to aid in the siege of Yorktown, ii. 393; subsequent career of (*note*), ii. 408.
- De Haas, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452.
- De Heister, Hessians under the command of, at the battle of Long Island, i. 324; surrender of Lord Stirling to—no mercy shown by the soldiers of, i. 329.
- De Kalb, Baron, arrival of, at Charleston, in company with Lafayette, i. 506; made a major-general by Congress, i. 508; march of troops under, from Morristown to the South—great difficulty experienced by, in obtaining provisions for his troops, ii. 220; superseded by Gates in command of the Southern army, ii. 221; position of, at the battle of Camden, ii. 225; mortally wounded at the battle of Camden—biographical notice of (*note*), ii. 227.
- Delancey, Oliver, biographical notice of, i. 360; efforts of, to raise recruits among the Tories on Long Island, i. 361; expedition planned by Washington against the loyalists under, at Morrisania, ii. 382.
- Delaplace, Captain, Ticonderoga surrendered by, to Ethan Allen, i. 155.
- Delaware, good conduct of the brigades from, at the battle of Camden, ii. 226.
- Delaware, a twenty-four, surrender of, to the British, in 1777, ii. 69.
- Delaware river, crossed by the retreating army of Washington—arrival of the troops of Cornwallis at, i. 405; efforts of Washington to prevent the British from crossing, i. 416; obstructions placed in, and forts on, ii. 63; efforts of Sir William Howe to secure the command of, ii. 64, 68, 71; American vessels destroyed on, ii. 75,

- 110, 155; blockade of, proclaimed by the British, in 1813, iii. 29.
- Delawares and Shawnees, singular origin of a war between, ii. 134.
- De Levi, General Murray defeated by, near Quebec, i. 133.
- Denison, Colonel, Fort Forty, in Wyoming, surrendered by, to Colonel John Butler, ii. 139.
- De Peyster, Captain, surrender of, at King's mountain, after the death of Colonel Ferguson, ii. 284.
- Derby, skirmish of Captain Henry Lee with British dragoons at, ii. 106.
- De Salaberry, flight of General Hampton from the bugle-blasts of, in Canada, iii. 106.
- D'Estaing, Count, too late to cage Lord Howe in the Delaware—warmly welcomed in America—biographical notice of, ii. 142; goes in pursuit of Lord Howe's fleet—fears to attack Howe within Sandy Hook—sails away for Newport—single vessels of Byron's fleet escape, ii. 143; swears at the English luck, ii. 144; sails out of Newport to fight the fleet of Lord Howe, ii. 145; fleet of, dispersed by a storm, ii. 146; return of the fleet of, to Newport—determination of, to return to Boston, to refit—indignation of Sullivan at the conduct of—offence taken by, at the remonstrance sent him by Sullivan, ii. 147; letter of complaint and self-justification written by, to Congress—officers of the fleet of, hooted in the streets of Boston, ii. 148; co-operates with Lincoln in the siege of Savannah, ii. 198; the siege raised through the obstinacy of, ii. 201; return of, to France, ii. 202.
- Destouches, M., naval forces sent by, to blockade Arnold in Portsmouth, ii. 327; blockaded by the British in Newport—driven away from the Chesapeake by Admiral Arbuthnot, ii. 328.
- Detroit, safe arrival of General Hull at, ii. 433; surrender of the fort at, demanded by General Brock, ii. 439; taken possession of, by General Harrison, iii. 68.
- Detroit, Captain Barclay's flag-ship at the battle of Lake Erie, force of (*note*), iii. 54; terrible destruction of life on board of, in the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 63.
- De Vaudreuil, conduct of, after the defeat of Montcalm, i. 131.
- De Villiers, Fort Necessity surrendered to, by Washington, i. 43.
- Dickenson, General Philemon, gallant action performed by, i. 448.
- Dieskau, Baron, approach of, to Lake George, i. 88; defeated by Colonel William Johnson, at Lake George, in 1755, i. 89.
- Dillon, Count, storming-column led by, at the siege of Savannah, ii. 201.
- Dobbs's ferry, General Howe at, with the main body of his army—supplies sent to, by Lord Howe, i. 384; Washington joined by Rochambeau at, ii. 382.
- Doniphan, Colonel, biographical notice of, iii. 335; left by General Kearney in command of the troops at Santa Fé, iii. 346; ordered by Kearney to make a campaign against the Navajoes, iii. 355; expedition of, against the Navajoes, iii. 404; treaty made by, with the Navajoes—surprised on Christmas-day by a body of Mexican cavalry, near El Paso, iii. 405; the Mexicans totally beaten by—long stay of, at El Paso—his own account of the battle of Sacramento, iii. 407; march of, from Chihuahua to the mouth of the Rio Grande, iii. 410; parallel between the march of, and that of Xenophon, iii. 411.
- Donop, Count, defeat and death of, at Fort Mercer, ii. 70; flight of the troops of, to Haddonfield, ii. 71.
- Dorchester, in South Carolina, abandoned by the garrison on the approach of Lee and Hampton, ii. 358; British garrison driven out of, by General Greene, ii. 378.
- Dorchester heights, preparations of Washington for an attempt upon, i. 243; description by Gordon of the occupation of, by Washington, i. 244; attempt to dislodge Washington from, given up by Howe—the possession of, by the Americans, made Boston untenable by the British, i. 247.
- Downes, Lieutenant, placed in command of the Georgiana by Captain Porter, iii. 129; sent to Valparaiso with prizes, iii. 131; has his leg broken in a fight with the Typees, iii. 145.
- Downie, Captain, victory obtained over, by M'Donough, on Lake Champlain, iii. 206.
- Doyle, Major, command of Colonel Stewart devolved upon, after the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 375; ravages of, on the Santee and Congaree, ii. 377.
- Doyle, Mrs., cannon supplied by, with hot shot, at Fort Niagara, ii. 477.
- Drake, sloop-of-war, account of the capture of, by Paul Jones, ii. 153.
- Drummond, Colonel, assault on Fort Erie led by—quarter refused by, to the defenders of the fort—death of, while refusing quarter, iii. 168.
- Drummond, General, wounded at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 165; enterprises of, against Buffalo and vessels on Lake Erie—Fort Erie besieged by, iii. 167.
- Duchambon, letter of Pepperell and Warren to, demanding the surrender of Louisburg, i. 27.
- Ducoudray, M., claims of, to command American artillery, on the strength of a promise made by Silas Deane—drowned while crossing the Schuylkill, i. 471.
- Dunbar, Colonel Thomas, in command of one of Braddock's regiments, i. 54; panic in the camp of, after Braddock's defeat, i. 81; cowardly retreat of, i. 84.
- Dundas, Colonel, associated with Arnold in his expedition to Virginia, ii. 304.
- Dunmore, Lord, refuge taken by, on board a ship-of-war—his attempt on Hampton defeated by Culpepper riflemen—joined by Tories from Norfolk, i. 239; Norfolk cannonaded and burned by, i. 240; departure of, to St. Augustine, in Florida, i. 241.
- Duplessis, defences at Fort Mercer strengthened by, ii. 69.
- Duquesne, Marquis, line of forts established by, in 1753, i. 33.

E.

- Eckford, Henry, employed at Sackett's Harbor in building armed vessels in 1812, ii. 464.
- Eden, William, British commissioner to the United States, ii. 113.
- Edge hill, near Philadelphia, skirmish at, in 1777, ii. 80.
- Edgeworth, Maria, notice of (*note*), ii. 246.
- Edgeworth, Richard Lovell, notice of (*note*), ii. 245.
- Edmondston, Captain, death of, at King's mountain, ii. 284.
- Eggleston, Major, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 372.
- Elizabethtown, incursion of the British to, from Staten island, ii. 205.
- Elk river, landing of General Howe's troops on the banks of, in 1777, ii. 14.

- Elliot, Lieutenant Jesse D., sent by Chauncey to establish cruisers on the upper lakes—two armed vessels cut out by, from under the guns of Fort Erie, ii. 465; joins the squadron of Perry, iii. 52.
- El Paso, battle at, won by Colonel Doniphan—killed and wounded at the battle of—long stay of Doniphan at, iii. 407.
- El Peñon, in the valley of Mexico, too strong to be carried without loss, iii. 436.
- Embargo and non-intercourse acts, little utility of, ii. 418.
- Embargo laid by Congress on shipping, in 1812, ii. 427.
- Emerson, Reverend William, appearance of the camp at Cambridge, in 1775, described by, i. 187.
- Encarnación, army of Santa Anna concentrated at, iii. 383; retreat of the Mexicans to, after the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 403.
- Endymion, British frigate, action of, with the President, iii. 218.
- “Enforcing act,” opposition made to, in New England, ii. 419.
- Enos, Colonel, his desertion of Arnold on his Quebec expedition, i. 204.
- Enterprise, an American cruiser, history of the career of, iii. 27.
- Epervier, capture of, by the Peacock, in 1814, iii. 156.
- Erie, vessels-of-war built at, by Captain Perry, iii. 36; means adopted by Perry for getting his vessels out over the bar at, iii. 50.
- Erskine, Sir William, associated with Tryon in his attack on Danbury, i. 464.
- Esopus, burned by the British under General Vaughan, ii. 37.
- Essex, frigate, cruise of Captain David Porter in, ii. 450, iii. 118; long stay of, at the Gallapagos islands, iii. 127; meeting of, with the Phœbe, in the harbor of Valparaiso, iii. 148; details of the capture of, by the Phœbe, iii. 149; killed and wounded in, in the action with the Phœbe, iii. 152.
- “Essex Junior,” placed in command of Lieutenant Downes—despatched to Valparaiso with prizes, iii. 131; light armament of, iii. 149; converted into a *cartel*, iii. 152.
- Eutaw Springs, retreat of the British under Colonel Stewart to, ii. 367; battle of, ii. 368; killed and wounded at, ii. 374.
- Ewing, failure of, to co-operate with Washington at Trenton, i. 422.
- Eyre, Colonel, mortal wound received by, in his attack on Fort Griswold, at New London, ii. 390.
- Eyres, Major, his defence of Fort William Henry, in 1757, i. 98.
- F.
- Fairfax, Bryan, visit of, to Washington, at Valley Forge, ii. 102.
- Fairfield, in Connecticut, laid in ashes by the British under Governor Tryon, ii. 182.
- Fairlawn, British at, surrender to Colonel Shelby, ii. 377.
- Falcon, Romano, party sent in pursuit of, from the camp of Taylor, on the Rio Grande, iii. 278.
- Falmouth, alarm occasioned by the bombardment and burning of, in 1775, i. 215.
- Faulkner, Major, defence of Craney island by, in 1813, iii. 32.
- Favorite, British sloop-of-war, treaty of peace borne to New York by, in 1814, iii. 241.
- Ferguson, Captain, expedition against Little Egg Harbor intrusted to—Pulaski's force in New Jersey surprised by, ii. 159.
- Ferguson, Colonel Patrick, humanity of, ii. 210; defeat and death of, at King's mountain, ii. 284.
- Ferguson, Doctor Adam, British commissioner to the United States, ii. 113; letter of Washington refusing a passport to Congress for, ii. 114.
- Fishkill river, water carried from, by a woman, to the ladies in Burgoyne's camp, ii. 52, 57.
- Fitzgerald, Colonel, with Washington at the battle of Princeton, i. 434.
- Five Nations, influence of Colonel William Johnson with, i. 88.
- Flatbush, night-march of General Clinton from, to the Jamaica road, i. 326.
- Fleury, Captain Louis, horse presented to, by Congress, for his services at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 19; at the capture of Stony Point by Wayne, ii. 184.
- Flores, General, suspension of hostilities in California proposed by, to Commodore Stockton—defeat of, by Stockton and Kearney, at the Rio San Gabriel, iii. 362; flight of, to Sonora, iii. 363.
- Florida, claims of Spain to, in 1813, iii. 74; activity of the Spaniards in, in 1814, against the United States—operations of General Jackson in, in 1814, iii. 221; Seminole outbreak in, in 1835, iii. 375.
- Florida war, part taken by General Taylor in, iii. 267; command of the first department of the United States army given to Taylor for his services in, iii. 268.
- Floyd, General, Georgia militia under the command of, destroy Autossee, a Creek town, iii. 97; attack of Red-stick Indians upon the camp of, iii. 99.
- Fontera, taken possession of, by Commodore M. C. Perry, iii. 365.
- Forbes, General, expedition of, against Fort Duquesne, i. 105.
- Fordham heights, General Howe's army encamped on, i. 386.
- Fordyce, Captain, death of, at the head of grenadiers, in a conflict with Virginia riflemen, i. 240.
- Fort Anne, slow progress of Burgoyne toward, i. 509.
- Fort Bent, on the Arkansas, description of—arrival of General Kearney at, iii. 340.
- Fort Bowyer, near Mobile, unsuccessful attack upon, by the British, in 1814, iii. 222; capture of, by General Lambert, iii. 241.
- Fort Brooke, Dade's command massacred while marching from, to Fort Drane, iii. 375.
- Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, constructed by the troops of General Taylor, iii. 276; left by Taylor in charge of Major Brown—attack upon, by the Mexicans, iii. 280; attempt of the Mexicans to cut off communications of, with Point Isabel, iii. 281; bombardment of, from Matamoras, iii. 289; singular circumstances attending the death of a sergeant at—death of Major Brown in, iii. 290; Captain Hawkins succeeds to the command of—relief of, after the battle of Resaca de la Palma, iii. 291; number of shells thrown into, by the Mexicans, during the siege, iii. 292.
- Fort Clinton, defence of, against Sir Henry Clinton, by General James Clinton, ii. 34; surrender of, to Sir Henry Clinton, iii. 36.

- Fort Clinton, at West Point, erected by Kosciusko, ii. 108.
- Fort Constitution, opposite West Point, in command of Colonel James Clinton, i. 286.
- Fort Covington, winter-quarters of General Wilkinson at, in 1813, iii. 110.
- Fort Dearborn, evacuated by order of General Hull, ii. 441.
- Fort Diabolo, in Monterey, attack upon, by General Butler, iii. 303; abandoned by the Mexicans, iii. 310.
- Fort Drane, Dade's command massacred while marching to the relief of, iii. 375.
- Fort Duquesne, constructed by Mercer, in 1754, i. 40; determination of General Braddock to proceed against, i. 56; description of—feeble garrison of, on the approach of Braddock, i. 82; expedition against, under General Forbes, i. 105; taken by Forbes in 1758, i. 106.
- Fort Edward, the Northern army concentrated at, after St. Clair's defeat—miserable condition of the army at—position for a fortified camp selected five miles below, i. 489; Burgoyne determines to make a road through the forest to, i. 500; arrival of Burgoyne at, i. 512.
- Fort Erie, defence of, intrusted to General Gaines—siege of, by General Drummond, iii. 167; terrible loss of the British by an explosion in, iii. 168; siege of, resumed by Drummond, iii. 169; blown up by General Izard, iii. 213.
- Fort Forty, at Wyoming, capitulation of, to Colonel John Butler, in 1778—refuge taken in, by the survivors of the Wyoming massacre, ii. 139.
- Fort Frontenac, capture of, by Colonel Bradstreet, i. 105.
- Fort George, on the Niagara river, expedition of Chauncey and Dearborn against, iii. 9; capture of—killed and wounded at the capture of, iii. 11; deserted by General M'Clure, iii. 111.
- Fort Granby, near Columbia, surrender of, to Colonel Henry Lee—favorable conditions granted to the garrison of, ii. 347.
- Fort Gratiot, on Lake Huron, terrible ravages of the cholera in Scott's army at, in 1832, iii. 373.
- Fort Griswold, obstinate defence of, by Colonel William Ledyard, ii. 390.
- Fort Hardy, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender, ii. 57.
- Fort Harrison, Captain Zachary Taylor's gallant defence of, in the war of 1812, ii. 458, iii. 267.
- Fort Independence, summons of General Heath disregarded by the garrison of, i. 439.
- Fort Jesup, Taylor's headquarters as general of the first department, iii. 268.
- Fort Johnson, near Charleston, in command of Colonel Gadsden, i. 289.
- Fort King, attack made by Osceola on General Thompson near, iii. 375.
- Fort Leavenworth, force assembled at, under Colonel Kearney, for the conquest of New Mexico, iii. 334; "army of the West" rigidly drilled at, iii. 336.
- Fort Lee, not tenable after the loss of Fort Washington—evacuation of, by General Greene, i. 394.
- Fort Levi, on Isle Royale, surrender of, to General Amherst, in 1760, i. 133.
- Fort M'Henry, near Baltimore, British attack upon, in 1814, iii. 200.
- Fort Meigs, constructed by General Harrison at the rapids of the Maumee, iii. 2; siege of, by General Proctor, iii. 3; siege of, abandoned by Proctor, iii. 6; second attempt of Proctor upon, iii. 36.
- Fort Mercer, defence of, by Colonel Greene, against the Hessians under Donop—death of Count Donop at, ii. 70; insufficient reinforcements sent to, ii. 71; taken by a large force under Cornwallis, ii. 75.
- Fort Mifflin, insufficient reinforcements sent to—squadron sent against, by Admiral Howe—defence of, by Colonel Smith, ii. 71; batteries to bear upon, erected by the British on Province island, ii. 72; guns of the British fleet brought to bear upon—killed and wounded at—Washington's reasons for not sending reinforcements to, ii. 73.
- Fort Mims, surprise and capture of, by Creek Indians, in 1813, iii. 77; terrible massacre at, iii. 78.
- Fort Montgomery, near the Highlands, in command of Colonel James Clinton, in 1776, i. 286; boom and chain recommended to be placed across the Hudson at, i. 477; defence of, by Governor George Clinton, against the British under Colonel Campbell, ii. 34; service rendered by Colonel Lamb, in the defence of, against Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 35; surrender of, ii. 36.
- Fort Motte, surrender of, to General Marion, ii. 347.
- Fort Moultrie. (See Fort Sullivan.)
- Fort Necessity, constructed by Washington at Great Meadows, in 1754, i. 41; the attack of the French awaited by Washington at, i. 42, 43; surrender of, by Washington, to De Villiers, i. 43; misunderstanding respecting the terms of capitulation at, i. 44; destroyed by the French, i. 45.
- Fort Niagara, British bombardment of, from the Canada shore, ii. 477; capture of, in 1813, by Colonel Murray, iii. 111; left in possession of the British in the fall of 1814, iii. 213.
- Fort Ontario, taken by Montcalm, i. 95.
- Fort Schuyler, movements of Arnold for the relief of, ii. 10; siege of, abandoned by Colonel St. Leger, ii. 11; mystification of the garrison of—siege of, raised by St. Leger, ii. 12.
- Fort Soldado, at Monterey, capture of, by Colonel Smith, iii. 306.
- Fort Stanwix, invested by Colonel St. Leger—defence of, by Colonel Gansevoort—efforts of General Herkimer to relieve, i. 512; sortie made from, by Colonel Willett, i. 513. (See Fort Schuyler.)
- Fort Stephenson, attack of General Proctor upon, iii. 36; successful defence of, by Captain Croghan, iii. 37; beneficial influence of the American success at—killed and wounded in the assault upon, iii. 38.
- Fort Stoddart, alarm at, in consequence of the massacre at Fort Mims—flight of the inhabitants of, to Mobile, iii. 78; expeditions of General Claiborne from, against Indian towns, iii. 98.
- Fort Strother, constructed by General Jackson at the Ten islands of the Coosa river, iii. 89; privations endured by Jackson and his troops at, iii. 91; discontent and mutinous conduct of the troops at, iii. 92; mutiny at, quelled by Jackson, iii. 94.
- Fort Sullivan, in Charleston harbor, erected by Colonel Moultrie, i. 289; attack upon, by Sir Peter Parker, i. 292; British cannonade upon, without effect, i. 295; name of, changed by Congress to Fort Moultrie, i. 296.
- Fort Washington, works at, under the superintendence of General Mifflin, i. 297; useless for the defence of the Hudson, i. 307; Colonel Magaw left in charge of, with two thousand men, i. 375; Americans retire to, from

- Fort Independence—doubts of Washington as to the utility of holding, i. 384; Greene and Magaw in favor of defending, i. 385; investment of, undertaken by the British, i. 385, 386; condition of, at the time of its investment by General Howe—force of the defenders of—disposition of the British forces when attacking, i. 387; attempt of Washington to reach, from Fort Lee—inadequacy of the defences of, i. 388; simultaneous attack of the British upon, i. 390; the attack upon, witnessed from Fort Lee by Washington, Greene, Putnam, and Thomas Paine, i. 391; surrender of, by Colonel Magaw—the garrison of, made prisoners-of-war—mortification of Washington and Lee at the surrender of, i. 392; name of, changed by the British to Knyphausen—prisoners taken in, sent immediately to New York—loss sustained by the British at the capture of, i. 393; treatment by the British of the prisoners taken at, i. 441.
- Fort Washington, on the Potomac, captured by the British under Captain Gordon, in 1814, iii. 197.
- Fort Watson, expedition of Marion and Lee against—singular expedient adopted by the besiegers of, ii. 339.
- Fort Wayne, march of General Harrison to the relief of, ii. 458.
- Fort William Henry, Vaudreuil's expedition against, in 1757, i. 97; defence of, by Major Eyres, i. 98; capitulation of, to Montcalm, i. 99.
- France, opportune arrival of a supply of arms from, in 1777, i. 457; important change in the policy of, after the surrender of Burgoyne—independence of the United States acknowledged by, ii. 60; arrival at Valley Forge of the news of the treaty with, ii. 110; measures taken by the British government on becoming aware of the American treaty with, ii. 111; anniversary of the alliance with, celebrated by festivities in the American camp, ii. 167.
- Francis, Colonel, death of, at Hubbardton, i. 496.
- Franklin, Benjamin, visit of, to General Braddock at Fredricktown, i. 59; remarkable conversation of, with Braddock—undertakes to procure wagons for the British army, i. 60; high commendation bestowed upon, by Braddock—luxuries procured by, for Dunbar's and Halket's subalterns, i. 61; his doubts of Braddock's success, i. 85; visit paid by, to the American camp, at Cambridge, i. 216; payment made to, by the Massachusetts general court, for services in England—money sent by the hands of, from England, for the sufferers by the battle of Lexington, i. 217; early intimacy of Admiral Howe with, i. 309; pungent reply of, to a letter of Lord Howe, i. 342; journey of, from Philadelphia to Staten island, in company with Adams and Rutledge, i. 344; sharp remark made by, to Lord Howe, i. 345; remark of, respecting the entrance of the British into Philadelphia, ii. 90; aid furnished by, in fitting out Paul Jones's squadron in France—the *Bon Homme Richard* so named in compliment to, ii. 186.
- Franks, Miss, one of the "*Mischianza*" ladies, remarkable wit of, ii. 96.
- Fraser, General, defeat of General Thompson by, at Three Rivers, i. 277; in command of a division of Burgoyne's army, i. 485; attack of, upon Colonels Francis and Warner, at Hubbardton, i. 496; mortal wound received by, at the second battle of Bemis's heights, ii. 41; dying request of, ii. 45; Burgoyne's description of the burial of—minute-guns fired by the Americans in honor of the memory of, ii. 46.
- Fredericksburg, encampment of Washington at, in 1778, ii. 157.
- Fremont, John Charles, expedition of, west of the Rocky mountains, in 1845—European reputation of, iii. 316; biographical notice of, iii. 317; visit of, to Captain Sutter, iii. 322; visit of, to the Mexican authorities at Monterey, in California—ordered by General De Castro to leave the territory, iii. 323; verbal message from Mr. Buchanan received by, at the great Tlamath lake, iii. 325; party of, set upon at night by Tlamath Indians, iii. 326; determines to overthrow the Mexican authority in California, iii. 327; declares the independence of California, iii. 328; and party, description of, by a British officer, iii. 329; co-operation of, in California, with Commodore Stockton, iii. 330; appointed military commandant of the territory of California, iii. 331; movements of, against insurgents at Los Angeles and Monterey—Wah-lah-wah-lah Indians pacified by, iii. 353; expedition of, against the insurgents at San Luis Obispo, iii. 363; unites his forces with those of Stockton and Kearney in Los Angeles, iii. 364.
- French officers, impertunity of, for commissions in the American army, i. 451.
- Frenchtown, British driven out of, by Kentuckians under Colonels Lewis and Allen, ii. 509; surrender of, to Proctor, by General Winchester, ii. 511; wounded prisoners taken at, not protected by Proctor from the Indians—killed and wounded at, ii. 512.
- Frolic, British brig, capture of, by the Wasp, ii. 488.
- Frolic, sloop-of-war, capture of, by the British, in 1814, iii. 153.
- Fry, Colonel Joshua, in command of troops sent to the Ohio, in 1754, i. 34; death of, at Will's creek, i. 41.

G.

- Gabrowski, Count, death of, at the storming of Fort Montgomery, ii. 36.
- Gadsden, Colonel, in command of Fort Johnson, near Charleston, i. 289; refusal of, to accept liberty on parole, i. 277.
- Gage, Colonel Thomas (afterward General), with Braddock at the Monongahela, i. 76; appointed governor of Massachusetts, i. 137; American colonists not understood by, i. 138; design of, to seize arms and ammunition at Concord—artillery and ammunition belonging to the city of Boston seized by, i. 140; passes refused by, to persons desiring to leave Boston—large force under the command of, in Boston, i. 160; proclamation issued by, i. 161; alarm of, after the battle of Breed's hill, i. 181; sufferings of the army of, in Boston, i. 190; a comrade of Washington in Braddock's campaign—correspondence of Washington with, in relation to prisoners, ii. 192; superseded by General Howe, i. 215.
- Gaines, General Edmund P., placed by General Brown in command of Fort Erie, iii. 167; severe wound received by, in Fort Erie, iii. 169.
- Gaines, Major, capture of, with Kentucky horsemen, at Encarnacion, iii. 380.
- Gainey, Major, surprised by Marion, ii. 206.
- Gallipagos islands, visit of Captain Porter to, in the Essex, iii. 127.

- Gamble, Lieutenant, prizes left by Captain Porter in charge of, at the Marquesas, iii. 148.
- Gansevoort, Colonel Peter, in command of Fort Stanwix, i. 512.
- Gardner, Colonel, death of, at Breed's hill, i. 177.
- Gardner, Lieutenant, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, iii. 421.
- Garland, Colonel, Twiggs's division under the command of, in the attack on Monterey, iii. 300.
- Garth, General, ravages of, in Connecticut, in conjunction with Tryon, ii. 181.
- Gates, Horatio, appointed major-general by Congress, through New-England influence—biographical notice of, i. 282; letter written by, to Charles Lee, i. 283; command of the Northern army claimed by, i. 284; claims of, resisted by General Schuyler, i. 285; troops sent by, to reinforce Washington, intercepted by General Lee, i. 407; urged by Washington to hasten to Pittstown, i. 408; much affected by the capture of Lee—arrival of, and suite, at the Delaware—suspicions of, excited by one Levy, a Jew, i. 413; junction of the division under the command of, with that of Washington, i. 414; singular conduct of, on the eve of the attempt upon Trenton, i. 417; unwillingness of, to accept the position of adjutant-general, as proposed by Hancock, i. 458; appointed to supersede Schuyler in command of the Northern army, i. 459; compelled to restore the command of the Northern army to Schuyler, i. 481; requested to withdraw from the floor of Congress, i. 482; appointed by Congress to supersede Schuyler in command of the Northern army—popularity of, in New England—letter of, to Washington, describing the condition of his command, ii. 8; attack made by, with his pen, upon Burgoyne—charges of cruelty made by, denied by Burgoyne, ii. 9; army of, largely reinforced—names of distinguished officers under the command of, ii. 21; scarcity of ammunition in the camp of, ii. 30; urged by Arnold to attack Burgoyne, ii. 39; slow pursuit of Burgoyne by, ii. 48; follows Burgoyne to the Fishkill—description of the quarters of, near the Fishkill, ii. 50; mistaken movement ordered by, on Burgoyne's camp, ii. 54; courtesy of, toward Burgoyne, at his surrender, ii. 57; friendly footing established between, and Burgoyne, ii. 58; movements of, toward Albany, to meet General Vaughan, ii. 60; reinforcements withheld from Washington by, ii. 71, 74; improper conduct of, toward Washington, ii. 97; appointed by Congress to command the forces in the South, ii. 220; prophetic caution given to, by General Lee—precipitate march of, to meet Lord Rawdon at Camden, ii. 221; privations suffered by the troops of, on the march, ii. 222, 223; night-march of, toward Camden—detachment sent by, to reinforce General Sumter—reinforced by General Stevens, with Virginia militia—junction of the army of, with General Caswell's militia, ii. 223; un-informed of the position and movements of Cornwallis—unexpected meeting of, with Cornwallis's army, between Camden and Clermont, ii. 224; total defeat of, ii. 227; miserable condition of the wreck of his army on the march to Salisbury, ii. 229; British ascendancy established in the South by the defeat of—humiliation of, evidenced in a letter to Washington, ii. 230; wretched condition of the army of, at Hillsborough, ii. 285; bad news received by, at Charlotte—superseded by General
- Greene—powerfully affected by the kindness of Washington, ii. 289; subsequent career of (*note*), ii. 293.
- Gattanewa, visit of, to Captain Porter, at Nookaheva, iii. 136.
- General Greene, frigate, cruises of the elder Perry in, iii. 41.
- George III., destruction of the leaden effigy of, at the Bowling-Green, New York, i. 306.
- Georgetown, on Winyaw bay, attacked and carried by Marion, ii. 348.
- Georgia, plundered by Tories from Florida, ii. 170; loyalty of the people of, ii. 172, 174; Indian outbreak in, quelled by General Jesup, iii. 376.
- Georgiana, a British whaler, capture of, by the *Essex*—equipped as a cruiser by Captain Porter, iii. 129; captures made by Lieutenant Downes in, iii. 131.
- Gerard, M., arrival of, in company with Silas Deane, from France, ii. 143; grand dinner given to, by Arnold, in Philadelphia, ii. 242.
- Germantown, Washington removes his camp to, i. 503; retreat of Washington to, after the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 62; encampment of General Howe at—determination of Washington to attack the British in, ii. 64; description of the environs of—position of the British at—Washington's plan of attack upon the British in, ii. 65; night-march of Washington to—British at, compelled to retreat by Wayne's impetuous attack—battle at, lost by delay at Chew's house, ii. 66; causeless panic among the American troops at—British very nearly defeated at, ii. 67; killed and wounded at—American retreat from, covered by Greene and Wayne—retreat of Washington from, to Perkimen creek, ii. 68.
- German troops, impression made upon, by the bearing of the Americans at Burgoyne's surrender, ii. 58.
- Ghent, American commissioners kept in suspense at, iii. 209; names of British and American commissioners at—anxiety of merchants to learn the result of negotiations at, iii. 211; great interest awakened in the negotiations at—extravagant demands made by the British commissioners at, iii. 212.
- Gibbon, Lieutenant, forlorn hope led by, in Wayne's storming of Stony Point, ii. 184.
- Gibbs, General, mortally wounded at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 238.
- Gila river, encampment of General Kearney on, iii. 356; ruins of Casa de Montezuma on, described, iii. 357.
- Gillespie, Captain, besieged in Los Angeles by Californians in insurrection, iii. 353; sent with assistance to the camp of General Kearney, iii. 354; meeting of, with Kearney, iii. 359.
- Girard, Stephen, United States loan taken by, in 1813, ii. 506.
- Gist, Braddock's guide, narrow escape of, i. 73.
- Gist, Nathaniel, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Glasgow, a British twenty-gun ship, escape of, from a squadron under Commodore Hopkins, i. 269.
- Gloucester, near Yorktown, investment of, by French and American troops, in 1781, ii. 393; cavalry skirmish near, ii. 394.
- Glover, Colonel, regiment of, from Marblehead, described by Graydon, i. 299; essential service rendered by, in the retreat from Long island, i. 333; services rendered by, in removing the sick and stores from New York to New

- Jersey, i. 349; resistance made by the brigade of, to Sir William Howe, on his approach to White Plains, i. 375; skirmish between the brigade of, and a body of Hessians, i. 381; appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Goch, Captain, note from Washington borne by, to Fort Washington during its investment, i. 392.
- Gordon, Captain, in command of the Chesapeake, at the time of the Leopard's attack, ii. 415.
- Gordon, Captain, escape of, from the fire-ships of Porter, Perry, and Rogers—squadron under the command of, sails up the Potomac, iii. 197.
- Grant, Colonel (afterward General), his opinion of American courage, i. 139; in command of a body of British troops on Long island, i. 324; attack of Lord Stirling upon, at the battle of Long island, i. 326; outmanœuvred by Lafayette at Matson's ford, on the Schuylkill, ii. 109.
- Grant, Major, death of, at Hubbardton, i. 496.
- Graves, Admiral, combined attack by French and Americans upon New York prevented by the arrival of, ii. 238; ships of, engage those of Count de Grasse off the capes of Virginia—return of, with his crippled fleet, to New York, ii. 389.
- Gravesend, Long island, landing of General Howe's troops in the neighborhood of, i. 322.
- Gray, Deacon, letter of, to William Pepperell, i. 10.
- Graydon, treatment of, while a prisoner, i. 441; description by, of Washington's camp at Morristown, i. 473.
- Grayson, William, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Great American Desert, difficult march of the force under General Kearney across, iii. 341.
- "Great Crossings," arrival of Braddock at, i. 71.
- Great Meadows, a position chosen by Washington in 1754, i. 37; Fort Necessity constructed by Washington at, i. 41; arrival of Braddock at, i. 72; death of Braddock at, i. 81.
- Great Portage, formidable obstacles presented by, to Arnold, on his way to Quebec, i. 203.
- Great Salt Lake, encampment of Colonel Fremont at, iii. 320.
- Greenburg, encampment of the French and American forces on the hills of, ii. 382.
- Greene, Colonel Christopher, his defence of Fort Mercer against the Hessians under Donop, ii. 70; murdered by Delancey's men, ii. 335.
- Greene, Nathaniel (afterward General), joins the patriot army at Cambridge, i. 151; in command of the American troops on Long island, i. 319; sickness of, at the time of General Howe's landing on the island, i. 321; duties of, devolved upon Putnam and Sullivan, i. 322; urgency of, for the evacuation of New York, i. 340; difficulty of, with the New-York militia, i. 383; letter of Washington to, advocating the abandonment of Fort Washington, i. 384; determined to defend Fort Washington by the opinion of Colonel Magaw, i. 385; how consoled for the loss of the fort, i. 393; retreat of the American army covered by, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 19; movements of, in New Jersey, on the approach of Clinton and Knyphausen, ii. 233, 234; Gates superseded by, in the southern department, ii. 289; biographical notice of, ii. 290; movements of, in the South, ii. 293; efforts of, to join Morgan after the battle of the Cowpens, ii. 311; destitute condition of the forces under, ii. 312; British pursuit of, interrupted by the rise of the Yadkin—narrow escape of, from Tarleton, at the Catawba—assistance rendered to, by the landlady at Steele's tavern, ii. 314; object of, in retiring before Cornwallis, ii. 315; sufferings of the army of, on the retreat to the Dan, ii. 316; reinforcements received by, at Troublesome creek—Fabian policy of, made necessary by the instability of his militia, ii. 321; attacked by Cornwallis at Guilford courthouse, ii. 322; disposition of the force of, at Guilford courthouse, ii. 323; retreat of, to Reedy fork, ii. 324; retreat of, to Troublesome creek—Cornwallis pursued by, to Ramsay's mills, ii. 326; deserted by his militia, ii. 327; march of, into South Carolina, ii. 338; surprised by Lord Rawdon at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 340; gloomy forebodings of, expressed to Colonel Davis—cheered by the news that Rawdon had determined to evacuate Camden, ii. 345; Ninety-Six besieged by, ii. 348; retreat of, pursued by Rawdon—siege of Ninety-Six abandoned by, on the approach of Lord Rawdon, ii. 354; encampment of, on the "High hills" of the Santee, ii. 357; activity of the cavalry of, ii. 366; camp on the hills of the Santee broken up by—movement of, toward Eutaw Springs, ii. 367; attacks the British under Colonel Stewart at Eutaw Springs, ii. 368; returns to his position on the High hills of the Santee—reinforcements received by, ii. 375; offensive operations resumed by, ii. 376; movements of, after the surrender of Yorktown—attempts of, to drive the British into Charleston, ii. 377; panic in the garrison of Dorchester on the approach of, ii. 378; peaceable evacuation of Charleston permitted by, on conditions, ii. 379.
- Greenleaf Point, near Washington, explosion in the arsenal at, in 1814, iii. 194.
- "Green-Mountain Boys" and the New-Hampshire grants, i. 152; hostility of Arnold toward, i. 195; services rendered by, under the command of Seth Warner, i. 201.
- Greenwich, British ship, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 130.
- Grenadier, taken prisoner by a boy at White Plains, i. 381.
- Grenadiers, British, twelve of them burned alive by Indians after Braddock's defeat, i. 83.
- Grey, Sir Charles, depredations of, at New Bedford and Martha's Vineyard, ii. 149; light-horse under Colonel Baylor surprised by, ii. 158.
- Gridley, Colonel Richard, lines marked out by, on Breed's hill, i. 163.
- Griffin, Colonel, attention of Count Donop diverted by, during the attack upon Trenton, i. 423.
- Griffiths, Reverend David, warning given to Washington by, on the eve of the battle of Monmouth, ii. 122.
- Guadalupe Hidalgo, treaty of, signed by Trist and Mexican commissioners, iii. 469.
- Guerriere, capture of, by the Constitution, ii. 452.
- Guilford courthouse, account of the battle at, ii. 322; the killed and wounded at—victory at, a dear one to the British, ii. 325.
- Gulf of Mexico, large American fleet in, at the time of the attack on Vera Cruz, iii. 412.
- Gunby, Colonel, regiment of, seized with panic at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 342.

H.

- Hackensack, encampment formed by Washington at, i. 386.
- Hale, Captain Nathan, hanged as a spy, on an apple-tree in Rutger's orchard, New York, i. 348.

- Hale, Colonel, flight of, with a militia regiment, from General Fraser, at Hubbardton—surrender of, to an inferior force of British troops, i. 496.
- Hale, Colonel (British), shot down while crossing the Catawba, ii. 313.
- Hale, General, dismissed with his mutinous brigade from Fort Strother, iii. 94.
- Halket, Sir Peter, colonel of one of Braddock's regiments, i. 54; death of, and his son, at Braddock's defeat, i. 78.
- Hambleton, Purser, confidential interview of Perry with, on the eve of the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 57.
- Hamilton, Alexander, biographical notices of, i. 266, 459; personal appearance of (*note*), i. 267; good conduct of, at White Plains, i. 379; British held in check at Brunswick by the artillery of, i. 405; received into the military "family" of Washington, i. 459; affectionate treatment of, by Washington, i. 460; reinforcements for Washington's army obtained by, from Putnam and Gates, ii. 74; Washington abandons the scheme of seizing the person of Clinton by the advice of, ii. 107; Arnold's treason made known by, to Washington, ii. 262; sympathy of, for Major André, ii. 267; British redoubt at Yorktown stormed by—misunderstanding of, with Washington (*note*), ii. 397.
- Hamilton, General, in command of a division of Burgoyne's army, ii. 485.
- Hammond, Sir Andrew, a British ship, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 132.
- Hampton, British outrages at, iii. 32.
- Hampton, Colonel Wade, dragoons made prisoners by, near Charleston, ii. 358.
- Hampton, General, ordered by Secretary Armstrong to co-operate with General Wilkinson in the invasion of Canada, iii. 105; unsuccessful attempt upon Montreal made by, iii. 106; refusal of, to co-operate with Wilkinson in the attack on Montreal, iii. 109.
- Hancock, John, an early friend of the popular cause in Boston, i. 141; ambitious of being made commander-in-chief, i. 157.
- Hand, Colonel, wheat destroyed by, on Long Island, i. 322; appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452.
- Hanson, Charles, death of, at Contreras, iii. 446.
- Happahs, expedition sent against, by Captain Porter, iii. 142.
- Hardee, Captain, and a squadron of dragoons, made prisoners on the Rio Grande, iii. 280.
- Hardin, Colonel, and Illinois volunteers, position of, at Buena Vista, iii. 388; death of, at Buena Vista, iii. 403.
- Harlem, position of British and American forces at the battle of, i. 353; death of Colonel Knowlton and Major Leitch at, i. 354.
- Harmer, General, with Ohio volunteers, at the siege of Monterey, iii. 312.
- Harney, Colonel, in General Wool's expedition against Chihuahua, iii. 349; in command of General Smith's brigade at Cerro Gordo, iii. 421; conduct of, at Cerro Gordo, highly commended by General Scott, iii. 425.
- Harrison, Benjamin, brief notice of, ii. 457.
- Harrison, General William Henry, victory over the Indians at Tippecanoe obtained by, ii. 425; biographical notice of, ii. 457; large force of volunteers under the command of, ii. 458; superseded by General Winchester, but soon reinstated in his command, ii. 460; magnificent plans of, for a fall campaign—compelled to await the approach of winter, ii. 461; his design to recover Michigan from the British, ii. 507; retreat of, from the rapids of the Maumee to Portage river—hardships endured by the troops of (*note*), iii. 1; Fort Meigs constructed by, at the rapids of the Maumee, iii. 2; speech of, to his troops, on the approach of General Proctor to Fort Meigs, iii. 3; large force under the command of, at Lake Erie, iii. 39; anxiety of, for the co-operation of Perry, iii. 52; interview of Perry with, at Sandusky, iii. 53; invasion of Canada by, iii. 67; movements of, after the battle of the Thames—command resigned by, iii. 71.
- Hartford, visit of Washington to, to meet Rochambeau, ii. 247.
- Hartford convention in 1814, iii. 213.
- Hartley, Thomas, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Haslet, Colonel, conduct of the Delawares and Marylanders commanded by, at the battle of Long Island, i. 327.
- Hawkins, Captain, succeeds Major Brown in command of Fort Brown—reply of, to General Arista's summons to surrender, iii. 291.
- Haw river, party of loyalists under Colonel Pyle surprised near, ii. 319; retreat of Tarleton across, to escape Pickens and Lee, ii. 320.
- Hayne, Colonel Isaac, account of the execution of, by the British, in Charleston, ii. 363; case of, similar to that of André—proclamation issued by General Greene in relation to the execution of, ii. 365.
- Hays, Colonel, his regiment of Texans at the storming of Monterey, iii. 304.
- Hazelwood, Commodore, fugitive Hessians at Fort Mercer fired upon by, ii. 70; thanks voted to, by Congress, ii. 71.
- Head of Elk, departure of French and American armies for, ii. 387.
- Heady, Captain, and Kentucky troopers, made prisoners near Saltillo, iii. 381.
- Heald, Captain, Fort Dearborn evacuated by, by order of General Hull—command of, surprised by Indians, on the retreat to Detroit, ii. 441.
- Heath, General, in command of the provincials at Lexington, i. 148; biographical notice of, i. 375; Highlands and river forts placed under the command of, i. 385; orders of General Lee disregarded by, i. 396; account given by, of Lee's attempt to get two of his regiments away from him, i. 401; certificate given to, by General Lee, i. 402; letter of Washington to, after the battle of Princeton, i. 438; movements of, near Fort Independence and Kingsbridge, i. 439; conduct of, at Fort Independence, criticised by Washington, i. 440; appointed by Washington to receive Rochambeau at Newport, ii. 238.
- Heights of Abraham, how ascended by the army of Wolfe, i. 127.
- Henderson, Colonel, night-sortie made by, from Charleston, upon Sir Henry Clinton's lines, ii. 211; wounded at Eutaw Springs, ii. 370.
- Henley, David, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Henley, Major Thomas, death of, in an attempt upon Montrossor's island, i. 358.
- Henrie, Captain, a Texan, escape of, when made prisoner by the Mexicans, iii. 381.
- Henry, an Irish adventurer, money paid to, by President Madison, for revealing a pretended conspiracy, ii. 426.

- Henry, Patrick, language of, urging a levy of troops in Virginia, i. 238.
- Herkimer, General, efforts of, to relieve Fort Stanwix, invested by St. Leger—charged with cowardice by his officers—troops sent by St. Leger to meet, i. 513; ambuscade laid for the troops of—severe wound received by—continues to smoke and give orders, i. 514; desperate struggle of the troops of, with the "Johnson Greens"—left in possession of the field—death of, at his home on the Mohawk, i. 515.
- Hermes, a British ship, destruction of, in the British attack on Fort Bowyer, in 1814, iii. 222.
- Hermilage*, quiet life of Jackson at, before the war of 1812, iii. 83.
- Herrera, president of Mexico, pacific disposition of, toward the United States, iii. 270; intentions of, overruled by General Paredes, iii. 271.
- Hessians, landing of, on Long island, i. 322; ferocity of, at the battle of Long island, i. 329; surrender of, at the battle of Trenton, i. 422; humanity displayed by Washington toward, i. 440; slow movements of, on the march to Bennington, ii. 2, 5, 6; forbidding aspect of, to the people of Philadelphia, ii. 64.
- Hickey, Thomas, one of Washington's guards, hanged for treason, i. 287.
- "High hills" of the Santee, encampment of General Greene on, ii. 357; Greene resumes his position on—great number of the sick and wounded in the camp of, ii. 375.
- Highlands of the Hudson, Massachusetts militia ordered up to, by Washington, i. 372; measures taken by Washington for the protection of, in 1778, ii. 157.
- Hillabees, a Creek tribe, inveterate enemies made of, by General White, iii. 93.
- Hillsborough, wretched condition of Gates's army at, ii. 285; attempt of Cornwallis to raise recruits in, ii. 317; abandoned by Cornwallis for a position near Allamance creek, ii. 320.
- Hillyar, Captain, American frigate *Essex* captured by, iii. 150.
- Hinds, Colonel, rapid march of, with Mississippi dragoons, to reinforce General Jackson, iii. 229.
- Hinman, Captain, services of, at sea, in the *Alfred*, ii. 76.
- Hobkirk hill, account of the battle at, ii. 340; killed and wounded at, ii. 344.
- Holland, independence of the United States acknowledged by, after the surrender of Burgoyne, ii. 61.
- Holmes, Captain A. H., brilliant exploit of, at Longwood, in Canada, iii. 116; death of, in the attack on Mackinaw, in 1814, iii. 158.
- Hood, Sir Samuel, arrival of, at New York, with fourteen ships-of-the-line, ii. 388.
- Hopkins, Commodore, account of the cruise of, in 1776, i. 268; censure of, by Congress, i. 270.
- Hopkins, General, Captain Zachary Taylor reinforced by, at Fort Harrison, ii. 459; volunteers under the command of, return home—winters at Vincennes with a small force, ii. 460.
- Hornet, challenge of Lawrence in, to Captain Green in *La Bonne Citoyenne*, ii. 498; escape of, from the British seventy-four *Montague*, ii. 502; engagement of, with the *Peacock*—armament of, compared with that of the *Peacock* (*note*), ii. 503; British brig-of-war *Penguin* captured by, in 1815—chased by a line-of-battle ship iii. 219.
- Horseneck, salt-works destroyed by Tryon at, ii. 180.
- Horseshoe Bend, terrible destruction of Indians at, by General Jackson, iii. 99.
- Howard, Colonel, decisive charge of bayonets made by, at the battle of the Cowpens, ii. 301; silver medal presented to, by Congress, for his services at the Cowpens, ii. 302.
- Howe, Admiral Lord Richard, arrival of, in New-York bay—biographical notice of—proclamation drawn up by, and his brother the general—Washington's remarks upon the proclamation of—early intimacy of, with Franklin—letter of, addressed to "George Washington, Esquire," i. 309; movements of, indicating the intention of cutting off the American retreat from Long island, i. 332; committee of Congress appointed to meet, at Staten island—reply of Franklin to a letter of, i. 342; details of the journey of the committee of Congress sent to confer with, i. 343; reception by, of the committee from Congress, i. 344, 345; details of the conversation of the committee with, i. 345; success of the proclamation issued by—remark of a clergyman in relation to the proclamation of, i. 404; residence of, in Philadelphia, ii. 89; preparations made by, to receive D'Estaing at Sandy Hook, ii. 143; arrival of, off Rhode island, in search of D'Estaing, ii. 145; fleet of, dispersed by a storm, ii. 146; return of the fleet of, to New York, to refit, ii. 147.
- Howe, Colonel (afterward General Sir William), in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109; arrival of, at Boston, in the *Cerberus*, in 1775, i. 160; attack upon the American works on Breed's hill intrusted to—biographical notice of—character of, described by General Lee, i. 167; address of, to his soldiers, when about to make his attack upon Breed's hill, i. 171; little service done by the artillery of, at Breed's hill, i. 172; courage displayed by, at Breed's hill, i. 174; wounded at Breed's hill, i. 176; chief command assumed by, in Boston, on Gage being recalled, i. 215; fortifications strengthened by, in and around Boston—harsh measures of, toward the patriots in Boston, i. 216; Boston spared by, by informal arrangement with Washington, i. 248; impatience of, to get away from Boston, i. 250; proclamations issued by, i. 251; perplexing uncertainty of the movements of, i. 272; arrival of, in the bay of New York, i. 301; awaits the arrival of Admiral Howe, i. 302; assistance from Tories expected by, i. 306; letter of, addressed to "George Washington, Esquire," i. 310; great superiority of the forces of, to those of Washington, i. 315; his skillful plan of attack on Long island, i. 324; movements of, after the battle of Long island, i. 329; unwillingness of, to believe that the Americans had left the island, i. 336; inactivity of, within his lines—reinforcements from England desired by, i. 360; movements of, toward Throgg's Point and New Rochelle, i. 372; alarm of, at the defeat of the Hessians at Trenton, i. 427; indolence of—movements of, in the spring of 1777, i. 453; plan of, for the campaign of 1777, i. 461; designs of, unknown to Washington, i. 462; movements of, near Brunswick, i. 478, 479; real object of the movements of, i. 478; retreat of, from Brunswick to Amboy and Staten island, i. 480; perplexing movements of, i. 502; arrival of, in the Chesapeake, ii. 13; landing of, on the banks of the Elk river—great number of horses lost by, during his voyage, ii. 14; movements of, before the battle of the Brandy-

- wine, ii. 15; encampment of, at Germantown, ii. 64; "high jinks" kept by, in Philadelphia, ii. 89; indolence of, in Philadelphia, the salvation of Washington at Valley Forge, ii. 90; command of the army resigned by, ii. 91; the *Mischianza* got up in honor of, ii. 91-96; careful of the lives and comfort of his men, ii. 113.
- Howe, Earl Edward, death of, at Ticonderoga, in 1758, i. 104.
- Howe, General Robert, unsuccessful expedition of, against Tories in Florida, ii. 170; entire defeat of, by Colonel Campbell, near Savannah—tried by a court-martial and acquitted, ii. 171; superseded by General Lincoln, ii. 173; mutiny at Pompton suppressed by, ii. 308.
- Huamantla, General Rea defeated by the Americans at, iii. 468.
- Hubbardton, Colonels Francis and Warner attacked by General Fraser in, i. 496; flight of Colonel Hale with a regiment of militia from Fraser at—death of Major Grant at—death of Colonel Francis at—militia regiments ordered by General St. Clair to reinforce troops at, refuse to go, i. 496.
- Hudson Highlands, position of Washington's army in, in the autumn of 1779, ii. 185.
- Hudson river, measures taken by the brothers Clinton for the defence of, i. 308; British vessels-of-war sail up, i. 371; efforts of Washington to obstruct, i. 372; forts on, feebly garrisoned at the time of Sir Henry Clinton's advance, ii. 32.
- Huger, General, surprise of, at Monk's Corner, by Tarleton, ii. 209; junction of, with Greene and Morgan, at Guilford courthouse, ii. 315; at the head of the Virginia brigade at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 340.
- Huger, Major Benjamin, and twelve men, killed by mistake of the Charleston garrison, ii. 176.
- Hull, Captain Isaac, chase of, in the Constitution, by a British squadron under Captain Broke, ii. 446; brief biographical notice of, ii. 450; encouraging influences on the mind of the nation, of his capture of the *Guerriere*, ii. 454.
- Hull, Captain (son of General Hull), death of, at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 166.
- Hull, General William, expedition of, against Canada, in 1812, ii. 431; disgraceful retreat of, from Canada, ii. 434; his surrender at Detroit, ii. 440; allowed by General Brock to return home on parole—sentenced by court-martial to be shot—pardoned by Madison, ii. 441.
- Humber river, vessels taken and destroyed in, by Paul Jones, ii. 188.
- Humphrey, Captain, in command of the Leopard, at the time of the attack on the Chesapeake, ii. 415.
- Hunter, a British vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 54.
- Hunter, Lieutenant Charles G., Alvarado taken possession of by, iii. 415; tried by court-martial, and dismissed from the navy, iii. 416.
- Hunting-shirts recommended by Washington for the continental army, i. 189.
- Huntington, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, in 1777, i. 432.
- I.
- Illinois, gallantry of the volunteers from, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 395.
- Impressment of seamen, British, universal opposition to, ii. 456.
- Independence, a seventy-four, blockaded at Boston, in 1814, iii. 153.
- Independence, the popular mind in America prepared for, by Paine's "Common Sense," i. 304.
- Indiana, flight of the volunteers from, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 398.
- Indian hag, seen by Fremont and Kit Carson, iii. 320.
- Indian, solitary, seen by Fremont in the Rocky mountains, iii. 321.
- Indians, conduct of, in the camp of Braddock, i. 65; cruelty of, to English prisoners, after Braddock's defeat, i. 83; visitors at the camp at Cambridge, in 1775, i. 220; humanity of Burgoyne's directions to, i. 486; Burgoyne unable to restrain, i. 510; activity of, on the frontiers, in the war of 1812, ii. 456; British reinforced by, at Queens-town, ii. 470; terror of, in the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 64.
- Indians, Mexican, American army under General Kearney welcomed by, iii. 343; speeches of chiefs of, to Kearney, iii. 344, 345.
- Indians, southern, incited by the Spaniards, in 1813, to attack American settlements, iii. 75.
- Inge, Lieutenant, killed in Captain May's charge at Resaca de la Palma, iii. 287.
- Ingersoll, British achievements on the southern coasts, in 1813, summed up by, iii. 33.
- Irons, Lieutenant J. F., mortal wound received by, at Churubusco, iii. 449.
- Isis and Cæsar, French and English ships, battle between, in 1778, ii. 146.
- Isle aux Noix, Montgomery and Schuyler at, in 1775, i. 197.
- Izard, General George, supersedes Wilkinson in command of the army at Plattsburg, iii. 116; dilatory and capricious conduct of, iii. 169; dependency of, on the approach of Sir George Prevost, iii. 201; Fort Erie destroyed by, iii. 213.
- J.
- Jacksonborough, legislature of South Carolina convened at, by Governor Rutledge, ii. 378.
- Jackson, Colonel Michael, attempt on Montross's island undertaken by, i. 356.
- Jackson, General Andrew, biographical notice of, iii. 79; Tennessee troops marched home by, in defiance of federal authority, iii. 85; campaign of, against the Creeks, in the fall of 1813, iii. 86; mutiny put down by, at Fort Strother, iii. 93; small force left under the command of, at Fort Strother, iii. 97; twice attacked by Indians in an attempt to make a diversion in favor of General Floyd, iii. 98, 99; return of, to Fort Strother; active operations resumed by, with a large force of militia—large body of Creeks defeated by, at Horseshoe Bend, iii. 99; Indian infant picked up by, at Horseshoe Bend, iii. 101; the Creek war ended by, iii. 104; operations of, in Florida, in 1814—placed in command of the southern military district, iii. 221; efforts made by, to put New Orleans in a state of defence, iii. 226; position of the camp of, below New Orleans, iii. 231; extraordinary efforts made by, to strengthen his position—cotton-bales, to what extent used by (*note*), iii. 233; batteries erected by General Packenham to assail the position of, iii. 234; more afraid of the people of New Orleans than of the British, ii. 236; encomium passed upon, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, iii. 241.

- Jackson, Henry, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Jackson, Robert, brother of Andrew, death of, iii. 82.
- Jalapa, march of General Twiggs toward, iii. 417; arrival of Generals Patterson and Worth at, iii. 426.
- Jamaica ships, unsuccessful pursuit of, by Rogers, in the President, ii. 445.
- Jameson, Colonel, his disposition of Major André and his papers—unwillingness of, to believe Arnold guilty of treason, ii. 258.
- James river, ravages of Arnold on, ii. 304; deception practised by Cornwallis at, on Lafayette and Wayne, ii. 334.
- Jasper, Sergeant, courage displayed by, at Fort Sullivan, i. 295; mortal wound received by, at the siege of Savannah, ii. 201.
- Java, American frigate, blockaded at Baltimore in 1814, iii. 153.
- Java, British frigate, account of the capture of, by the Constitution, ii. 499.
- Jefferson, Thomas, efforts of, to save Richmond from the British under Arnold—narrow escape of, from Arnold, ii. 304; reward offered by, for the capture of Arnold, ii. 305; narrow escape of, from Tarleton's dragoons, ii. 332.
- Jervis (afterward Earl St. Vincent), in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109.
- Jesup, Major (afterward General), at the battle of Chipewewa, iii. 161; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 163; wounded at Lundy's Lane, iii. 166; Indian outbreak in Georgia quelled by, iii. 376.
- John's island, Sir Henry Clinton lands his troops on, in 1780—General Prevost sends reinforcements to Clinton at, ii. 206; attempt to dislodge the British from, ii. 378.
- Johnson, Colonel, in command of Stony Point, at the time of Wayne's attack, ii. 183.
- Johnson, Colonel James, charge of, on the British line at the battle of the Thames, iii. 70.
- Johnson, Colonel Richard M., joins General Harrison with Kentucky riflemen, iii. 69; supposed to have killed Tecumseh, iii. 70.
- Johnson, Colonel William, biographical notice of, i. 87; Baron Dieskau defeated by, at Lake George, i. 89; made a baronet by the British government—subsequent inactivity of, i. 90.
- Johnson, Sir John, plans of, to serve the royal cause, in 1776—operations of General Schuyler to counteract the intentions of, i. 236; Highlanders of, disarmed by Schuyler, i. 237; trick played upon, and St. Leger, by Indians on their retreat from Fort Schuyler, ii. 12.
- Johnstone, Governor, language used by, in the house of commons, relative to the battle of Bunker's hill, i. 178; British commissioner, character of, ii. 113.
- Johnstone, Lieutenant J. P., death of, at Contreras, iii. 446.
- Jones, Captain Jacob, biographical notice of, ii. 487; account of his capture of the British brig Frolic, ii. 489; captured in the Wasp by the British seventy-four Poictiers, ii. 491.
- Jones, John Paul, biographical notice of, ii. 150; squadron placed under the command of, by the French government, ii. 186; cruise of, before meeting with the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough, ii. 186–188; account of his capture of the Serapis, ii. 189–194; language ascribed to, on receiving the sword of Captain Pearson (*note*), ii. 194.
- Jones, Lieutenant, flotilla of, at the entrance of Lake Ponchartrain, overpowered, iii. 226.
- Jonquière, failure of the expedition of, for the recapture of Louisburg, i. 31; fleet of, defeated and captured off Cape Finisterre, i. 32.
- Jornada, a desert crossed by General Kearney on his way to California, iii. 359.
- Jornada del Muerto, toilsome march of Colonel Doniphan across the desert of, iii. 405.
- Jumonville, death of, i. 38; claimed by the French to have been assassinated, i. 38, 44, 46; a spy as well as an ambassador, i. 39; language of Washington in relation to his attack upon, i. 39, 40; remains of, buried by De Villiers after his capture of Fort Necessity, i. 45.

K.

- Kearney, Colonel Stephen W. (afterward General), expedition of, against New Mexico, iii. 322; biographical notice of, iii. 333; orders of Secretary Marcy to, in relation to New Mexico and California, iii. 334; force under the command of, how constituted (*note*), iii. 335; difficult march of the army of, over the prairies, iii. 337; army of, enters the Pawnee country, iii. 338; Mexican spies, how treated by, iii. 339; Great American Desert crossed by—encampments of, on the filthy Tampa, and at the base of the Cimarron, iii. 341; march of, continued to Pecos without opposition, iii. 342; preparations of, to force his way into Santa Fé—enters Santa Fé without opposition, iii. 343; universally well received by the people and Indians of New Mexico, iii. 345; expedition of, to California, iii. 346; aid from Commodore Stockton solicited by—exchanges the horses of his dragoons for mules, iii. 354; Navajo Indians driven away from Palvadera by—meeting of, with Kit Carson, iii. 355; encampment of, on the Gila river—in the country of the Apaches, iii. 356; Californians and large droves of horses captured by—horses killed by, for food—meeting of, with Captain Gillespie, iii. 359; attack of, upon a Mexican force at San Pasqual—severe losses sustained by, at San Pasqual, iii. 360; desperate position of—sailors and marines sent to, by Commodore Stockton—arrival of, at San Diego, iii. 361; expedition of, in conjunction with Stockton, for the reduction of Los Angeles, iii. 362.
- Keasley, Lieutenant, arrest of, by order of General Jackson, iii. 97.
- Keene, General, commander of the British forces intended to operate against New Orleans, iii. 227; superseded by Sir Edward Packenham, iii. 232; severe wound received by, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 238.
- Kentucky, enthusiasm of the people of, for the war of 1812, ii. 457; ardor of the riflemen from, at the battle of the Thames, iii. 69; position of the troops from, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 236; meaning of the Indian word, iii. 266; flight of volunteers from, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 394.
- Key, Francis, circumstances under which he wrote "The Star-spangled Banner," iii. 200.
- King, Captain, made prisoner in an attack on the British, on the Niagara river, ii. 478.
- Kingsbridge, intrenchments thrown up at, by men under Mifflin, i. 297; headquarters of Washington at, i. 341; secret expedition against, proposed by Washington to be undertaken by Putnam, i. 477.

King's mountain, account of the battle of, ii. 279-285; killed, wounded, and prisoners at, ii. 284; prisoners hanged by the patriots at—monument erected at the scene of the battle of, ii. 285; plans of Lord Cornwallis changed by the news of the battle of, ii. 286.

Kirkwood, Captain, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 368.

Kit Carson, biographical notice of, iii. 319; his account of a night-attack of Tlamath Indians, iii. 326; attack made by, upon a Tlamath village, iii. 327; persuaded by General Kearney to act as guide, iii. 355; important service rendered to Kearney by, iii. 361.

Kittanning, destruction of, by a force under Armstrong, i. 96.

Knowlton, Captain, rail-and-hay battery erected by, at Breed's hill, i. 170; mortal wound received by, at the battle of Harlem, i. 354.

Knox, Colonel Henry (afterward General), arrival of, in the camp at Cambridge, with artillery from Ticonderoga and Crown Point, i. 243; entertainment given by, in camp, celebrating the anniversary of the French alliance, ii. 167; artillery under the command of, at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 395.

Knox, Lieutenant, forlorn hope led by, at Wayne's capture of Stony Point, ii. 184.

Knyphausen, General, Sir William Howe reinforced by a body of Hessians under the command of, i. 375; despatched by Howe to take possession of Kingsbridge, i. 384; position of, in the investment of Fort Washington, i. 387; name of Fort Washington changed to, by the British, i. 393; part performed by, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 16, 18; incursion from Staten island into New Jersey ordered by, ii. 204; New York left to the care of, by Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 205; incursion of, into New Jersey, in the summer of 1780, ii. 231; movements of, in New Jersey, i. 232-234; reinforced by Clinton, ii. 233.

Kosciusko, Thaddeus, favorable impression produced upon Washington by, i. 471; biographical notice of—commended by Franklin to Washington, i. 472; fortification of Mount Independence intrusted to, i. 486; works at West Point put under the supervision of, ii. 185; General Greene's engineer at the siege of Ninety-Six, ii. 349; succeeds Colonel Laurens in command of light-troops near Charleston—subsequent career of, in Europe (*note*), ii. 378.

L.

La Colle mill, attack of General Wilkinson upon, iii. 115; able defence of, made by Major Handcock, iii. 116.

La Colle river, badly-managed attack upon, ordered by General Dearborn, ii. 476.

Lady Prevost, a British vessel engaged in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 54.

Lafayette, Marquis de, first meeting of Washington with—biographical notice of, i. 504; arrival of, at Charleston, in company with Baron de Kalb—description of Charleston sent by, to his wife, i. 506; appointed major-general by Congress—anxiety of, for actual command, i. 507; personal appearance of, i. 508; wound received by, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 18; in charge of the Moravians for two months—impatience of, for action—narrow escape of, from British dragoons, ii. 78; his account of a skirmish with Hessians—commendation of, by Washington—appointed by Congress to the command of General Stephen's division, ii. 79; attempt of the "Conway cabal" to make an instrument of, in an expedition against Canada, ii. 102; disappointment of, in not finding the promised number of troops at Albany—return of, to Washington, at Valley Forge, ii. 103; skillful retreat of, from Barren hill, ii. 108; dissatisfaction of, with General Lee's extreme caution, ii. 121; sleeps by the side of Washington, at the foot of a tree, on the night after the battle of Monmouth, ii. 124; in the expedition against Rhode island, ii. 144; scheme of, for a French and American invasion of Canada—Washington adverse to the Canadian scheme of, ii. 163; return of, to France, in the Alliance, ii. 164; warm reception of, in France—appointed to the command of the dragoons of the king's guard, ii. 165; return of, to America, in 1780, ii. 235; reception of, by Congress, ii. 236; equipments for his light-infantry corps furnished at his own expense, ii. 239; instructions of Washington to, respecting Arnold, ii. 328; Cornwallis unable to force him to action, ii. 331; junction of, with Wayne and Steuben, ii. 333; retires up James river to Green springs, ii. 334; promised a field-marshalship of France by Louis XVI., ii. 335; plans of, for preventing the escape of Cornwallis by land, ii. 380; refusal of, to attack Cornwallis before the arrival of Washington and Rochambeau, ii. 391.

Lafitte, the pirate, offers his services to Governor Claiborne, iii. 222; services of, accepted by General Jackson, iii. 225.

La Hoya, pass of, abandoned by the Mexicans, iii. 426.

Lake Borgne, British fleet attempts to sail up, in 1814, iii. 227; difficult retreat of the British toward, iii. 240.

Lake Champlain, movements of Arnold on, i. 193; British fleet on, under the command of Captain Pringle—naval engagement on, between the British and American fleets, i. 367; no armed American vessels on, in 1812, ii. 463; struggle between English and Americans for the possession of, iii. 202; battle of, iii. 204; M'Donough's own account of his victory on (*note*), iii. 207; the killed and wounded in the battle on, iii. 208.

Lake Erie, Captain Perry commissioned to create and command a naval force on, iii. 48; difficulties experienced by Perry in the construction of ships at, iii. 49; preparations made by Perry for the battle on, iii. 54; names and force of the vessels engaged in the battle on (*notes*), iii. 54, 55; details of the battle of, iii. 58; killed and wounded in the battle of, iii. 64; burial of the dead after the battle of—important results of the battle of, iii. 66.

Lake George, encampment of Colonel William Johnson on the banks of, described by Bancroft—named by Colonel Johnson, i. 88.

Lake Ontario, only one armed vessel upon, in 1812, ii. 463; vessels-of-war constructed on, by Commodore Chauncey, iii. 39.

Lakes, advantages of the Canadas in naval resources on, in 1812, ii. 463; Captain Chauncey selected by Congress to take control of—Henry Eckford sent to build armed vessels on, ii. 464.

Lamb, Captain, destruction of the ice-battery in charge of, at Quebec, i. 210; part of his jaw-bone shot away at Quebec, i. 212; severe wound received by, in the attempt to intercept Governor Tryon on his retreat from Danbury, i. 468; employed at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 395.

- Lambert, Captain, mortal wound received by, on board the *Java*, in the engagement with the *Constitution*, ii. 501.
- Lambert, General, Pakenham reinforced by, before the battle of New Orleans, iii. 235; attack upon Mobile made by, iii. 241.
- Landero, General, Vera Cruz surrendered by, to General Scott, iii. 414.
- Lane, General, with the Indiana brigade at Buena Vista, iii. 388; siege of Puebla abandoned by General Rea on the approach of, iii. 468.
- La Pique, escape of, from the *Constitution*, in 1814, iii. 214.
- Las Vegas, arrival of General Kearney at, iii. 342.
- Laurens, Colonel John, zeal and ability of, as envoy to France, ii. 386, 387; Major Campbell made prisoner by, in an assault at Yorktown, ii. 398; death of, in a skirmish on the Combahee, in 1782, ii. 378; succeeded in command of light-troops by Kosciusko, ii. 378.
- Laurens, Henry, exchanged for General Burgoyne, ii. 409.
- Lauzun, Duke de, accompanies Rochambeau to America, ii. 237.
- La Vega, General, interview of, with General Worth, on the bank of the Rio Grande, iii. 274; made prisoner by Captain May, at Resaca de la Palma, iii. 287.
- Lawrence, Captain James, in command of the *Hornet*, challenges Captain Green in *La Bonne Citoyenne*, ii. 498; British sloop-of-war *Peacock* captured by, ii. 503; biographical notice of, iii. 17; appointed to the command of the Chesapeake, iii. 19; challenge of Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, accepted by, iii. 20; wound received by, in the leg, iii. 21; fall of, with a musket-ball through his body, iii. 22; death of, at Halifax, iii. 23; remains of, reburied at Salem, iii. 36.
- Lawrence, Colonel, Fort Bowyer, at Mobile, surrendered by, iii. 241.
- Lawrence, Perry's flag-ship at the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 56; fire of the British squadron concentrated upon—terrible slaughter on board, iii. 59; totally disabled, and her guns dismantled—abandoned by Captain Perry to the charge of Mr. Yarnell, iii. 61; compelled to strike her flag, iii. 62.
- Learned, Colonel (afterward General), informal agreement made between Washington and Howe to spare Boston, through the agency of, i. 248; appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Leavenworth, Major, at the battle of Chippewa, iii. 161; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 164.
- Lechmere's Point, attack upon British soldiers at, led by Colonel Thompson, i. 223; fortifications erected on, by Washington, i. 226.
- Ledyard, Colonel, killed by Major Bromfield at Fort Griswold, after its surrender, ii. 390.
- Lee, General Charles, right wing of the continental army under the command of, at Prospect hill, i. 189; energetic action of, at Newport, in relation to Tories—biographical notice of—called "Boiling Water" by the Mohawks—served under Burgoyne in Portugal—estate purchased by, in Virginia—made a brigadier-general by Congress—personal appearance of, i. 229; impiety of—what Tom Paine said of, i. 230; operations of, against the New-York Tories, i. 235, 236; ordered by Congress to take command of the army in Canada—sent to the South by Congress—Washington's opinion of the capacity of, i. 258; letter of, to Washington, from Virginia, i. 259; the chief command taken by, at the defence of Charleston, against the attack of Sir Peter Parker—works at Fort Sullivan strengthened by, i. 290; remarkable general orders of, i. 290, 291; Charleston pronounced utterly defenceless by, i. 296; return of, from the South, i. 372; receives the command of a division stationed above Kingsbridge—reputation of, much increased by his success in the South—letter of, addressed to Congress, respecting the probable movement of General Howe upon Trenton or Burlington, i. 373; a change of position of the American army recommended by—opposed to the attempt to hold Fort Washington, i. 374; anecdote of, at White Plains—high opinion held by Washington of the military talents of, i. 377; in command of troops at Newcastle—instructions of Washington to, i. 385; unavailing efforts of, to induce the militia-men of his army to remain, i. 386; mortification of, at the loss of Fort Washington, i. 392; urged by Washington to come to his aid in New Jersey, i. 395; deference of Washington to the opinions of—reasons given by, for remaining at Newcastle, i. 396; flattering letters written to, by General Reed and others, i. 397; true motives of, in disobeying the orders of Washington—letter of Washington to, from Brunswick—letter of, to Reed, read by Washington, i. 399; letter of, from Peekskill, addressed to Washington—efforts of, to get two of General Heath's regiments, i. 401; further extraordinary conduct of, with regard to Heath's regiments—Hudson river crossed by—letter of Washington to, from Trenton, i. 402; his purpose of acting independently—his request to Washington to take care of his favorite mare, i. 403; his continued neglect of the summons of Washington—Colonel Hampton sent to, by Washington, for information—impudence of the reply of, to Washington—success of, in recruiting in New Jersey, i. 406; unwillingness of, to leave Chatham, notwithstanding Washington's urgency—regiments sent by Gates to the aid of Washington intercepted by, i. 407; account of the capture of, in the words of Major Wilkinson, i. 410; designs of, at the time of his capture—letter of, to Gates, dated at Basking Ridge—capture of, supposed to have been made by collusion, i. 412; capture of, calmly spoken of by Washington, i. 413; kept a close prisoner in New York, i. 443; request of, that delegates might be sent to him from Congress, to receive a communication—letter of, to Washington, regretting the non-compliance of Congress with his request—Washington's sympathy for, expressed in a letter to Robert Morris, i. 449; mild treatment of, while a prisoner in New York—exchanged for the British general Prescott, ii. 102; opinions of, unfavorable to a general attack on Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 116; resigns his command to Lafayette—anxiety of, to resume his command, ii. 117; ordered to form a junction with Lafayette at Englishtown, ii. 118; ordered by Washington to attack Clinton's rear—contradictory intelligence brought to, respecting Clinton's movements, ii. 119; line formed by, on the plains of Monmouth—confident message sent by, to Washington, ii. 120; confusion in the orders of—movement of Washington in support of—intelligence of the full retreat of, given to Washington, ii. 121; a traitor, according to the belief of many—Washington warned against, on the eve of

- the battle of Monmouth—language of Washington to, ii. 122; subsequent conduct of, on the field of Monmouth, ii. 123; court-martial assembled at Brunswick to try, ii. 126; improper letters written by, to Washington, ii. 126, 127; skilful defence made by, ii. 127; sentence passed on, by the court-martial—decision of the court-martial respecting, confirmed by Congress—duel fought by, with Colonel Laurens—hostility of, to William Henry Drayton, of South Carolina, ii. 128; malevolence of, toward Washington, ii. 128, 129; summarily dismissed from the army by Congress—his eccentric mode of life in Virginia—death of, in 1782, ii. 129; remarkable will left by—strange conduct of, at Valley Forge, ii. 130; conduct of, at Monmouth, justified by some—treason of, proved by a document in possession of the New-York Historical Society (*note*)—Washington's conduct toward, not influenced by personal feelings, ii. 131; deservedly ranked with the traitors Church and Arnold, ii. 132
- Lee, Captain Henry (afterward General), services rendered by, as a cavalry-officer—biographical notice of, ii. 14; skirmish of, with British dragoons at Derby, ii. 106; account of his surprise of Paulus Hook, ii. 195; medal awarded to, by Congress, ii. 196; bridge at Springfield defended by, ii. 234; with General Greene at the siege of Ninety-Six, ii. 350; attempt of, to set fire to the fort at, ii. 351; deception practised by, upon Colonel Pyle, with a body of loyalists, ii. 318; prisoners taken by, from Lord Rawdon's cavalry, ii. 356; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 370.
- Leetown, residences of Generals Lee, Gates, and Adam Stephen, still standing near (*note*), ii. 293.
- Leitch, Major, death of, at the battle of Harlem, i. 354.
- Leith, descent upon, proposed by Paul Jones, ii. 188.
- Leopard, attack of, upon the Chesapeake, ii. 415.
- Leslie, Captain, defeat of, near Norfolk, by Virginia riflemen, i. 240; death of, at the battle of Princeton, i. 436.
- Leslie, General, arrival of, at Charleston, with reinforcements for Cornwallis, ii. 298; British under, confined to the neighborhood of Charleston, ii. 378; preparations of, for the evacuation of Charleston, ii. 379.
- Levant, British frigate, capture of, by the Constitution, iii. 215; recapture of, at Port Praya, iii. 217.
- Lewis, Estelle Anna, lines of, on the treason of Arnold, ii. 275.
- Lewis, General Andrew, resignation of, accepted by Congress, i. 456.
- Lexington, battle of—minute-men fired upon by the British at, i. 143; killed and wounded at the battle of, i. 149; impression produced in England by the news of the battle of, i. 157; money sent from England for the relief of the sufferers by the battle of, i. 217.
- Lincoln, General Benjamin, appointed major-general by Congress, i. 452; driven out of Boundbrook by Cornwallis, i. 464; joins Gates with New-Hampshire militia, ii. 30; General Robert Howe superseded by, in the South—biographical notice of—temporary inaction of, at Purysburg, ii. 173; heavy loss sustained by the army of, at Brier creek, ii. 174; attack of, upon the British under Colonel Maitland, on John's island—established at Sheldon in the summer of 1779, ii. 178; account of his siege of Savannah, in conjunction with D'Estaing, ii. 198; his defence of Charleston, in 1780, against Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 207; attacked by the British on Harlem river—expedition of, against Colonel Delancey's corps, at Morrisania, ii. 382; first parallel opened by, at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 396; appointed to conduct the surrender at Yorktown, ii. 403.
- Littafuchee, inhabitants of, destroyed by Colonel Dyer, iii. 88.
- Little Belt, a British vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 54.
- Little Belt and the President, conflict between, ii. 420.
- Little Egg Harbor, expedition against, intrusted to Captain Ferguson—shipping and buildings burned at, ii. 159.
- Little Meadows, arrival of Braddock at, i. 70.
- Livingston, Colonel, with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Livingston, Governor, letter of Washington to, anticipating an attack by General Howe upon Fort Washington, i. 383; assistance requested from, by Washington, i. 394, 404; improved organization of the New-Jersey militia suggested to, by Washington, i. 451.
- Lobos island, General Scott's force for the reduction of Vera Cruz rendezvous at, iii. 379, 411; description of, iii. 412.
- Loma d'Independencia, capture of, at the siege of Monterey, iii. 307.
- Long island, intrenchments thrown up on, under the directions of General Greene, i. 297; Greene in command of the American troops on, i. 319; Greene's account of the tories in, i. 320; landing on, of the troops of General Howe—language of Washington to the troops sent to, i. 322; Howe's skilful plan of attack on—position and description of the American defences on—roads and passes on the hills of, i. 324; details of the battle of, i. 325; American officers outgeneralled at the battle of, i. 327; comparative loss of British and Americans at—no mercy shown by the soldiers of De Heister at the battle of, i. 329; arrival at, of the battalions of Shee, Magaw, and Glover, i. 330; retreat of the American army from, i. 333; ignorance of Lord Howe of the American retreat from, i. 335; American army demoralized by the defeat in, i. 338; abundance of tories in, i. 360.
- Longwood, in Canada, brilliant exploit of Captain Holmes at, iii. 116.
- Los Angeles, insurrection of Californians at, iii. 353; march of Colonel Fremont to, from Santa Barbara, iii. 354; surrender of, to the forces of Stockton and Kearney, iii. 363; Stockton, Kearney, and Fremont, unite their forces in, iii. 364.
- Loudoun, earl of, sent to America as general-in-chief, in 1756, i. 93; arrival of, at Albany, i. 94; fruitless expedition of, against Louisburg, i. 98; superseded by General Amherst, i. 100.
- Louisburg, fortifications of, i. 6; plan of Governor Shirley for the capture of, i. 7; arrival of the New-England fleet at, i. 16; *coup de main* upon, abandoned by Shirley, i. 18; sufferings of the provincial troops at the siege of—summoned to surrender by Pepperell and Warren, i. 19; plans of Pepperell and Warren for a general attack upon, i. 22, 26; information given to the provincials by a deserter from, i. 24; general attack upon, i. 27; surrender of, to Pepperell—ammunition and stores found in, i. 28; deception practised on French ships at—effect in London of the news of the capture of, i. 29; important influence of the capture of, i. 30; expedition fitted out in Brest

- for the recapture of, in 1746—failure of the French expedition against, i. 31; ceded to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, i. 32; Amherst's expedition against, in 1758, i. 100, 102; unconditional surrender of, i. 103.
- Louisiana, constraint put upon the legislature of, by Governor Claiborne, by order of General Jackson, iii. 236; requisition for men made by General Taylor on the governor of, iii. 280.
- L'Ouverture, Toussaint, notice of (*note*), iii. 42.
- Lovell, General, in command of Massachusetts militiamen, sent against M'Lean, at Penobscot bay, ii. 197.
- Ludlow, Captain, in command of the President in the action with the Little Belt, ii. 420; mortal wound received by, on the Chesapeake, in the action with the Shannon—death of, at Halifax, iii. 23.
- Lundy's Lane, battle of, iii. 163; killed and wounded at the battle of, iii. 165; cannon recovered by the British after the battle of, iii. 166.
- Luzerne, M. de la, refusal of, to loan money to Arnold, ii. 244; interview of, with Washington, at Fishkill, ii. 260.
- Lynx, schooner, burned on the approach of the British to Washington, iii. 190.
- M.
- M'Call, Captain, draws the Mexican fire at Resaca de la Palma, iii. 286.
- M'Clure, General, village of Newark, in Canada, burned by, iii. 111.
- M'Crea, Jane, story of the murder of, i. 510; various versions of the narrative relating to—attempt of Burgoyne to punish the murderer of, i. 511; Burgoyne charged by Gates with having procured the murder of, ii. 9.
- M'Culloch, Major Ben, daring reconnaissance made by, on Santa Anna's force at Encarnacion, iii. 384; position of, with Texans, at Buena Vista, iii. 393.
- Macdonald, Captain, sent by Admiral Warren to the French commander in Louisburg, with a flag of truce, i. 25.
- Macdonald, Donald, presence of mind of, when ascending the heights of Abraham, i. 127.
- M'Donald, Donald, royal standard unfurled by, in North Carolina, in 1776, i. 241; defeat of, by General Moore, at Moore's-creek bridge, i. 242.
- M'Donough, Captain Thomas, biographical notice of, iii. 202; anecdotes illustrating the character of, iii. 203; appointed to the command of the American naval force on Lake Champlain—victory obtained by, on the lake, iii. 204; prayer read by, on going into battle, iii. 205; honors and rewards bestowed upon, iii. 208.
- M'Donough, Lieutenant, shot dead in Fort Erie, by Colonel Drummond, while demanding quarter, iii. 168.
- M'Dougall, General, Heath succeeded by, in command at Peekskill, i. 462; *ruse* practised upon, by General Howe, i. 463; substituted for Putnam in the command of West Point, ii. 180.
- Macedonian, capture of, by Decatur, in the United States, ii. 485; shut in the Thames by British cruisers, in 1814, iii. 217.
- M'Intosh, Captain, his own account of his escape from death at Resaca de la Palma, iii. 289.
- M'Intosh, William, a half-breed, note respecting, iii. 98.
- M'Kee, Colonel, position of, with Kentuckians, at Buena Vista, iii. 388; death of, at Buena Vista, iii. 403.
- Mackenzie, Captain Alexander Slidell, naval volunteers under the command of, at the siege of Vera Cruz, iii. 414.
- Mackinaw, expedition against, in 1814, under Croghan, Holmes, and Sinclair, iii. 157.
- M'Leod, Colonel, death of, at Moore's-creek bridge, i. 242.
- M'Neill, Major, at the battle of Chippewa, iii. 161; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 163.
- Macomb, General, efforts made by, for the defence of Plattsburg against Prevost, iii. 201; retreat of, over the Saranac, iii. 202.
- Macon, Nathaniel, peculiarities of character of (*note*), iii. 34.
- Macpherson, Allan, mode by which he escaped Indian torture, i. 106.
- Macy, John, letter of, found by Captain Porter, on Chatham island, iii. 128.
- Madison, Major, surrender of, at Frenchtown, to General Proctor, ii. 511.
- Madison, Mrs., cabinet papers carried away by, on the approach of the British to Washington—alarm of, for the safety of her husband, iii. 191; refused admission at a tavern, as being implicated with her husband in bringing on the war, iii. 192.
- Madison, President, pacific character of, ii. 422; war-message sent to Congress by, ii. 428; induced by Stewart and Bainbridge to put the navy to active employment, ii. 444; peace commissioners appointed by, iii. 114; determination of, to act only on the defensive in continuing the war in 1814, iii. 115; circular to the states issued by, calling for troops for national defence, iii. 170; retreat of, from Bladensburg, with his cabinet, iii. 176; dinner for a large party at the house of, found prepared by the British officers—obliged to seek concealment in the woods, on the approach of the British to Washington, iii. 193; return of, to Washington, iii. 197; language of, respecting the position of the country, in 1814, iii. 210; alarm of, for internal treason, iii. 212.
- Magaw, Colonel, confidence of, in his ability to hold Fort Washington, i. 385; reply of, at Fort Washington, to General Howe's summons to surrender, i. 388; compelled to surrender Fort Washington, i. 392.
- Mahan, Captain, British position at Monk's Corner taken by, ii. 375.
- Maine, demand made by England for the cession of a portion of, in 1814, iii. 212.
- Maine and New Brunswick, difficulties between, settled by Sir John Harvey and General Scott, iii. 378.
- Maitland, Colonel, assistance borne by, to Prevost, at the siege of Savannah, ii. 199; death of, a few days after the raising of the siege, ii. 202.
- Malden, unwillingness of General Hull to attack, without his "big guns," ii. 433; reinforcements sent to, by General Brock, ii. 436; design of Harrison to attack, ii. 507; abandoned by General Proctor on the approach of Harrison, iii. 68.
- Malmedy, M., Washington annoyed by the complaints of, i. 470; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 368.
- Manchester, duke of, his speech in the house of lords, on the evacuation of Boston, i. 257.
- Manchester, Virginia, stores and tobacco destroyed at, by Phillips and Arnold, ii. 329.
- Manly, Captain, commander of one of the schooners fitted out by Washington, i. 220; British brig Nancy taken by, with military stores, i. 223; continued successes of, i. 224.

- Manners, Captain, death of, in the Reindeer, in the action with the Wasp, iii. 154.
- Manning, Lieutenant, Simms's account of his capture of Major Barry, at Eutaw Springs, ii. 374.
- Mansfield, Captain, Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras, constructed under the supervision of, iii. 276; reconnaissance made by, before the attack on Monterey, iii. 300; gallantry displayed by, at the storming of Monterey, iii. 302.
- Mansfield, Edward D., results of the Mexican campaigns estimated by, iii. 478.
- Maples, Captain, American brig Argus captured by, in 1813, iii. 26.
- March, Mr., important information given by, to Captain Stewart, of the Constellation, iii. 30.
- Marcy, Captain William L. (afterward secretary of war), a volunteer in the war of 1812, ii. 475; supposed to have borne away, from St. Regis, the first colors taken during the war, ii. 476; orders of, to Colonel Kearney, in relation to New Mexico and California, iii. 334.
- Marion, General Francis, biographical notice of, ii. 216; miserable equipments of his men, ii. 222; exploits of, in South Carolina—pursuit of, by Tarleton, ii. 278; title of "Swamp-Fox" given to—privations endured by men under the command of, ii. 296; failure of his attack on the British at Georgetown, on Winyaw bay—anecdote of a British officer invited to dine with—stationary camp formed by, on Snow's island, ii. 297; operations of, in South Carolina, in the summer of 1781—concerted attack upon, by Colonels Watson and Doyle, ii. 336; dissatisfaction of the brigade of, with Sumter's partiality, ii. 362; activity of, on the Santee, ii. 363; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 368.
- Marjoribanks, Major, in command of British light-infantry at Eutaw Springs, ii. 369.
- Marlborough, occupied by the British in 1814, iii. 172; British retreating from Washington, harassed by citizens of, iii. 197.
- Marquesas islands, visit of Captain Porter to, in the Essex, iii. 134; unwillingness of Porter's sailors to leave, iii. 148.
- Martha's Vineyard, compulsory levy made by Sir Charles Grey on the inhabitants of, ii. 149.
- Martin, Governor, of North Carolina, proceedings of, in 1776, i. 241.
- Maryland, backwardness of, in affording aid to Braddock, i. 59; good conduct of the brigades from, at the battle of Camden, ii. 226; conduct of the troops from, at Guilford courthouse, ii. 324; defensive measures of, in 1814, iii. 170; flight of the militia from, at the battle of Bladensburg, iii. 178, 190.
- Massachusetts, aid contributed by, to the expedition against Louisburg, in 1744, i. 8; the first in resistance to British tyranny, i. 137; expedition from, to dislodge Colonel M'Lean, at Penobscot bay, ii. 196; opposition of the legislature of, to the war of 1812, iii. 35, 114; defensive measures of, in 1814, iii. 170.
- Matamoras, headquarters of General Mejia in—English, French, and Spanish colors displayed from the consuls' houses in, iii. 273; curiosity of the inhabitants of, as to the movements in the American camp, iii. 274; approach of General Ampudia toward, with reinforcements, iii. 275; chief command assumed by General Arista at, iii. 279; determination of General Taylor to take possession of—civil authorities of, invite Taylor to take possession of the city, iii. 293; possession taken of, by Taylor—aspect of, on the entrance of the Americans, iii. 294; intrusted to the care of General Twiggs—quantity of stores found concealed in, iii. 295; newspaper established in, iii. 296.
- Mathew, General, position of, at the investment of Fort Washington, i. 387; ravages of, in Virginia, in 1779, ii. 179.
- Matthews, mayor of New York, engaged in a conspiracy with the tories, i. 287.
- Maumee river, General Hull's baggage sent from, to Detroit, by water, ii. 432; Fort Meigs erected by General Harrison at the rapids of, iii. 2.
- Maurepas, remark of, in allusion to Lafayette's influence with Louis XVI., ii. 236.
- Mawhood, Colonel, unexpected collision of, with General Mercer, near Princeton, i. 433.
- Maxwell, General, movements of, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 16; mutiny on the part of the officers of, prevented by the tact of Washington, ii. 166.
- May, Captain, battery charged by, at Resaca de la Palma, —General La Vega made prisoner by, at Resaca de la Palma, iii. 287; rear-guard of, cut off by peons, iii. 369; movements of General Miñon's cavalry watched by—measures taken by, for defence, at La Hedionda, iii. 383; rapid retreat of, at night, to Agua Nueva, iii. 384; General Torrejon driven from the village of Buena Vista by, iii. 399.
- Mays, Wilson, death of, in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 56.
- Medal presented to Washington by Congress, in commemoration of his services at Boston, i. 256.
- Megantic, Lake, arrival of Arnold at, i. 205.
- Meigs, Colonel, stores destroyed by, at Sag Harbor, i. 475.
- Mejia, General, in command at Matamoras, warns General Taylor not to cross the Colorado, iii. 272.
- Mercer, General Hugh, stationed at Amboy, on the approach of Sir William Howe, i. 302; ordered to take possession of Forts Constitution and Lee, i. 339; unexpected collision of, with Colonel Mawhood, near Princeton, i. 433; rifle-companies under, overcome by the British with bayonets, i. 434; bayoneted and left for dead on the field of battle, i. 435, 436; biographical notice of, i. 436.
- Mercier, the French officer who constructed Fort Duquesne, i. 40.
- Messerve, Colonel, sledges for cannon constructed by, at Louisburg, i. 18.
- Mexican campaigns, iii. 263; loss of life and money in, according to Mansfield, iii. 478; gain in territory by, iii. 479; Appendix to, iii. 481.
- Mexican Indians, unwillingness of, to oppose the march of General Kearney to Santa Fé, iii. 343; speeches made by chiefs of, to Kearney, iii. 344, 345.
- Mexico, obstinate refusal of, to recognise the independence of Texas, iii. 263; fruitless mission of Mr. Slidell to, in relation to Texas, iii. 270; proclamation addressed to the people of, issued by General Scott, iii. 430; articles of the treaty of peace with, iii. 469; results of the war with, according to Mansfield, iii. 478; President Polk's messages relative to the war with, iii. 481, 485.

- Mexico, city of, insurrection quelled in, by Santa Anna, iii. 418; composition and arrangement of the American army on its march to (*note*)—valley of, march of the army of Scott for, iii. 434; valley of, as described by Prescott—position and extent of the valley of, iii. 435; arrival of General Scott in the valley of, iii. 436; admirably situated for defence, iii. 439; preparations of Scott for an assault upon, iii. 458; entrance of Scott's forces into, iii. 464; surrender and occupation of, as described by Scott, iii. 465; American flag raised by General Quitman on the national palace in, iii. 466; the capture of, the crowning event of Scott's campaign, iii. 467.
- Michigan, the whole territory of, surrendered by General Hull, ii. 440; taken possession of, by General Harrison, after the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 68.
- Michilimackinac, influence of the fall of, on the movements of General Hull, ii. 435; surprise and capture of, by Captain Roberts—great importance of, as a military post, ii. 436. (See Mackinaw.)
- Middlebrook, American camp shifted to, from Morrstown, i. 478; great strength of the American position at, i. 479.
- Mifflin, General Thomas, biographical notice of, i. 297; activity of, at Kingsbridge and Fort Washington, i. 302; reinforcements brought from Kingsbridge to Brooklyn by, i. 331; command of the rear-guard requested by, at the retreat from Long island, i. 332; retreat of, from the lines, through mistake, i. 334; sent to make known to Congress the straits of the American army, i. 394; appointed major-general by Congress, i. 452.
- Milan imperial decree, iii. 254.
- Miles, Colonel, duty assigned to, on the eve of the battle of Long island, i. 324.
- Militia, opinions of several writers as to the inefficiency of, i. 338, 339; bad conduct of, at White Plains, i. 378; order of Washington for the encouragement of, i. 379; advantage taken by General Howe of their dread of cavalry, i. 380; Washington embarrassed by the unreliable character of, i. 428; Virginia, throw down their loaded arms at the battle of Camden, ii. 226; dastardly conduct of, at Lewistown, during the battle of Queenstown, ii. 469.
- Miller, Captain, good service done by, at Bladensburg, iii. 178.
- Miller, Colonel, sent by General Hull to reconnoitre in the neighborhood of Malden, ii. 434; British and Indians defeated by, near Brownstown, in Michigan, ii. 437; ordered by Hull to return to Detroit, ii. 438; British battery taken by, at Lundy's Lane, iii. 165.
- Minisink settlement, ravaged by Brant, in 1779, ii. 163.
- Miñon, General, with a large body of cavalry, watched by Colonel May, iii. 383; ordered to get to the rear of General Taylor, at Buena Vista, iii. 387; repulse of, at Saltillo, by Captain Webster, iii. 401.
- Mischianza*, got up in honor of Sir William Howe, in Philadelphia, ii. 91-96; language of Paine respecting, ii. 96.
- Mississippi river, blockade of the mouth of, proclaimed by the British, in 1813, iii. 29; gallantry of the riflemen from the state of, at the battle of Buena Vista, ii. 398.
- Missouri, conquest of New Mexico undertaken by volunteers from, iii. 333.
- Mobile, Spaniards dislodged from, by General Wilkinson, in 1813, iii. 74; attack upon, by General Lambert, iii. 241.
- Mohawk Indian warrior on exhibition in England in 1755, i. 90.
- Mohawks, powerful expedition under General Sullivan sent against, by Washington, ii. 161.
- Molino del Rey, battle of, as described by General Worth, iii. 455; battle of, the severest of Scott's Mexican campaign—killed and wounded at, iii. 457; victory of, without valuable result, iii. 458.
- Monakatuca, made prisoner by French and Indians, i. 71; his son killed by mistake, by Braddock's grenadiers, i. 74.
- Monckton, General Robert, in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109; Point Levi, opposite Quebec, taken by, i. 114; death of, at the battle of Monmouth, ii. 124.
- Monclova, taken possession of, by General Wool, iii. 351; impatience of Wool, of inaction at, iii. 367.
- Moncrieff, important aid rendered by, to Prevost, in his defence of Savannah against Lincoln and D'Estaing, ii. 200.
- Money, continental, great depreciation of—unwillingness of Pennsylvania farmers to sell their produce for, ii. 88.
- Monk's Corner, General Huger and Colonel Washington surprised at, by Tarleton, ii. 209; escape of the British under Colonel Coates, from Sumter, at, ii. 359.
- Monmouth, position of the British before the battle of, ii. 118; battle of, ii. 119-124; fatal effects of the excessive heat at the battle of—killed and wounded at, ii. 125.
- Monongahela, fords of, passed by Braddock—order of march of Braddock's army after crossing, i. 75; defeat of Braddock at the, i. 76; comparative loss of French and English at the battle of the, i. 83.
- Monroe, Colonel James, wounded at the battle of Trenton, i. 421; military ardor of, at the battle of Bladensburg, iii. 174.
- Montcalm, Marquis de, biographical notice of, i. 94; operations of, against Oswego, i. 95; expedition of, against Fort William Henry, i. 99; vexation of, at the loss of Point Levi, i. 115; thwarted by Vaudreuil, i. 124; despondent letter of, to M. de Molé, i. 125; his unwillingness to believe the English had attained the plains of Abraham, i. 127; his disposition of his forces when attacking Wolfe, i. 128; his conduct on the field of battle, i. 129, 130; mortal wound received by, i. 130; language of, on the approach of death, i. 131.
- Monterey, march of General Twiggs to, iii. 297; position and defences of, iii. 298; approach of General Taylor to, iii. 299; account of the storming of, iii. 301; surrender of, by General Ampudia—commissioners appointed to settle the conditions of the surrender of (*note*), iii. 313; killed and wounded at the siege of—great strength of the citadel of—departure of many of the inhabitants of, iii. 314; mass performed in the cathedral of, by an American chaplain, palace of General Arista in, converted into a hospital, iii. 315; termination of the armistice agreed upon at, iii. 365.
- Monterey, on the Pacific, visit of Colonel Fremont to the Mexican authorities at, iii. 323; taken possession of, by Commodore Sloat, iii. 329.
- Montezuma, a British whaler, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 129.
- Montgomery, General Richard, Ticonderoga placed under the command of, by Schuyler—biographical notice of, i. 197; operations of, against St. Johns on the Sorel, i. 198; entrance of, into Montreal—surrender of St. Johns to, i. 201; want of discipline among the troops of—unwillingness of the troops of, to follow him to Quebec—

- junction of, with Arnold, at Point aux Trembles, i. 208 ; operations of, before Quebec, i. 209 ; resolution of, to attack Quebec, i. 210 ; death of, in a volley of cannon-shot, i. 211 ; remains of, honorably buried by Sir Guy Carleton, i. 213.
- Montgomery, Major, death of, at Horseshoe Bend, iii. 100.
- Montgomery, Major, shot dead in the storming of Fort Griswold, at New London, ii. 390.
- Montgomery and Congress, American frigates, burned on the Hudson, ii. 37.
- Montmorenci, attempt of Wolfe to cross the river near the falls of, i. 116.
- Montreal, invested by General Amherst, in 1760, i. 134 ; entrance of Montgomery into, in 1775, i. 201 ; unsuccessful attempts of General Hampton against, in the fall of 1813, iii. 106 ; feeble garrison in, at the time of Wilkinson's and Hampton's attempts upon, iii. 110.
- Montross's island, attack upon the British on, planned by General Heath, i. 356 ; unfortunate result of the attempt upon, i. 358.
- Moody, Parson, short "grace before meat" said by, at Louisburg, i. 28.
- Moore, Colonel, body of loyalists under the command of, in North Carolina, defeated by Colonel Locke, ii. 217.
- Moore, General, operations of, in North Carolina, against the royalist Highlanders, i. 241.
- Moore's-creek bridge, defeat of Colonel M'Donald at, by General Moore, i. 242.
- Morales, General, refusal of, to surrender Vera Cruz to General Scott, iii. 414.
- Morepang, death of, in defence of Louisburg, in 1745, i. 17.
- Morgan, Charley, services rendered by, as a spy in the camp of Cornwallis, ii. 330 ; return of, with deserters, to the camp of Lafayette, ii. 331.
- Morgan, Colonel, ordered by General Scott to occupy Contreras, iii. 443.
- Morgan, General Daniel, arrival of, in the camp of Brad-dock—*anecdote respecting*, i. 67 ; in command of a rifle-corps detached to accompany Arnold against Quebec, i. 198 ; batteries taken by, at Quebec—*made prisoner with his command*, i. 212 ; with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21 ; defeat of the corps of, at Bemis's heights, ii. 24 ; General Fraser shot by the riflemen of, ii. 41 ; retires toward Broad river—*Tarleton sent against*, by Cornwallis, ii. 298 ; ground chosen by, at the Cowpens, ii. 299 ; addresses made to his troops by, ii. 300 ; gold medal presented to, by Congress, ii. 302 ; pursuit of, by Cornwallis, after the battle of the Cowpens, ii. 303 ; encumbered with prisoners and baggage, ii. 310 ; saved by the swelling of the Catawba, from the pursuit of the British, ii. 311 ; retirement of, from the army, in consequence of illness, ii. 316.
- Morgan, General, position held by, across the river, at the time of the battle of New Orleans—*Colonel Thornton sent against*, by Pakenham, iii. 237 ; return of Thornton from his attack upon, iii. 239.
- Mormons, among the Missouri volunteers, for the conquest of New Mexico, iii. 346.
- Morris, Captain, cruise of, in the Adams, in 1814, iii. 153.
- Morris, Captain, death of, at the siege of Charleston, in 1776, i. 294.
- Morris, Captain L. N., death of, at the storming of Monterey, iii. 304.
- Morris, Colonel Roger, house of, at Harlem, occupied by Washington, i. 350.
- Morris, Major, activity of, at the battle of Bemis's heights, ii. 24.
- Morris, Robert, money raised by, for the army treasury, at the request of Washington—*money borrowed by, from a Quaker, on his "note and honor,"* i. 427 ; patriotic financial operations of, ii. 309 ; money borrowed of Rochambeau by, ii. 384.
- Morristown, winter-quarters of Washington at, i. 438 ; the troops at, inoculated, i. 457 ; description by Graydon of the American camp at, i. 473 ; desertions from the camp at—*social enjoyment in the camp at—sources of anxiety for Washington at*, i. 474 ; American camp shifted from, to Middlebrook, i. 478 ; Washington's camp at, moved to Pompton Plains, i. 497 ; sufferings of the army of Washington in winter-quarters at, ii. 203 ; inefficiency of Washington's army at, ii. 204 ; mutiny of Pennsylvania regiments at—*sufferings of the American army at*, ii. 305.
- Motte, Mrs., patriotism of, in South Carolina, ii. 346.
- Moultrie, Colonel William, fort erected by, on Sullivan's island, near Charleston, i. 289 ; honors paid to, for his defence of Fort Sullivan, i. 295, 296 ; British driven out of Port Royal by, ii. 173 ; departure of the British from Charleston, in 1782, witnessed by, ii. 379.
- Mount Bigelow, ascent of, by Major Bigelow, i. 203.
- Mount Defiance, commanding Ticonderoga, fortification of, urged by John Trumbull, i. 488.
- Mount Hope, taken possession of, by the British, i. 490.
- Mount Independence, fortified under the charge of Kosciuszko, i. 486.
- Mount Vernon, hospitalities of, kept up as to the poor, during Washington's absence with the army, i. 225 ; levy on the estate of, made by a British cruiser on the Potomac, ii. 229 ; visit of Washington to, on his way toward Yorktown, ii. 387.
- Mowatt, Lieutenant, Falmouth bombarded and burned by, i. 215.
- Mugford, account of his capture of the British ship Hope, i. 280 ; death of, defending his ship, i. 281.
- Muhlenberg, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452 ; hospitalities of, ii. 167.
- Mullins, Colonel, plans of General Pakenham thwarted by the neglect of, iii. 237.
- Munro, Colonel, Fort William Henry surrendered by, to Montcalm, i. 99.
- Murray, General, defeat of, near Quebec, by De Levi, i. 133.
- Murray, Mrs. Robert, Putnam's escape owing to her detention of British generals, i. 352.
- Musgrove's mill, British under Colonel Innis defeated at, by Colonel Williams, of South Carolina, ii. 229.
- Mutiny of the troops under General Wayne at Morristown, ii. 305 ; of the New-Jersey troops at Pompton, ii. 308.

N.

- Najira, gallantry and death of, in the defence of Monterey, iii. 305.
- Nancy, a British ordnance-ship, captured by Captain Manly—*anecdote connected with the capture of*, i. 223.
- Nantasket roads, delay of the British fleet in, after the evacuation of Boston, i. 255.
- Napoleon, hostile decree of, in relation to American vessels and cargoes, ii. 420.

- Nash, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452.
- Nashville, success of Andrew Jackson in, as a lawyer, iii. 83.
- National Intelligencer*, revenge taken by Admiral Cockburn upon the printing-office of, iii. 195.
- Nautilus, an American cruiser, the first capture made by the British in the war of 1812, iii. 24.
- Nautilus, an East-Indiaman, captured by the Peacock, in 1815, iii. 220.
- Nautilus, brig, capture of, by a British squadron under Captain Broke, in 1812, ii. 445.
- Navajo Indians, Colonel Doniphan ordered by General Kearney to make a campaign against, iii. 355; Doniphan's expedition against, iii. 404; treaty made by Doniphan with chiefs of, iii. 405.
- Navy, American, early commanders of, i. 219; vessels and officers of, in 1775, i. 267; early attempts to establish, unfortunate, ii. 150; summary of the operations of, after the exploits of Paul Jones (*note*), ii. 409; condition and force of, in 1812—compliment paid to, by Joseph Story, ii. 442; activity of, in 1812, ii. 481; increase of, determined on by Congress, in 1813—remarks of Alison on the achievements of, in the war of 1812, ii. 504; shut up, in blockade, in 1814, iii. 170.
- Navy island, taken possession of, by Van Rensselaer, in 1837, iii. 377.
- Neale, Lieutenant, watch kept by, at night, on the British, in their movements to cut out the Constellation, iii. 31.
- Nelson, Governor, money borrowed by, for the state of Virginia, ii. 395; touching display of patriotism made by, ii. 400; house of, still standing in Yorktown (*note*), ii. 401.
- Nelson, Washington's horse at the surrender of Cornwallis, ii. 404.
- Neryda, a Peruvian privateer, capture of, by Captain Porter, in the Essex, iii. 127.
- "Nestor of the Apaches," speech of, to General Kearney, iii. 346.
- "Neutral Ground," prisoners taken by the British, at Young's house on, ii. 205.
- Newark, retreat of Washington to, after the loss of Fort Washington, i. 394; desperate position of the army at, i. 395.
- Newark, in Canada, burned by General M'Clure, in 1813—British retaliation for the burning of, iii. 111.
- New Bedford, depredations of Sir Charles Grey at, ii. 149.
- New Brunswick and the state of Maine, difficulties between, settled by General Scott and Sir John Harvey, iii. 378.
- New Brunswick, in New Jersey, Lord Cornwallis at, i. 447.
- Newcastle, duke of, his ignorance and incapacity, i. 47.
- Newcastle, General Lee left in command at, i. 385; Lee urged to break up his encampment at, i. 395.
- New England, interest taken by, in the expedition against Louisburg, i. 8; manners of the officers from, according to Graydon and Gordon, i. 298; account of "a riot" in the army of the North, illustrating the manners of officers from, i. 300; measures taken by Washington for the protection of, in 1778, ii. 157; governors of, urged by Washington to forward troops and supplies, ii. 383; disaffection of the troops from, at being marched into Virginia, with pay in arrears, ii. 386; injury caused to the commerce of, by the embargo and non-intercourse acts, ii. 418; opposition of the clergy in, to the war of 1812, ii. 428; merchants of, opposed to the war of 1812, ii. 455; continued opposition of, to the war of 1812—proposition for a separate peace to be negotiated by, iii. 114; "Blue light Federalists" of, iii. 115; blockade of the coasts of in 1814, iii. 153; mischief done by a British squadron on the coast of, in 1814, iii. 198.
- Newfoundland, ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, i. 6.
- New-Hampshire grants and the "Green-Mountain Boys," i. 152.
- New Hampshire, victory obtained at Bennington by militia of, under General Stark, ii. 6.
- New Haven, ravages of Governor Tryon in, ii. 181.
- New Jersey, proclamation issued in, by the brothers Howe, i. 404; outrages of British and Hessians on the people of, i. 425; command of the British forces in, resumed by Cornwallis, i. 427; sufferings of, from the soldiery of both armies, i. 446; efforts of Washington to prevent plunder in, i. 447; movements of Sir William Howe in, in 1777, i. 453; inferiority of American forces in, i. 453, 457; Americans left in possession of, by the retreat of Howe to Staten island, i. 480; abandoned by Clinton and Knyphausen, ii. 234; mutiny of the troops from, in 1781, ii. 308.
- New London, destruction of, proposed by Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 182; expedition against, postponed by Clinton, on the capture of Stony Point by Wayne, ii. 185; expedition against, intrusted to Benedict Arnold, ii. 389; reduced to ashes by Arnold, ii. 391; Macedonian, United States, and Hornet, blockaded in the harbor of, in 1813, iii. 29; blockaded by British cruisers in 1814, iii. 153.
- Newman, Colonel, Georgians under the command of, defeat the Creeks and Seminoles, in 1812, ii. 456.
- New Mexico, General Kearney's expedition to, in 1846, iii. 332; preparations made for the defence of, by Governor Armijo, iii. 339; conquest of, without bloodshed, iii. 344; insurrection in, against American authority—insurrection in, put down by Colonel Price, iii. 469.
- New Orleans, condition of, in 1814, iii. 224; efforts made by General Jackson to prepare for the defence of, iii. 224, 225; agitation in, on the approach of the British, calmed by Jackson—martial law proclaimed in, by Jackson, iii. 226; designs of some of the inhabitants of, feared by Jackson, iii. 236; battle of, iii. 237; the killed and wounded at the battle of—difficult retreat of the British after the battle of, iii. 239.
- Newport, arrival of Rochambeau and De Ternay at, in 1780, ii. 236; project of Sir Henry Clinton for an attack upon the French at, ii. 238; French fleet blockaded in, by Admiral Arbuthnot, ii. 239; Captain Perry appointed to command gun-boats at, iii. 48.
- New York, alarm occasioned in, by the simultaneous arrival of Clinton and Lee, i. 235; condition of the army in, under General Putnam, i. 265; labors of the army in improving the defences of, i. 297; order issued by Washington relative to jealousies existing among the troops at, i. 300; action of the secret committee of the state convention of, i. 306; statement of the American force in, at the time of the Howes' arrival at Staten island, i. 317; commiseration felt by Washington for the helpless in—attack upon, delayed by General Howe, i. 321; excitement of the inhabitants of, on the landing of Howe on Long island—assurances of Washington given to the people of, that the city should not be burned—left by Mrs. Washington and other ladies on the landing

- of Howe on Long island, i. 323; evacuation of, contemplated by Washington—Congress interrogated as to the destruction of, i. 337; urgency of General Greene for the evacuation of—Washington directed by Congress to spare in case of evacuation, i. 340; Washington in favor of the evacuation of, i. 341, 347; British cannonade upon the American works at, i. 348; efforts of Washington to have the sick and stores removed from, i. 349; taken possession of, by British troops under General Robertson, i. 352; great fire in, charged by the British upon American incendiaries, i. 355; fire in, checked by the exertions of sailors from the fleet of Lord Howe, i. 356; abundance of Tories in, i. 360; militia of, in a state of mutiny, i. 383; plan of Washington for an attack upon, by the combined French and American forces, ii. 238; joint French and American attack upon, proposed by Washington and Rochambeau, ii. 381; southern states relieved by Washington's threatened attack on, ii. 383; plan for the attack upon, abandoned by Washington, ii. 384; blockade of, proclaimed by the British in 1813, iii. 29.
- New-Zealander, British ship, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 131.
- Niagara, an American vessel engaged in the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 55; Captain Perry carries his flag to, after abandoning the Lawrence, iii. 62.
- Niagara, surrender of, to the British, under Colonel Johnson, i. 107.
- Nichols, Colonel, attack of, upon Fort Bowyer, in Mobile bay, in 1814, iii. 222.
- Nicholson, Lieutenant J. B., *ruse* practised by, in carrying the Epevier into Savannah, iii. 156.
- Nielson, Colonel, Major Stockton and fifty-nine New Jersey royalists taken prisoners by, i. 454.
- Ninety-Six, siege laid to, by General Greene—garrisoned by American royalists, ii. 348; description of the fortifications of, ii. 349; attempt to take the fortress of, by storm, ii. 352; siege of, raised by Greene, on the approach of Lord Rawdon, ii. 354; abandonment of, by Rawdon—wretched condition of the loyalists in the neighborhood of, on its abandonment by Rawdon, ii. 355; dismal civil war in the neighborhood of, ii. 363.
- Nixon, General, with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Nocton, a British brig, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 119.
- Non-intercourse acts, iii. 243.
- Nookaheva, visit of the Essex to the island of, iii. 136; possession taken of the island of, by Captain Porter, iii. 144.
- Nook's hill, attempt of Washington to get possession of, at the siege of Boston, i. 249; second and successful attempt to take possession of—effect of the American occupation of, upon General Howe's movements, i. 251.
- Norfolk, defeat of Lord Dunmore at—burned by Dunmore, in 1776, i. 240.
- North Carolina, loyalists in, under Colonel Bryan, make their escape to Cheraw hill, ii. 215; flight of the militia of, at the battle of Guilford courthouse, ii. 323.
- "Northerners," sufferings caused by, to the men in camp at Corpus Christi, iii. 269.
- North, Lord, "conciliatory bills" of, how received in the United States, ii. 112; powerfully affected by the news of the surrender at Yorktown—seals of office resigned by, ii. 410.
- North river, plans of Washington for obstructing, i. 286; Highland passes on, intrusted to M'Dougall and George Clinton, i. 476.
- Norwalk, in Connecticut, laid in ashes by the British under Governor Tryon, ii. 182.
- Nottingham, total desertion of, on the approach of the British, in 1814, iii. 172.
- Nova Scotia, ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, i. 6; expulsion of Acadians from, in 1755, i. 90.
- Nueces river, encampment formed by General Taylor near the mouth of, iii. 269.
- O.
- Obispado, at Monterey, capture of, iii. 309.
- O'Brien, Lieutenant, gallantry of, at the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 390, 394.
- Ochterlony, Captain, story of the death of, at the siege of Quebec, i. 119.
- Officers, foreign, perplexity of Washington with regard to the claims of, i. 451, 470.
- Ogdensburg, failure of the British attack upon, in 1812, ii. 463.
- O'Hara, General, appointed by Cornwallis to give up his sword to Washington, ii. 404.
- Ohio Company, when chartered, i. 33.
- Ohio river, swam across and back again by General Taylor, when a boy, iii. 267.
- Ohio territory, claims of England and France to, i. 32.
- Ohio volunteers in General Hull's army ill prepared for the campaign, ii. 431.
- O-ke-cho-bee, battle of, fought by General Taylor—despatch of Taylor in relation to the battle of, iii. 267.
- Oneida, only American vessel on Lake Ontario, in command of Lieutenant Wolsey, ii. 463; attack of a British squadron repulsed by, ii. 464.
- Orangeburg, surrender of, to General Sumter, after the evacuation of Camden, ii. 347.
- "Orders in council" of the British government, ii. 413, iii. 251, 255; revocation of, ii. 455, iii. 256.
- Orme, Captain Robert, letter of, to Washington, inviting him to join Braddock, i. 57; wounded at Braddock's defeat—his efforts to aid Braddock when wounded, i. 79.
- Osecola, attack made by, upon General Thompson and his friends, while at dinner—incites the Creeks, Seminoles, and Mickasukies, to war upon the whites, iii. 375.
- Oswego, expedition of the French against, in 1756, i. 91; taken by the French under Montcalm, i. 95; destruction of the fort at, i. 96; attack of Sir James Yeo upon, in 1814, iii. 158.
- P.
- Packenham, Sir Edward, appointed to succeed General Ross, iii. 212; arrival of, in the British camp below New Orleans—preparations made by, to attack Jackson's position, iii. 232; his plan of attack at the battle of New Orleans—batteries erected by, silenced by Jackson's guns—canal cut by, from Bayou Bienvenue to the Mississippi—force of, augmented by the arrival of General Lambert, iii. 235; plans of, deranged by Colonels Thornton and Mullins, iii. 237; death of, at the head of a regiment with scaling-ladders, iii. 238.
- Page, Captain, mortal wound received by, at Palo Alto, iii. 283.
- Paine, Thomas, influence upon the popular mind, of his pamphlet "*Common Sense*"—biographical notice of, i. 304.

- Palfrey, Colonel, sent on board Admiral Howe's ship, to negotiate respecting prisoners, i. 312.
- Palmer, Edmund, hanged as a spy by Putnam, i. 502.
- Palo Alto, encampment of General Worth at—Taylor's disposition of his army at, iii. 281; battle of, iii. 282; the killed and wounded at the battle of, iii. 284; victory at, due to the artillery, iii. 285.
- Paredes, General, at the head of the war-party in Mexico, iii. 271.
- Parker, Admiral Sir Peter, arrival of, at Cape Fear, i. 288; attack made by the ships of, on Fort Sullivan, i. 292; wound received by, i. 294.
- Parker, Captain, minute-men assembled by, in Lexington, i. 143.
- Parker, Captain Sir Peter, ravages of, in the Chesapeake, in 1814—loses his life in an attempt to surprise militia under Colonel Reed, iii. 198.
- Parras, taken possession of, by General Wool, iii. 368.
- Parrish, United States loan taken by, in 1813, ii. 506.
- Parsons, General, fugitive Americans rallied by, at the battle of Long island—Lord Stirling sent to the aid of, i. 325.
- Patapsco river, attempt of the British fleet to ascend, in 1814, iii. 198.
- Patros, General Wool and his army welcomed at, iii. 368.
- Patterson, Colonel, sent by General Howe with a flag to Washington, i. 310; appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Patterson, General, ordered to make an attack on Tampico, iii. 365; rendezvous of the division of, at Lobos island, iii. 411.
- Patton, John, appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Patuxent river, large British fleet sail up, in 1814, iii. 171; retreat of the British to their ships in, iii. 197.
- Paulding, John, one of the Cow-boys who arrested Major André, ii. 257; burial-place of, ii. 273.
- Paul Jones, biographical notice of, ii. 150.
- Paulus Hook, surprise of, by Major Henry Lee, ii. 195.
- Pawnee rock, how far seen on the prairie, iii. 338.
- Peace, in 1814, arrival of the news of, in New York, iii. 241; form of the treaty of, iii. 257.
- Peacock, American sloop-of-war, cruises of, under Captain Warrington, in 1814, iii. 155; cruise of, in 1815, iii. 218; escape of, from a line-of-battle ship, iii. 219; Nautilus, East-Indiaman, captured by, iii. 220.
- Peacock, British sloop-of-war, capture of, by Captain Lawrence, in the Hornet—armament of, compared with that of the Hornet (*note*), ii. 503.
- Peake, Captain, death of, on board the Peacock, in the engagement with the Hornet, ii. 503.
- Pearson, Captain, commander of the Serapis in the fight with the *Bon Homme Richard*, ii. 189; obliged to haul down his colors with his own hands—made a baronet for his gallantry in the Serapis (*note*), ii. 194.
- Pecos, arrival of General Kearney at the village of—sacred fire of the Aztecs long kept burning at, iii. 342.
- Pedregal, an extensive tract of rock and lava in the valley of Mexico, iii. 440; determination of General Scott to cut a road through, iii. 441; difficult march of the Americans across, under Mexican fire, iii. 442.
- Peekskill, visit of Washington to, in 1776, i. 385; concentration of troops at, ordered by Washington, i. 460; large quantity of stores destroyed at, by the British under Colonel Bird, i. 463; Putnam retreats from, to the neighborhood of Fishkill, ii. 37.
- Pellaw (afterward Lord Exmouth), in the fight on Lake Champlain, in 1776, i. 367.
- Penguin, capture of, by the Hornet, iii. 219.
- Pennsylvania, backwardness of, in affording aid to Braddock, i. 59; influence in, of the success of the brothers Howe, i. 405; intentions of General Howe to confine his operations to, i. 462; interference of the legislature of, with the plans of Washington, while at Valley Forge, ii. 85; American commissaries repulsed by the farmers of, ii. 86, 88; mutiny of the regiments from, in 1780, ii. 305.
- Pennytown, outrages committed in, by the British and Hessians, i. 425.
- Penobscot bay, expedition from Massachusetts to dislodge Colonel M'Lean at, ii. 196.
- Pensacola, Creeks and Seminoles instigated by the Spanish governor of, to attack the American settlements, iii. 75; capture of, by General Jackson, in 1814—rebuke of Jackson to the Spanish governor of, iii. 223.
- Peoria lake, Indian town on, routed out by Colonel Russell, by orders of Governor Edwards, ii. 460.
- Pepperell, William, commander of the colonial expedition against Louisburg, i. 9; biographical notice of, i. 10; great personal influence of, i. 11; superseded by Commodore Warren, i. 14; friendly intercourse of, with Warren, i. 20; letters of, relative to the progress of the siege of Louisburg, i. 21, 24; disheartened by want of success in a night-attack, i. 23; reinforcements received by, i. 25; rivalry between, and Warren, i. 27; baronetcy conferred upon, by the British government, i. 29.
- Percy, Lord, conversation overheard by, respecting the expedition to Concord, i. 141; anecdote illustrating the penurious character of (*note*)—reinforcements taken by, to Colonel Smith, i. 147; narrow escape of, at the battle of Lexington, i. 148; in command of the force intended to attack Washington on Dorchester heights, i. 246; at the battle of Long island, i. 324; reinforcements brought by, to General Howe, at White Plains, i. 382.
- Perote, advance of General Worth to—surrender of the town and castle of, iii. 426; friendly reception of the American troops by the people of, iii. 427.
- Perry, Captain Christopher Raymond, cruises of, in the General Greene, iii. 41; deprived of his command in 1801, iii. 42.
- Perry, Captain Oliver Hazard, in the attack on Fort George, on Niagara river, iii. 10; vessels-of-war built by, at Erie, iii. 36; great anxiety of, to get men for his ships on Lake Erie, iii. 39; sailors sent to, by Commodore Chauncey, iii. 40; biographical notice of, iii. 41; letters of, announcing his victory on Lake Erie, iii. 65; visit of, to the Lawrence, after the battle—kindness and courtesy of, to his British prisoners—friendship formed by, with Commodore Barclay, iii. 66; a volunteer at the battle of the Thames, iii. 69; blockade of, in the Java, at Baltimore, in 1814, iii. 153.
- Perry, Commodore Matthew C., Fontera and Tobasco taken by, iii. 365; command of his fleet made over to, by Commodore Conner, iii. 414; watch kept by, on the Mexican ports—attack of, upon Tuspan, iii. 416.
- Petersburg, ravages of Phillips and Arnold in, ii. 329.
- Peyton, story of the rescue of, from Indians, at Wolfe's siege of Quebec, i. 119.

- Phelps, Captain Noah, Ethan Allen's guide to Ticonderoga, i. 154.
- Philadelphia, frigate, account of the recapture of, from the Tripolitans, ii. 482.
- Philadelphia, people of, unwilling to believe the rumor of Braddock's defeat, i. 85; plans of Washington for the protection of, i. 405; Putnam charged with the fortification of, i. 406; supposed intentions of the British with regard to, i. 476; march of Washington's army through the streets of, ii. 14; shoes and blankets procured from, by Washington, ii. 63; march of troops under Cornwallis into, ii. 64; a council of war decide against attacking General Howe in, ii. 77; British army in, well supplied with provisions, ii. 87; licentiousness and want of discipline among the British troops in, ii. 88, 89; account of the *Mischianza* got up in, in honor of Sir William Howe, ii. 91-96; joyful reception of the British commissioners by the inhabitants of—confusion in, on the evacuation by Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 113; liberal promises made by the Tory inhabitants of, to the commissioners, ii. 114; suspicious conduct of Arnold in, while military governor, ii. 241; march of American and French armies through, ii. 385.
- Phillipsburg, encampment of Washington at, ii. 382.
- Phillips, General, Burgoyne's artillery commanded by, i. 485; chief command in Virginia assumed by, ii. 328; ravages of, in Virginia, ii. 329; death of, at Petersburg, ii. 330.
- Phœbe, British frigate, sent in pursuit of the Essex, iii. 133; meeting of, with the Essex, in the harbor of Valparaiso, iii. 148; capture of the Essex by, iii. 150.
- Pickens, Colonel, loyalists under Colonel Boyd defeated by, at Kettle creek, ii. 172; biographical notice of, ii. 217; sword presented to, by Congress, for his services at the Cowpens, ii. 302; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 368.
- Pickering, Timothy, appointed adjutant-general, in place of Colonel Reed, i. 458.
- Pico, Don Andreas, attack of, upon General Kearney, iii. 361; retreat of, on the arrival of sailors and marines, iii. 362.
- Pico, Don Jesus, sentence of death upon, remitted by Colonel Fremont, iii. 363.
- Pico, Governor Pio, force gathered by, against the Americans in California, iii. 330.
- Picton, schooner, capture of, by the Constitution, iii. 214.
- Pierce, General Franklin, with General Scott at Puebla, iii. 434; disabled by a fall from his horse, iii. 443; fainted from pain and exhaustion in an action near Churubusco, iii. 451.
- Pigott, General Sir Robert, left wing of the British led by, at Breed's hill, i. 171; repulse of, at Breed's hill, i. 172; his defence of Rhode island against Sullivan, Greene, and D'Estaing, ii. 144.
- Pike, General Zebulon Montgomery, death of, by an explosion, in the attack on York, iii. 7; biographical notice of (*note*), iii. 8.
- Pillow, General Gideon J., brigade under the command of, at Lobos island, iii. 411; at Cerro Gordo, iii. 420, 424; wounded at Cerro Gordo, iii. 424; made major-general after the battle of Cerro Gordo, iii. 433; Mixcoac occupied by, at the siege of Mexico, iii. 453.
- Pinckney, Thomas, made second major-general in 1812, ii. 430.
- Pitcairn, Major, entrance of, into Lexington, with British troops, i. 142; minute-men at Lexington fired upon, by orders of, i. 143; conduct of, at Lexington, disapproved of by Gage, i. 149; death of, at Breed's hill, i. 176.
- Plan del Rio, near Cerro Gordo, American encampment at, iii. 411.
- Plattsburg, large force near, under the command of General Dearborn, ii. 462; winter-quarters of General Hampton at, in December, 1813, iii. 110; efforts made by General Macomb for the defence of, iii. 201.
- Ploughed hill, intrenchments thrown up on, at the siege of Boston, i. 192.
- Pluckimen, halt of the American army at, after leaving Princeton, i. 437.
- Poitiers, British seventy-four, the Frolic and Wasp captured by, ii. 491.
- Point aux Trembles, retreat of De Vaudreuil to, after the defeat of Montcalm, i. 131.
- Point Isabel, march of General Taylor to, iii. 272; depot established at, under the command of Major Monroe—a deputation from Matamoras, with a protest, wait upon Taylor at, iii. 273; march of Taylor to, from Fort Brown, iii. 280; attempt of the Mexicans to cut off communications between, and Fort Brown, iii. 281.
- Point Levi, opposite Quebec, taken by General Monckton, i. 114; defences of, strengthened by Wolfe, i. 115; night-attack upon, by Montcalm—disastrous result to the French, of their attempt upon, i. 117.
- Policy, a British whaler, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 129.
- Polk, President, messages of, in relation to the war with Mexico, iii. 481, 485.
- Pomeroy, Major, letter of, to his wife, from before Louisburg, i. 19; efforts of, to rally the Americans at Bunker's hill, i. 177.
- Pompey, a negro, British countersign at Stony Point procured by, for Wayne, ii. 183.
- Pompton, General Sullivan stationed at, by Washington, i. 481; mutiny of New-Jersey troops at, ii. 308.
- Pompton plains, camp of Washington moved to, from Morristown, i. 497.
- Poncé de Leon, General, defeat of, by Colonel Doniphan, near El Paso, iii. 407.
- Poor, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Porcupine, an American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 55.
- Porter, Captain David, cruise of, in the Essex, ii. 450; British transport and man-of-war captured by, ii. 451; biographical notice of, iii. 117; continued cruise of, in the Essex, iii. 118; his ship captured by the British frigate Phœbe, iii. 150; enthusiastic reception of, in New York, iii. 152.
- Porterfield, Colonel, joins Gates on his march to Camden, ii. 222.
- Porter, General Peter B., anxiety of, to lead his troops against the British on the Niagara river, ii. 479, 480; bloodless duel fought by, with General Smythe, ii. 481; at the battle of Chippewa, iii. 161; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 164.
- Port Royal, near Charleston, British driven out of, by Colonel Moultrie, ii. 173.
- Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk, taken possession of, by Arnold, in 1781, ii. 305; arrival of Cornwallis at, ii. 334.

- Potomac, British vessels-of-war sail up, in 1813, iii. 35; bridge over, destroyed by the British and Americans, in mutual fear, iii. 196; British squadron, under Captain Gordon, sail up, in 1814, iii. 197.
- Powell, General, in command of a division of Burgoyne's army, i. 485.
- Prairie du Chien, arrival of General Scott at, in 1832—ravages of the cholera among the troops at—negotiations of Scott and Reynolds with Indians at, iii. 374.
- Prairie-travelling, peculiarities of, iii. 337.
- Preble, Commodore, attack by an American squadron under the command of, upon Tripoli, ii. 483.
- Prescott, Colonel William, ordered by General Ward to fortify Bunker's hill—personal appearance of, i. 162; intrenchments thrown up by, on Breed's hill, instead of Bunker's, i. 163; observed by General Gage walking on the parapet at Breed's hill, i. 165; narrow escape of, at Breed's hill, i. 177.
- Prescott, General, capture of, by Colonel Barton, at Rhode island—ordered to be treated in every respect as General Lee was treated by the British, i. 501; exchange of, for Lee, ii. 102.
- President, American frigate, conflict between, and the Little Belt, ii. 420; chase of the Belvidera by, ii. 444; chase of, by the Endymion and other British ships, in 1815, iii. 217; surrender of, to a greatly superior force, iii. 218.
- Presque isle, war-vessels constructed at, by Captain Perry, iii. 48.
- Prevost, General, operations of, in Georgia, in 1779, ii. 172; General Ashe defeated by, at Brier creek, ii. 174; march of, to Charleston, ii. 175; rapid retreat of, to John's island, ii. 177; his defence of Savannah, against Lincoln and D'Estaing, ii. 198.
- Prevost, General Sir George, governor of Lower Canada at the breaking out of the war of 1812, ii. 435; proposition for an armistice made by, to General Dearborn, ii. 456; large British force under, cross the frontier, iii. 201; hasty retreat of, to Canada, after M'Donough's naval victory, iii. 209.
- Price, Colonel, reinforcements for General Kearney, at Santa Fé, under the command of, iii. 346.
- Princeton, retreat of Washington to, i. 405; march of Washington to, by the Quaker road, from the Assumpink, i. 431; entrance of General Leslie into, as the Americans were leaving—battle of, i. 435; retreat of Washington from—killed and wounded at the battle of, i. 436.
- Pring, Captain, attempt of, to destroy new American vessels at Vergennes, iii. 116.
- Pringle, Captain, British fleet under the command of, on Lake Champlain, i. 367.
- Prisoners, cruel treatment of, by the British, i. 441; letters of Washington to the Howes, in relation to the treatment of, i. 443; letter of Washington to Congress, in relation to the treatment of, i. 445; cruel repression of an attempt of, to escape from Dartmoor jail, iii. 220.
- Privateers, American, damage done to British shipping by, in 1777, ii. 77.
- Proctor, General, sent with reinforcements to Fort Malden, ii. 436, 439; Frenchtown surrendered to, by General Winchester, ii. 511; siege of Fort Meigs undertaken by, iii. 3; answer of General Harrison to his summons to surrender Fort Meigs, iii. 5; siege of Fort Meigs abandoned by, iii. 6; unsuccessful attempt of, on Fort Meigs, iii. 36; repulse of, at Fort Stephenson, by Captain Croghan, iii. 37; Malden abandoned by, on the approach of Harrison—attempt of Tecumseh to dissuade from retreat, iii. 68; total defeat of, at the battle of the Thames, iii. 70; public disgrace of, in Canada, iii. 71.
- "Prophet" and Tecumseh, defeat of, by General Harrison, at Tippecanoe, ii. 426.
- Providence, a twelve-gun ship, exploits of, at New Providence, ii. 154.
- Puebla, march of General Worth into—letter of a native of, to the *London Times*, in relation to the American army—climate and productions of, iii. 428; Mexican antiquities in the province of—great Aztec pyramid in the neighborhood of—position of, favorable to trade, iii. 429; the American army at, iii. 433, 434; Colonel Childs attacked at, by the Mexican General Rea, iii. 468.
- Pulaski, Count Casimir, biographical notice of, i. 508; made brigadier-general by Congress, i. 509; daring of, displayed on the occasion of the British attempting to surprise Trenton, ii. 107; legion, under the command of, surprised by Captain Ferguson, ii. 159; aid brought to Charleston by, when threatened by General Prevost, ii. 175; death of, at the siege of Savannah, ii. 201.
- Purdy, Colonel, unfortunate attempt of, to co-operate with General Hampton in an attack on Montreal, iii. 107.
- Put-in-bay, squadron of Perry rendezvous in, iii. 53.
- Putnam, Colonel Rufus, anecdote of, i. 266; charged with the construction of forts on the North river, i. 286.
- Putnam, General Israel, with Colonel Williams when attacked by Dieskau, i. 89; joins the Massachusetts patriots after the battle of Lexington, i. 150; activity of, at Breed's hill, i. 168; efforts of, to get reinforcements to Breed's hill, i. 175; efforts of, to rally the Americans at Bunker's hill, i. 177; Prospect hill fortified by, after his retreat from Bunker's, i. 181; woman connected with Doctor Church's treason arrested by, i. 218; mortar captured by Captain Manly christened by, i. 224; in command of the army in New York, i. 260, 265; *cheveux-de-frise* devised by, to obstruct British ships on the North river, i. 314, 371; plans of Anderson and Bushnell endorsed by, i. 315; in general command on Long island during Greene's sickness, i. 322, 324; visit of Washington to, in Brooklyn, i. 325; in favor of the evacuation of New York, i. 341; left in command of the rear-guard, at the evacuation of New York, i. 349; city of New York abandoned by, i. 351; troops under the command of, attacked by the British on their march to Harlem—incident to which his escape was owing, i. 352; charged by Washington with the fortification of Philadelphia, i. 406; failure of, to co-operate with Washington at Trenton, i. 423; letter of Washington to, after the battle of Princeton, i. 437; expedient of, to make the British believe his force greater than it was—really small force under the command of, at Princeton, i. 450; intrusted with the task of placing a boom across the Hudson at Fort Montgomery, i. 477; memorable reply sent by, to Sir Henry Clinton, on his demanding the liberation of Edmund Palmer, i. 502; in command at Peekskill, at the time of Sir Henry Clinton's advance, ii. 33; much discouraged by the successes of Clinton, ii. 38; unwillingness of, to send reinforcements to Washington, ii. 74;

revolt in the division of, at Danby, ii. 167; narrow escape of, from Tryon's dragoons, at Greenwich, ii. 180; Lossing's account of the escape of (*note*)—subsequent vigorous action of, ii. 181.

Pyle, Colonel, deception practised upon, by Pickens and Lee, near the Haw river, ii. 318; surprise and defeat of—left for dying, but survived, ii. 319; terror produced among the loyalists by the surprise of, ii. 320.

Q.

Quebec, expedition of Wolfe against, in 1759, i. 109, 111; great extent of the fortifications of, i. 111; fire-ships sent against the British fleet at, i. 113; movements of Lieutenant Rogers at the siege of, i. 115; failure of General Monckton's attack on, at the Montmorenci—remarkable adventures of Ochterlony and Peyton during the siege of, i. 118; barbarity of the warfare during the siege of, i. 122; desperate position of the French at, i. 124; surrender of, to the British, in 1759, i. 131; expedition of Arnold against, in 1775, i. 196, 201–206; summoned to surrender by Arnold, i. 206; departure of Arnold from, to Point aux Trembles, i. 207; joint operations of Montgomery and Arnold at, i. 209, 211; ice-battery constructed by Montgomery at, i. 209; destruction and abandonment of the ice-battery at, i. 210; united attack upon, by Montgomery and Arnold, i. 211; operations of General Wooster at—reinforcements received by Sir Guy Carleton in—retreat of the American army from, i. 261.

Queen Charlotte, a British vessel engaged in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 54.

Queen's Rangers, prisoners made from, by Lord Stirling, i. 376; success of the foraging expeditions of, near Philadelphia, ii. 108.

Queenstown, attack made upon, by troops under Colonel Van Rensselaer, ii. 466; main body of the American force refuse to join in the attack upon—arrival of Colonel Winfield Scott at—reinforcements expected by the British at, ii. 468; American militia absolutely refuse to cross over to, ii. 469; surrender of Colonel Scott at—killed and wounded at, ii. 472.

Quincy bridge, exploits of Sumter, Marion, and Lee at, ii. 359; desperate position of American officers at, ii. 361; killed and wounded at, ii. 362.

Quincy, Josiah, invasion of Canada in 1812 denounced by, ii. 505.

Quitman, General John A., gallantry of, at the storming of Monterey, iii. 303; Victoria occupied by, without resistance, iii. 369; brigade under the command of, at Lobos island, iii. 412; attempt of Santa Anna to surprise, iii. 428; San Augustine occupied by, at the siege of Mexico, iii. 453; raises the American flag on the national palace in Mexico, iii. 466.

R.

Rahl, Colonel, in the attack on Fort Washington, i. 390; force under the command of, in Trenton, i. 418; twice warned of the intended attack upon Trenton, i. 419; surprise and confusion of, when attacked, i. 421; shot from his horse at the head of his men, i. 422; visit of Washington to the death-bed of, i. 424.

Rahway river, bridge across defended by Colonel Angel against the troops of Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 234.

"Raid of the dog-days," in South Carolina, ii. 357.

Raisin river, battle at Frenchtown, near, ii. 509, 510; influence of the memory of, on the Kentuckians at the battle of the Thames, iii. 69.

Raleigh, cruise of, in company with the Alfred, ii. 76; command of, given to Captain Barry, ii. 155; chase and capture of, by the British ships Experiment and Unicorn, ii. 155–157.

Randolph, John, of Roanoke, speech of, against war with England, in 1812—prejudices of, against the French and Napoleon, ii. 424.

Ranger, memorable cruise of Paul Jones in, in 1778, ii. 150; action of, with the Drake, ii. 153.

Ransom, Colonel, in charge of General Pierce's troops at Contreras, iii. 445; killed at the storming of Chapultepec, iii. 462.

Rapelye, Mrs., information sent by, to Lord Howe, of the American retreat from Long island, i. 335.

Rapids of the Maumee, Fort Meigs erected at, by General Harrison, iii. 2.

Rathburne, Captain, cruise of, in the Providence, ii. 154.

Rattlesnakes and prairie-dogs, iii. 338.

Rawdon, Lord, British grenadiers led by, at the storming of Fort Montgomery, ii. 34, 37; arrival of, at Charleston, with reinforcements for Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 210; in command of the British at Camden, ii. 215; command in South Carolina devolved upon, by the sickness of Cornwallis, ii. 286; compels Sumter to raise the siege of Fort Granby, ii. 336; attempt of Greene to surprise, at Camden, ii. 338; Greene surprised by, at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 340; force of, at Hobkirk's hill, composed principally of American royalists, ii. 341; junction of Colonel Watson with, at Camden, ii. 344; Camden evacuated and burned by, ii. 345; held in check at Charleston by Marion and Sumter, ii. 347; Ninety-Six abandoned by, ii. 355; pursuit of, by Greene—precipitate retreat of, to Granby, ii. 356; junction of Colonels Stewart and Cruger with—strong ground taken by, near Orangeburg, ii. 357; retreat of, to Charleston, and departure for Europe—succeeded by Stewart at Orangeburg, ii. 363.

Rawlings, Colonel, position of, in the defence of Fort Washington, i. 388.

Rea, General, defeated by the Americans at Huamantla, iii. 468.

Red-bank, fort at, taken by Cornwallis, ii. 75.

"Red-sticks," a Creek tribe, terrible defeat of, by General Jackson, iii. 90; defeat of, in their attack on General Floyd's encampment, iii. 99.

Reed, Colonel Joseph, correspondence of Washington with, i. 222; state papers intrusted to, by Washington, on the landing of General Howe on Long island, i. 323; an especial admirer of General Lee—biographical notice of—great esteem of Washington for—flattering letter written by, to Lee, i. 397; letter of Washington to, enclosing the letter of Lee, i. 400; letter from, to Washington, urging active measures, i. 416; letter of Washington to, informing him of the hour for the attack on Trenton, i. 417; British commissary and foraging-party made prisoners by, i. 428; appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; resignation of, as adjutant-general, i. 457; memorable answer made by, to British offers, ii. 115; measures taken by, to put an end to the mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops, ii. 307.

- Reidesel, Baron, in command of a body of Burgoyne's Brunswickers, i. 485.
- Reidesel, Baroness, with her husband in Burgoyne's army, ii. 26; reminiscences of, of the night following the second battle of Bemis's heights, ii. 44; condition of the British camp on the Fishkill described by, ii. 51; joy of, at the prospect of surrender, ii. 56, 57; conducted to the tent of General Gates by Schuyler, ii. 58; taken by General Schuyler to his own tent—invited by Schuyler to take up her residence at his house in Albany—anecdote related by, of a French surgeon—marked kindness of Schuyler's family to, ii. 59.
- Reindeer, British brig-of-war, capture of, by Captain Blakeley, in the Wasp, iii. 154.
- Rennie, Colonel, daring attack led by, on a redoubt, at the battle of New Orleans—shot dead by a rifle-ball, iii. 238.
- Renshaw, Lieutenant James, escape of, in the Enterprise, from a British frigate, iii. 28.
- Resaca de la Palma, description of the ravine of, iii. 286; account of the battle of, iii. 287; total rout of the Mexicans at, iii. 288; killed and wounded at, iii. 289.
- Revenge, schooner, Perry appointed to the command of, in 1810, iii. 45; wreck of, in 1811, iii. 47.
- Revolution, battles of the, i. 137.
- Rhode Island, perfect tent-equipages of, in the continental army, i. 187; arrival of ammunition from, in the camp at Cambridge, i. 192; aid demanded by, from Congress, against the exactions of Captain Wallace, i. 227; Arnold in command of forces sent to—Arnold dissuaded by Washington from making an attack upon, i. 451; arrival of D'Estaing's fleet at—expedition against the British on, ii. 144; delays in the attack upon, ii. 145; want of co-operation between, Sullivan and D'Estaing in the attack upon, ii. 145-147.
- Riall, General, Buffalo and Black Rock burned by, in 1813, iii. 111; British army under the command of, at the Chippewa—crosses the Chippewa, to meet General Scott, iii. 160; defeat of, by Scott and Jesup, iii. 162; largely reinforced by General Drummond, iii. 163; made prisoner by Jesup at Lundy's Lane, iii. 164.
- Richmond, taken possession of, by Arnold, ii. 304; public buildings and warehouses in, burned by Arnold, ii. 305; designs of Phillips and Arnold against, ii. 329.
- Ridgeley, Lieutenant, in charge of the artillery after the death of Major Ringgold, iii. 287; at the storming of Monterey, iii. 304.
- "Right of search," British claim of, one cause of the war of 1812, ii. 414.
- Riley, Colonel, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, iii. 423; ordered to gain the rear of Contreras, iii. 442.
- Ringgold, Major, mortal wound received by, at Palo Alto, iii. 284; biographical notice of, iii. 285.
- Rio Grande, camp-life of General Taylor on, iii. 268; march of Taylor's army to, iii. 271; arrival of the American army at, iii. 273; preparations made on both sides of, for hostilities, iii. 275; deserters from the American camp on—Fort Brown constructed on the banks of, iii. 276; blockade of the mouths of, by orders of General Taylor, iii. 279.
- Rio San Gabriel, Californians defeated at, by Stockton and Kearney, iii. 362.
- Ripley, Colonel (afterward General), gallantry of, at Chrysler's farm, in Canada, iii. 109; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 164; failure of, to bring off cannon after the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 166; superseded by General Gaines, iii. 167; gallantry of, in defence of Fort Erie, iii. 168; command again devolves upon, iii. 169.
- Rivière aux Bœufs, French fort on, in 1754, i. 34.
- Robertson, General, arrival of, in New York, with reinforcements for Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 32.
- Robinson, Colonel Beverly, headquarters of Arnold at the house of, ii. 240; accompanies Major André to Dobbs's ferry, to meet Arnold, ii. 247; correspondence of Arnold with, on board the Vulture, ii. 248.
- Rochambeau, Count de, news of the coming of, brought by Lafayette, ii. 235; instructions of the French minister to, in relation to the precedence of American officers, ii. 236; biographical notice of—landing of, at Newport, ii. 237; compelled to remain inactive in America, his reinforcements being blockaded in Brest, ii. 239; conference of Washington with, at Hartford, ii. 247; interview of Washington with, at Weathersfield, ii. 381; money loaned by, to Robert Morris, ii. 384; visit of, to Mount Vernon, ii. 388.
- Rocky mountains, exploring expedition of Fremont beyond, iii. 316.
- Rogers, a subaltern, sallies of, against the French at Crown Point, i. 90.
- Rogers, Commodore, account of his chase of and fight with the Little Belt, ii. 420; chase of the Belvidera by, ii. 444; British squadron under Captain Broke in search of, ii. 445; British packet Swallow captured by, ii. 487; kept in port, in the Guerriere, by blockade in 1814, iii. 153.
- Rogers, Major, biographical notice of, i. 361; Doctor Wheelock's account of his interview with, i. 362; arrested at South Amboy by order of Washington—famous corps of the Queen's Rangers recruited by—fears of the Connecticut people excited by his threats, i. 363; anxiety of the Americans to get possession of, i. 376.
- Rose and Phoenix, British ships-of-war, pass the American batteries, on their way up the Hudson, i. 307; communications on the Hudson interrupted by, i. 312; chain forged to prevent the further progress of, i. 313; conflict of, with row-galleys, on the Hudson—withdrawal of, from the river, i. 317; not hindered by Putnam's *chevaux-de-frise*, i. 318.
- Ross, General Sir James, arrival of, in the Chesapeake, with British troops, in 1814, iii. 171; hesitation of, to make the attack at Bladensburg, iii. 175; decisive movement of, at the battle of Bladensburg, iii. 180; fired upon, by some unknown person, on entering Washington, iii. 193; preparations made by, for a retreat from Washington, iii. 195; death of, on the march toward Baltimore—monument erected to the memory of, in Westminster abbey—succeeded in command by Colonel Brooke, iii. 199.
- "Rough and Ready," a title bestowed upon General Taylor by his soldiers, iii. 268.
- Roxbury, Winter hill fortified at, after the battle of Breed's hill, i. 182; right of the continental army at, under General Ward, i. 189.
- Rugely, Colonel, surrender of, to Colonel Washington, with a wooden cannon, ii. 295.
- Rutherford, General, patriot force gathered by, at Charlotte, in North Carolina, ii. 217.

Rutledge, Governor John, patriotic conduct of, in South Carolina, ii. 174; militia called out by, for the defence of Charleston, in 1780, ii. 207; aid for South Carolina promised to, from various sources, ii. 217; with Greene in his camp on the Pedee, ii. 296.

S.

Sackett's Harbor, armed vessels built at, under the superintendence of Chauncey and Eckford—demonstration made by a British fleet off the fort of, ii. 464; flotilla assembled at, by Commodore Chauncey, iii. 6; attack upon, by the British under Sir George Prevost, iii. 12; successful defence of, by General Brown, iii. 13; naval force equipped at, by Chauncey, iii. 39; unsuccessful attack upon, by Sir James Yeo, iii. 158; blockaded by Yeo, iii. 159; Yeo compelled to raise the siege of, iii. 160.

Sacramento, arrival of Colonel Doniphan at—Doniphan's own account of the battle of, iii. 407; losses sustained by the Mexicans at, iii. 410.

Sacrificios, beach opposite to, selected for a landing-place in General Scott's attack on Vera Cruz, iii. 412.

Sag Harbor, stores at, destroyed by Colonel Meigs, i. 475.

St. Augustine, Gadsden, Ramsay, and others, sent to, by Cornwallis, after the fall of Charleston, ii. 276.

St. Clair, General, appointed major-general by Congress, i. 452; preparations of, at Ticonderoga, to resist Burgoyne, i. 487; Ticonderoga abandoned by, on the British occupation of Mount Defiance, i. 492; midnight retreat of, discovered by the British, i. 493; pursued by General Fraser and Baron Reidesel, i. 494; retreat of, to Hubbardton, Castleton, and Bennington, i. 495, 496; arrival of, with the remains of his force, at Fort Edward—Washington misinformed as to his means of defence at Ticonderoga, i. 498; abandonment of Ticonderoga justified by, on the ground of policy, i. 499; an inquiry into the conduct of, at Ticonderoga, ordered by Congress, ii. 7; suspected of complicity in Arnold's treason, ii. 268.

St. Clair, Sir John, sent to Virginia, in advance of Braddock, i. 54; Virginia recruits obtained by, i. 56; threats made by, to the Pennsylvania commissioners, i. 58.

St. John, on the Sorel, capture and abandonment of, by Arnold, i. 156; surrender of, to Montgomery, i. 201.

St. Joseph's island, landing of General Taylor at, with his "army of occupation," iii. 266; hospital established at, by Taylor, iii. 270.

St. Leger, Colonel, compelled by the fears of his Indians to give up the siege of Fort Schuyler, ii. 11; and Sir John Johnson, trick played upon, by Indians, when retreating from Fort Schuyler, ii. 12; retreat of, to Ticonderoga, ii. 29.

St. Louis, trade of, with New Mexico, iii. 332; volunteers from, in Kearney's expedition against New Mexico, iii. 334.

St. Patrick, men of the Mexican companies of, hanged by General Scott as deserters (*note*), iii. 454.

St. Regis, British picket at, surprised by volunteers under Major Young, ii. 475; British colors borne away from, by Captain Marcy, ii. 476.

Salmon river, party of Americans compelled to surrender to the British at, ii. 476.

Saltillo, taken possession of, by General Taylor, iii. 366; Captain Hardy and Kentucky troopers made prisoners

near—post taken by Taylor at, on learning the approach of Santa Anna, iii. 381; military advantages of Taylor's movement on—three approaches to, open to Santa Anna, iii. 382.

Saltonstall, Captain, in command of a Massachusetts fleet sent against Colonel M'Lean, at Penobscot bay, ii. 197.

San Antonio, near Mexico, fortified by Santa Anna, iii. 440; determination of General Scott to turn, by crossing the Pedregal, iii. 441; operations of Scott against, after the victory at Contreras, iii. 447; turned and forced by General Worth, iii. 448.

San Augustine, near Mexico, headquarters of the American army established at, iii. 438.

San Diego, attack of insurgents upon, repelled by Commodore Stockton—suffering inhabitants of, relieved by Stockton, iii. 354; arrival of General Kearney at, iii. 361.

Sandusky, interview of Perry with General Harrison and staff at, iii. 53.

Sandwich, American force driven from, by General Brock, ii. 439.

Sandy Hook, French fleet under D'Estaing at anchor off, ii. 143.

*San Francisco, bay of, taken possession of, by Commodore Sloat, iii. 329.

San Geronimo. (See Contreras.)

San Juan de Nava, arrival of General Wool at, iii. 350.

San Juan d'Ulloa, Scott's preparations for an attack upon, iii. 412; little damage done by shot and shell from, iii. 413; surrender of, by General Landero, to Scott, iii. 414.

San Luis Obispo, expedition of Colonel Fremont against insurgents at, iii. 363.

San Luis Potosi, General Taylor ordered to march against, iii. 365; difficulty and danger of the proposed march to, iii. 366; American prisoners sent to, iii. 381.

San Miguel, arrival of General Kearney at, iii. 342.

San Pasqual, attack of General Kearney on General Pico at—severe losses sustained by Kearney at, iii. 360.

San Rosas, American flag raised in, by General Wool, iii. 351.

San Salvador, the Essex and the Phœbe with difficulty got into the harbor of, after the battle, iii. 152.

Santa Anna, General Antonio Lopez de, disposed for peace with the United States—banishment of, from Mexico, iii. 270; return of, to Mexico, iii. 297; concentrates his troops at San Luis Potosi, iii. 365; determination of, to attack General Taylor at Saltillo, iii. 383; order of march of the army of, when approaching Buena Vista, iii. 385; flag sent by, to Taylor, at Buena Vista, demanding the surrender of his army, iii. 389; singular message sent by, to Taylor, during the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 401; able generalship of—Mexican army posted by, at the pass of Cerro Gordo, iii. 418; attempt of, to surprise Worth and Quitman at Amozoque, iii. 427; retreat of, to the city of Mexico, iii. 428; secret proposals for negotiation made by, to Commissioner Trist, iii. 438; great efforts made by, for the defence of Mexico, iii. 439; threatened attack of, upon General Smith, at Contreras, iii. 443; victory at Contreras prematurely announced by, to his army, iii. 444; armistice proposed by, after the capture of Churubusco, iii. 453; a fugitive from the Mexican capital, iii. 467; summons Colonel Childs, at Puebla, to surrender—his flight, and departure from Mexico, iii. 468.

- Santa Barbara, in California, capture of, by Commodore Stockton. iii. 331.
- Santa Fé, in New Mexico, trade of, iii. 332; entrance of General Kearney into, unopposed—description of the city and its inhabitants, iii. 343; Colonel Doniphan left in command of troops at, iii. 346.
- Santee river, encampment of General Greene on the "High hills" of, ii. 357, 375.
- Saranac river, retreat of General Macomb over, in 1814, iii. 202.
- Saratoga, arrival of General Burgoyne at, ii. 21; retreat of Burgoyne to, after the second battle of Bemis's heights, ii. 47; retreat of Burgoyne from, ii. 50; British loss in men and material, in the surrender at—prisoners surrendered at, placed under the care of General Heath, at Boston—important consequences of Burgoyne's surrender at, ii. 60.
- Saunders, Admiral, with Wolfe in his expedition against Quebec, i. 109.
- Savannah, General Robert Howe defeated by Colonel Campbell near, ii. 171; siege of, by Lincoln and D'Estaing, ii. 198; aid borne by Colonel Maitland to Prevost, at the siege of, ii. 199; siege of, raised through the obstinacy of D'Estaing—death of Count Pulaski at the siege of—mortal wound received by Sergeant Jasper at the siege of, ii. 201; all that remained to the British in Georgia, at the close of 1779—killed and wounded at the siege of—death of Maitland at, ii. 202; British evacuation of, ii. 379; blockade of, proclaimed by the British in 1813, iii. 29.
- Scammel, Colonel, aid-de-camp of Washington in the retreat from Long island, i. 334; death of, at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 394.
- Schuyler, General Philip, directed by Congress to undertake the invasion of Canada, i. 195; Ticonderoga fortified by—sickness of, at Ticonderoga, i. 197; operations of, against Sir John Johnson, i. 236; letter of Washington to, in relation to affairs in Canada, i. 262; dislike of the New-England troops toward—extract from Graydon's Memoirs respecting the manners of, i. 263; letter of Washington addressed to, in relation to imputations on his character—brief biographical notice of, i. 264; claims of General Gates to the command of the Northern army resisted by, i. 285; irascibility of—insinuations of Colonel Trumbull against, i. 458; superseded by Gates in command of the Northern army, i. 459; reinstated in command of the Northern army, i. 481; letter of, from Fort Edward, after St. Clair's retreat—ignorant of the fate of St. Clair, i. 495; his account of the force and condition of the Northern army at Fort Edward, i. 499; proclamation issued by, in reply to one issued by Burgoyne, i. 501; retreat of, before Burgoyne, i. 509; efforts of, to obtain reinforcements, i. 510; Congress determine to supersede, in command of the Northern army, ii. 7; Congress appoint Gates the successor of—unpopularity of, in New England—noble conduct of, when superseded, ii. 8; house and mills of, destroyed by Burgoyne, ii. 50; kindness of, to Baroness Reidesel—generosity of, acknowledged by Burgoyne in Parliament, ii. 59.
- Schuylkill river, crossed by Sir William Howe, on his way to Philadelphia, ii. 62.
- Scorpion, an American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 55.
- Scott, Colonel Winfield (afterward General), gallantry of, at the battle of Queenstown, ii. 468, 470; speech of, to his troops, at Queenstown heights, ii. 471; forced by superior numbers to surrender, ii. 472; dangerous adventure of, when a prisoner, with Indian chiefs, ii. 473; in the attack on Fort George, on Niagara river, iii. 10; apology made to, by a British officer, iii. 12; bayonet-charge ordered by, at the battle of Chippewa, iii. 162; gallantry and skill shown by, at the battle of Lundy's Lane, iii. 163; severely wounded at Lundy's Lane, iii. 165; biographical notice of, iii. 371; sent in 1832 against the Indians of the Northwest—terrible ravages of the cholera in the army of, iii. 373; important service rendered by, during the "Nullification" agitation in 1832—treaties concluded by, with Indians of the Northwest—scope for the genius of, afforded by the Florida war, iii. 375; movements of, in the Seminole war—his conduct of the war vindicated by a court of inquiry, iii. 376; services of, on the Canada border, in 1838, iii. 377; bloodless campaign of, among the Cherokees—commendation of, by Doctor Channing—services of, in settling the difficulty between Maine and New Brunswick—commander-in-chief on the death of General Macomb, in 1841, iii. 378; ordered to take command of the forces in Mexico, in 1846—elements of the character of (*note*), iii. 379; despatches of, fall into the hands of Santa Anna, iii. 382; arrival of, at Plan del Rio, near Cerro Gordo, iii. 419; celebrated order of battle issued by, at Cerro Gordo, iii. 420; proclamation issued by, to the people of Mexico, iii. 430; small effective force of, at Puebla, iii. 433; composition and arrangement of the army with which he marched from Puebla to Mexico (*note*), iii. 434; arrival of, in the valley of Mexico, iii. 436; circuitous march of the army of, in the valley of Mexico, iii. 437; headquarters of, established at San Augustine—secret proposals of Santa Anna rejected by, iii. 438; his account of the operations at Churubusco—his high commendation of the officers and men engaged at Churubusco, iii. 451; his reason for not storming the city of Mexico immediately after the capture of Churubusco, iii. 453; his account of the siege and storming of Chapultepec, iii. 459; his plans of operations for the reduction of Vera Cruz, iii. 510, 511.
- Seminole war, commenced by Osceola, in 1835, iii. 376.
- Serapis, engagement of, with the *Bon Homme Richard*, ii. 188–194; words said to have passed between Jones and Pearson at the surrender of, ii. 194.
- Seringapatam, a corsair, capture of, by the Essex, iii. 131.
- Sevier, Colonel, at the battle of King's mountain, ii. 281.
- Seward, Anna, notice of, ii. 246.
- Seymour, Admiral, surprise of, at seeing the American flag flying over Monterey, iii. 329.
- Shannon, a British frigate, chase of the Constitution by the, ii. 447; action of, with the Chesapeake, iii. 19.
- Shawnees and Delawares, singular origin of a war between, iii. 134.
- Shawnees, Kearney's army in the country of, iii. 337.
- Sheaffe, General, escape of, from York, with a body of British regulars, iii. 9.
- Shelby, Colonel, at the battle of King's mountain, in 1780, ii. 281; British at Fairlawn surrender to, ii. 377; at the battle of the Thames, in 1813, iii. 69.
- Sherbourne, Major, troops under the command of, made prisoners near the Cedars, in 1776, i. 273.

- Sherman, Captain, position of the battery of, at Buena Vista, iii. 388.
- Shields, General James, volunteer regiments under the command of, at Cerro Gordo, iii. 420; severe wound received by, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, iii. 423; timely arrival of, at Contreras, iii. 445; conduct of, at Contreras, commended by General Scott, iii. 446; battle in the rear of Churubusco won by, with inferior forces, iii. 451.
- Shippen, Miss Margaret (afterward wife of General Arnold), one of the "*Mischianza*" ladies, ii. 96; marriage of, with Arnold—correspondence kept up by, with Major André, after her marriage—tory proclivities of the family of, ii. 242.
- Shirley, Braddock's secretary, death of, i. 78.
- Shirley, Governor, his scheme for the capture of Louisburg, in 1744, i. 7; letter of, to William Pepperell, i. 14; *coup de main* on Louisburg abandoned by, i. 18; despatch of Pepperell to, relating to the siege of Louisburg, i. 28; design of, to invade Canada, in 1745, i. 30; expedition of, against Niagara, i. 86.
- Short, Colonel, death of, in the attempt to storm Fort Stephenson, iii. 38.
- Shubrick, Lieutenant, in the Constitution in 1815, iii. 215.
- Sierra Nevada, scarcity of food in the desert to the east of, iii. 321.
- Silliman, General, efforts of, to resist Tryon, in his attempt on Danbury—assistance rendered to, by Generals Arnold and Wooster, i. 464.
- Silver Bluffs, British post at, reduced by Major Rudolph, after the evacuation of Camden, ii. 347.
- Simcoe, Colonel, associated with Arnold in his expedition to Virginia, ii. 304; despatched to the Point of York, to destroy stores, ii. 332; deception practised by, upon Baron Steuben, ii. 333.
- Sinclair, Captain, escape of, in the brig Argus, from a British squadron, ii. 487.
- Siren, an American cruiser, capture of, by the British seventy-four Medway, iii. 25.
- Six Nations, General Sullivan's expedition against, in 1779—subsequent history of (*note*), ii. 161; destruction of the houses and gardens of—name of *Town-Destroyer* applied to Washington by, ii. 162.
- Skene, Major, capture of the son of—discovery of the body of the wife of, i. 156; Burgoyne advised by, to send an expedition to Bennington, ii. 1; accompanies Colonel Baume on his expedition against Bennington, ii. 2.
- Skenesborough, arrival of Burgoyne's gun-boats at, in pursuit of the fugitives from Ticonderoga—efforts of Colonel Long for the defence of—reinforcements sent to, by General Schuyler, i. 494; retreat of Colonel Long from, to Fort Edward—delay of Burgoyne at, i. 498, 500.
- Slidell, John, fruitless mission of, to Mexico, iii. 270.
- Sloat, Commodore, Monterey (in California) taken possession of by, iii. 329.
- Smallwood, Colonel, handsome appearance of the regiment of, i. 299; Marylanders under, with the army in New York, i. 320; regiment of, almost cut to pieces at the battle of Long island, i. 328; position of the brigade of, at the battle of Camden, ii. 225; militia of North Carolina put under the command of, ii. 287.
- Smith, Colonel, expedition of, to seize arms at Concord, i. 141, 143; severely wounded when on his retreat from Concord, i. 146; reinforced by Lord Percy, i. 147.
- Smith, Colonel Persifer F., at the siege of Monterey, iii. 306; brigade of, commanded by Colonel Harney at Cerro Gordo, iii. 421; command of the American forces in Contreras assumed by, iii. 443; conduct of, at Contreras, commended by General Scott, iii. 445.
- Smith, Colonel, thanks voted to, by Congress, for his defence of Fort Mifflin, ii. 71.
- Smith, Joshua Hett, instrumentality of, in procuring a meeting between André and Arnold, ii. 250, 251; arrested by order of Washington, on suspicion of complicity with Arnold, ii. 264.
- Smollett, language of, respecting Dunbar's retreat, after Braddock's defeat, i. 85.
- Smythe, General Alexander, successor of Van Rensselaer in command on the Niagara frontier—grandiloquent proclamation issued to his troops by, ii. 474; subsequent inactivity of, ii. 475; second proclamation issued by—large numbers of militia in the camp of, ii. 477; preparations made by, for the invasion of Canada, ii. 478; indecision of, at Black Rock, ii. 479; riotous conduct of his troops, ii. 480; bloodless duel fought by, with General Porter—compelled to fly to Virginia, to escape the indignation of his troops, ii. 481.
- Snow's island, stationary camp formed by General Marion on, ii. 297.
- Somers, an American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 55.
- Sonoma, military post at, taken by Fremont, iii. 327.
- South Carolina, ravages of the British in, in 1779, ii. 178; expedition of Sir Henry Clinton against, in 1780, ii. 205; operations of the patriots in, in the summer of 1781, ii. 335; march of General Greene into, ii. 338; good conduct of the militia from, at Quinby bridge, ii. 362; legislature of, convened by Governor Rutledge, in 1782, ii. 378.
- Spain, independence of the United States acknowledged by, after the surrender of Burgoyne, ii. 61; claims of, to Florida and Louisiana, in 1813, iii. 74.
- Spaniards, dislodged from Mobile by General Wilkinson, in 1813, iii. 74; activity of, in Florida, in aiding the British against the United States, in 1814, iii. 221.
- Specht, General, in command of a body of Burgoyne's Brunswickers, i. 485.
- Springfield, in New Jersey, burned by the British in 1780, ii. 234.
- Spring Wells, landing at, of the British under General Brock, ii. 439.
- Stacey, sailing-master on the *Bon Homme Richard*, reproved by Paul Jones for profanity, ii. 191.
- Stansbury, General, ordered by General Winder to withstand the British at Bladensburg, iii. 174.
- Stark, John (afterward General), in the garrison of Fort William Henry, in 1757, i. 98; in the expedition against Ticonderoga, under Abercrombie, i. 104; joins the patriots after the battle of Lexington, i. 150; coolness of, when under fire, on his way to Bunker's hill, i. 171; body of New-Hampshire militia under the command of—biographical notice of—popularity of, in New Hampshire, ii. 3; refusal of, to obey the orders of General Lincoln, ii. 4; movements of, in the neighborhood of Bennington, ii. 4, 5; his plan of attack upon Colonel Baume, ii. 5; celebrated speech of, on leading his men to the attack, ii. 6; good influence of the victory ob-

- tained by, ii. 7; militia under the command of, refuse to remain at the battle of Bemis's heights, ii. 23.
- "Star-spangled Banner," when written—words of the song, iii. 200.
- Staten island, troops of General Howe landed on, i. 307; efforts of Knowlton and Mercer to annoy the British at—great accumulation of British troops at, i. 316; abundance of tories in, i. 360; expedition against the British on, under Lord Stirling, ii. 204.
- Stephen, General Adam, appointed major-general by Congress, i. 452.
- Sterling, General, mortal wound received by, from the random shot of a sentinel, ii. 231.
- Steuben, Baron Frederick William Augustus, arrival of, in the camp at Valley Forge—biographical notice of, ii. 103; strongly recommended by Franklin and Deane—complimentary letter of, to Washington, ii. 104; appointed by Congress inspector-general of the American army—unacquainted with the English language—character and personal appearance of, ii. 105; important services rendered to the American army by, ii. 106; the condition of the army gives evidence of the value of his labors, ii. 168; Arnold pursued by, toward the seaboard, ii. 311; driven by Phillips and Arnold across the Appomattox, ii. 329; deception practised upon, by Colonel Simcoe, at the Point of York—junction of, with Wayne and Lafayette, ii. 333; troops commanded by, at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 395.
- Stevens, General, of Virginia, bad conduct of his militia—position given to, at the battle of Camden, ii. 225; wounded at the battle of Guilford courthouse, ii. 324.
- Stevenson, Colonel, New-York volunteers under, stationed in California, iii. 469.
- Stewart, Captain Charles, active employment of the American navy urged by, in 1812, ii. 443; contrivances of, for protecting the frigate *Constellation*, iii. 30; remark of a British admiral respecting—transferred to the command of the *Constitution*, iii. 31; cruises of, in the *Constitution*, in 1815, iii. 214.
- Stewart, Colonel, succeeds Lord Rawdon at Orangeburg, ii. 363; retreat of, to Eutaw Springs, followed by Colonel Lee, ii. 367; attacked by General Greene at Eutaw Springs, ii. 368; retreat and junction of, with M'Arthur—wounded at Eutaw Springs, ii. 374; command of, devolved on Major Doyle, ii. 375; extensive ravages of, in the low country of South Carolina, ii. 376; succeeded by General Leslie, ii. 378.
- Stillwater, arrival of the American army at, under General Gates, i. 512, ii. 21.
- Stirling, Colonel, American works at Billingsport taken by, ii. 69.
- Stirling, Lord, left in command of the troops in New York on the departure of General Lee—biographical notice of, i. 259; General Grant attacked by, i. 326; caught between the troops of Grant and Cornwallis—movements of, watched by Washington, from the heights, i. 328; surrender of, to De Heister, i. 329; sent to New Jersey with the Virginia and Maryland regiments, i. 385; appointed major-general by Congress, i. 452; chosen by Washington to conduct an expedition against Staten island, ii. 204.
- Stobo, Captain Robert, left as a hostage with the French at Fort Necessity, i. 44.
- Stockton, Commodore Robert F., operations of, in California, iii. 329, 330; government organized in California by, iii. 331; movements of, against insurgents at Los Angeles and Monterey, iii. 353; aid sent by, to the camp of General Kearney, iii. 354; expedition of, in conjunction with Kearney, for the reduction of Los Angeles, iii. 362.
- Stockton, Major, and New-Jersey royalists, made prisoners by Colonel Nielson, i. 454.
- Stony Point, capture of, by Sir Henry Clinton, in 1779, ii. 179; history of the capture of, by Wayne, ii. 183; killed and wounded at Wayne's capture of—influence of the capture of, upon the movements of Sir Henry Clinton—abandoned by Washington, as requiring too large a garrison—reoccupied by Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 185; medals awarded by Congress to Wayne and others, engaged in the storming of, ii. 196.
- Story, Joseph, compliment paid to the American navy by, ii. 443.
- Stricker, General, driven from his ground by Colonel Brooke—march of the British toward Baltimore arrested by, iii. 199.
- Strong, Governor, of Massachusetts, adverse to the continuance of the war in 1813, iii. 35.
- Sugar-loaf hill, commanding Ticonderoga, fortification of, urged by Colonel John Trumbull, i. 488; importance of, discovered by Burgoyne, i. 491; taken possession of, by General Phillips—christened "Mount Defiance" by the British—St. Clair abandons Ticonderoga and Mount Independence in consequence of the British occupation of, i. 492.
- Sullivan, General John, Wooster superseded by, in command of the American army in Canada, i. 262; brief biographical notice of, i. 274; sanguine letter of, from Canada, i. 275; Washington's opinion of—General Thompson sent by, to attack the British at Three Rivers, i. 276; contradictory despatches of, i. 277, 278; retreat of, from Canada—miserable condition of the troops of, as described by John Adams—retreat of, to Crown Point, i. 279; in charge of troops on Long island, without the lines, at the landing of General Howe, i. 322; negligence of, in not sending out patrols, i. 326; surrender of, i. 329; anxiety of, to exonerate himself from blame, for the loss of the battle of Long island, i. 330; sent on board Lord Howe's ship, i. 336; sent with a verbal message from Lord Howe to Congress, i. 336, 342; Adams's opinion of his mission from Howe to Congress, i. 347; junction of the division of, with Washington, near Coryell's ferry, i. 414; remarkable letter of Washington to, i. 456; letter conveyed to, from Judge Levins, of Canada, urging him to betray the American cause, i. 482; charged with ill conduct at Staten island, ii. 14; right wing commanded by, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 15; rout of the division of, at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 18; condemned by public opinion for his conduct at the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 20; expedition against the British on Rhode island under the command of, ii. 144; movements of, without the co-operation of D'Estaing, ii. 145, 146; indignation of, at the conduct of D'Estaing, in refusing to remain in Newport—language of an order of, in relation to the departure of the French, ii. 147; deserted by his militia—skilful retreat of—battle fought by, with the British on Rhode

- island, ii. 148; escape of, from Rhode island, in the night, aided by Lafayette—fortunate escape of, from Sir Henry Clinton, ii. 149; expedition against the Mohawks undertaken by, ii. 161.
- Sullivan's island, fort erected on, by Colonel Moultrie, i. 289.
- Sumner, General, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 368.
- Sumner, Major, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, iii. 421.
- Sumter, Colonel Thomas (afterward General), biographical notice of, ii. 215; scarcity of arms and ammunition among the patriots under—body of royal troops defeated by, on the borders of South Carolina, ii. 218; patriots flock to the standard of—Prince of Wales's regiment cut to pieces by, at Hanging Rock—patriots in the Carolinas encouraged by the enterprises of, ii. 219; prisoners and baggage-wagons intercepted by, on the Wateree—rapid pursuit of, and destruction of his force, by Colonel Tarleton, ii. 228; pursuit of, by Tarleton—attempt of Major Wemyss to surprise, ii. 287; Tarleton defeated by, near Tiger river, ii. 288; severe wound received by, ii. 289; Fort Granby invested by—escort of British regulars captured by, on their way to Camden—driven from the investment of Fort Watson by Lord Rawdon—attacked by Major Fraser, near Camden, ii. 336; "Raid of the Dog-Days," under the command of, ii. 357; attack of, upon Colonel Coates, at Monk's Corner, ii. 358; attack made by, on Coates, at Shubrick's plantation, ii. 361; dissatisfaction of Marion's brigade with the partiality of—return of, to the camp of General Greene, ii. 362; retirement of, from the service, ii. 366; encounter of, with General Cunningham, ii. 376.
- Suter, Mrs., General Ross takes supper at the house of, in Washington—Admiral Cockburn rides his mule into the house of, iii. 194.
- Sutherland, Major, in command at Paulus Hook, when surprised by Major Lee, ii. 195.
- Sutter, Captain, his reception of Colonel Fremont, iii. 322; horse presented to Fremont by, iii. 327.
- Sutter's fort, attack upon, threatened by the Wah-lah-wah Indians, iii. 352.
- Swallow, a British packet, captured by Commodore Rogers, ii. 487.
- "Swamp-Fox," a title given to General Marion, ii. 296.
- T.
- Tabasco, taken possession of, by Commodore M. C. Perry, iii. 365.
- Tacubaya, General Scott establishes his headquarters at, after the capture of Churubusco, iii. 453.
- Talladega, rapid march of General Jackson to the relief of the fort at, iii. 89.
- Tallmadge, Major, André conveyed to North Salem by, ii. 259; conversation of, with André, on his way to Tappan, ii. 265.
- Tallushatchee, expedition of General Coffee against the Creeks at, iii. 88.
- Tampa river, encampments of General Kearney on, iii. 341.
- Tampico, expedition against, under General Patterson, iii. 365; surrender of, without resistance, to Commodore Conner, iii. 366.
- Tanacharisson, advice given by, to Ensign Ward, i. 35; message of, to Washington, i. 37; present with Washington in the attack on Jumonville, i. 38; with Washington at Fort Necessity, i. 41; Washington deserted by, i. 42; his opinion of Washington at Fort Necessity, i. 45.
- Tarleton, Colonel Banastre, biographical notice of—death of his cavalry-horses on the voyage from New York to Charleston, ii. 206; night-attack of, upon Colonel Washington and General Huger, at Monk's Corner, ii. 209; Colonel White surprised by, at the Santee river, ii. 210; his massacre of troops under the command of Colonel Buford—commendation bestowed upon, by Cornwallis—ferocity of, denounced in England, ii. 214; fugitive militia pursued by, at the battle of Camden, ii. 216; decides the battle of Camden with his dragoons, ii. 227; Sumter's force pursued and routed by, ii. 229; defeated by Sumter near Tiger river, ii. 288; arrival of, at the deserted camp of Morgan, on the Pacolet—sent by Cornwallis against Morgan, ii. 298; Davidson's riflemen pursued by, from the Catawba, ii. 313; narrow escape of General Greene from, ii. 314; attempt of Pickens and Lee to surprise, ii. 318; pursuit of, by Pickens and Lee—retreat of, across the Haw river, ii. 320; troopers of, driven back at Guilford courthouse, by the legion of "Light-horse Harry," ii. 322; rapid ride of, with his dragoons, from Richmond to Charlottesvile—narrow escape of Jefferson from, ii. 332; unhorsed in a cavalry-skirmish near Gloucester, ii. 395; not invited to headquarters after the surrender at Yorktown, ii. 406; subsequent career of, ii. 407.
- Tarrytown, monument erected at, to the memory of Major André, ii. 273.
- Tarves, Captain, an American loyalist, death of, at the siege of Savannah, ii. 202.
- Taylor, Captain Dick, father of Zachary, iii. 266.
- Taylor, Captain Zachary (afterward General), his gallant defence of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, ii. 458; reinforcements borne to, by General Hopkins, ii. 459; instructions of Mr. Bancroft to, respecting his march into Texas—force under the command of, disembarks at St. Joseph's island—biographical notice of, iii. 266; activity of, in the Black Hawk and Florida wars, iii. 267; concise style of the letters and despatches of—personal appearance of, iii. 268; encampment of, at Corpus Christi, iii. 269; march of, from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, iii. 271; attempt of the Mexicans to prevent his crossing the Colorado—movements of, toward Point Isabel and Matamoras, iii. 272; blunt answer of, to a deputation of citizens of Matamoras—follows General Worth to Palo Alto, iii. 273; communication addressed to, by General Ampudia—reply of, to the communication of Ampudia, iii. 277; letter of, to Ampudia, complaining of discourtesy, iii. 279; requisition made by, on the governors of Louisiana and Texas, for men—Captain Walker authorized by, to raise a company of volunteers, iii. 280; order of, to the army, on marching out of Point Isabel to meet the Mexicans, iii. 281; coolness in the midst of danger displayed by, at Palo Alto, iii. 284; preparations of, for a visit of ceremony from Commodore Conner, iii. 292; volunteers from Louisiana sent back by, iii. 296; promoted to a major-generalship, iii. 297; march of, toward Monterey, iii. 299; personal exposure of, in the storming of Monterey, iii. 311; terms of surrender granted by, to Ampudia, at Monterey, iii. 313; march of, to Saltillo—plans of, for retaining his conquests, iii. 366; concen-

- trates his army at Victoria, iii. 369; extent of territory held by the army of, iii. 370; only seven thousand volunteers left to, by General Scott, iii. 379; Saltillo held by, in spite of the advice of Scott, iii. 380; vigilance of, on the approach of Santa Anna, iii. 383; determination of, to fall back to Buena Vista, from Agua Nueva, iii. 384; reply of, to Santa Anna's demand for surrender at Buena Vista, iii. 389; coolness of, during the crisis at Buena Vista, iii. 397; directs Captain Bragg to use "a little more grape," iii. 402; reputation of, greatly extended by the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 403; return of, to the United States, iii. 469; his report of the battle of Buena Vista, iii. 503.
- Tecumseh, expedition of General Harrison against, ii. 425; defeat of, by Harrison, at Tippecanoe, ii. 426; Captain Brush intercepted by, on his way to Detroit, with supplies for General Hull, ii. 436; obstinate resistance of, to Van Horne, at Brownstown, ii. 437; and the Prophet, influence of, lessened by the operations of Harrison, ii. 461; mission of, to the Creeks and Seminoles, iii. 3; attempts of, to dissuade General Proctor from retreat at Malden, iii. 68; courage displayed by, and death of, at the battle of the Thames—supposed to have fallen by the hand of Colonel R. M. Johnson, iii. 70; important influence of the death of—plans of, for the extermination of the Americans, iii. 71; speeches of, to the Creeks and Seminoles, iii. 72; death of, fatal to the power of the Prophet, iii. 73.
- Tennessee, early settlement of Andrew Jackson in, iii. 82; volunteers of, under the command of Jackson, in 1813, iii. 84; volunteers from, marched home by Jackson, in defiance of federal authority, iii. 85; insubordination of volunteers from, iii. 91, 93; letter of General Jackson to the governor of, iii. 95.
- Tennessee militia, steamboat sent from New Orleans for, by General Jackson, iii. 229; position of, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 236.
- Tennessee riflemen, position of, at the battle of New Orleans, iii. 236.
- Ternay, Chevalier de, news of the coming of, brought by Lafayette, ii. 235; death of, at Newport, ii. 327.
- Texans, regiment of, at the storming of Monterey, iii. 304.
- Texas, independence of, achieved on the field of San Jacinto, in 1836—admitted into the Union in 1845, iii. 263; requisition for men made by General Taylor on the governor of, iii. 280.
- Thames, account of the battle of, iii. 68.
- Thames, mouth of, blockaded by British ships in 1814, iii. 153.
- Thayer, Major, his obstinate defence of Fort Mifflin, ii. 72. "Thickety Run," arrival of Braddock at, i. 73.
- Thomas, General, appointed to the command of the American forces in Canada, in 1775, i. 260; retreat of, from before Quebec, pursued by Sir Guy Carleton, i. 261; death of, at the mouth of the Sorel, of small-pox, i. 262.
- Thompson, Captain, services of, at sea, in the Raleigh—his attack upon the Druid, under Captain Carteret, ii. 76.
- Thompson, Colonel (afterward General), attack of, upon British soldiers at Lechmere's Point, i. 223; sent by General Sullivan to attack the British at Three Rivers—misled by his Canadian guide, i. 276; attacked and routed by General Fraser—a prisoner in the hands of the British, i. 277.
- Thompson, Colonel, Sir Henry Clinton repulsed by, at the siege of Charleston, i. 293.
- Thompson, General, killed in an attack made by Osceola, in the vicinity of Fort King, iii. 376.
- Thornton, Captain, sent with dragoons to reconnoitre on the Rio Grande, iii. 279; made prisoner by the Mexicans on the Rio Grande, iii. 280; return of, in an exchange of prisoners, iii. 293; death of, while reconnoitring at San Antonio, iii. 440.
- Thornton, Colonel, attack made by, upon General Morgan, opposite New Orleans, iii. 237.
- Three Brothers, English brig, capture of, by the Wasp, in 1814, iii. 155.
- Three Rivers, in Canada, General Thompson defeated at, i. 277.
- Throgg's Point, landing of General Howe at—re-embarkation of Howe at, i. 372.
- Ticonderoga, expedition of Abercrombie against, in 1758, i. 103; death of Earl Edward Howe at, i. 104; capture of, by Amherst, i. 107; secret expedition for the capture of, planned in Connecticut, i. 152; Captain Phelps, Ethan Allen's guide to—capture of, by Allen and Arnold, i. 154; strife between Arnold and Allen for the command of, i. 193; operations of Sir Guy Carleton against, in 1775, i. 195, 197; placed by General Schuyler under the command of General Montgomery, i. 197; artillery conveyed from, to Cambridge, by Colonel Knox, i. 243; retreat of the American army to, on its way from Canada, i. 286; preparations for the defence of, against Carleton—reinforcements received at, from New England and Pennsylvania, i. 364; imposing force collected at, by General Gates—Carleton retires from, and withdraws into Canada—small force left at, under General St. Clair, i. 370; threatening movements in Canada in relation to, i. 481; supposed by Washington to be out of danger, i. 482, 487; St. Clair ordered to, by Schuyler, i. 482; force at, inadequate for its defence—working-men and supplies sent to, by Schuyler, i. 486; description of the bridge connecting, with Mount Independence, i. 487; the works at, commanded by Sugar-loaf hill and Mount Hope, i. 488; stealthy approach of Burgoyne to, i. 489; St. Clair conscious of the weakness of his position at, i. 490; account given by Wilkinson of a useless consumption of powder at, i. 491; intentions of Burgoyne to invest, learned from an Irish prisoner—abandonment of, by St. Clair, i. 492; delight of George III. on hearing of the capture of, i. 496; Washington unwilling to believe the story of the loss of, i. 497; Washington misinformed as to St. Clair's means of defence at, i. 498; abandonment of, justified by St. Clair, on the ground of policy, i. 499.
- Tigress, an American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (note), iii. 55.
- Tigress and Scorpion, capture of, in 1814, iii. 158.
- Tilly, M. de, sent to blockade Arnold in Portsmouth, iii. 337.
- Tippecanoe, account of General Harrison's victory at, ii. 425.
- Tlamath Indians, night-attack of, upon Colonel Fremont's party, iii. 326.
- Tobasco, capture of, by sailors and marines from Perry's fleet, iii. 416.
- Tories in Long island and New York, i. 320, 360.

- Torrejon, General, driven from the field of Buena Vista by Captain May, iii. 399.
- Townshend, Colonel George, in Wolfe's expedition against Quebec, i. 109; suggestions of, adopted by Wolfe, i. 121; command assumed by, on the death of Wolfe—retreat of De Bougainville before, i. 130.
- Treaty of peace and amity, of 1814, iii. 257.
- Trent, Captain William, inefficiency of, i. 33, 36.
- Trenton, hour fixed for the attack upon, i. 417; Colonel Rahl in command at, i. 418; Christmas-night chosen by Washington for the attack upon—plan of Washington for the attack upon, i. 419; men frozen to death on the march to, i. 420; names of officers at the battle of, i. 420, 421; comparative losses of the British and Americans at, i. 422; commendation by Washington of his troops for their conduct at—failure of General Putnam to co-operate with Washington at, i. 423; good effect upon the army of the success at, i. 424; attempt of the British to surprise Wayne and Pulaski at, ii. 106.
- Treble, Colonel, Indian villages on the St. Joseph's taken by, ii. 461.
- Triplett, Captain, sword presented to, by Congress, for his services at the Cowpens, ii. 302.
- Tripoli, brilliant exploits of Decatur in the harbor of, ii. 482-484.
- Trippe, an American vessel in the battle of Lake Erie (*note*), iii. 55.
- Trist, Mr. Nicholas P., appointed peace-commissioner in Mexico, iii. 429.
- Troublesome creek, encampment of General Greene on, ii. 321.
- Trumbull, Colonel Joseph, insinuations of, against General Schuyler, i. 458.
- Trumbull, Governor, row-galleys sent to Washington by, to operate against the *Rose* and *Phoenix*, i. 313; New-York Tories consigned to the keeping of, i. 320; urged by Washington to hasten the equipment of the Connecticut troops, i. 450.
- Trumbull, John, fortification of Mount Defiance, commanding Ticonderoga, recommended by, i. 488.
- Tryon county, expedition of Walter Butler against settlers in, ii. 160.
- Tryon, Governor, at the head of a tory conspiracy, i. 287; expedition under, to destroy stores at Danbury, i. 464; retreat of, from Danbury—attempt of Arnold to intercept—pursuit of, by Wooster, i. 466; retreat of, to his ships, covered by sailors and marines of Sir William Erskine, i. 468; copies of Lord North's "conciliatory bills" sent to Washington by—resolutions of Congress offering pardon sent to, by Washington, ii. 112; marauding expeditions of, into Connecticut, ii. 180, 181; salt works destroyed by, at Horseneck, ii. 180; proclamation to the inhabitants of Connecticut issued by, ii. 181; excuse given by, for his burning of houses in Norwalk—thoroughly disliked by the English people—Fairfield and Norwalk, in Connecticut, laid in ashes by, ii. 182; conduct of, in Connecticut, approved by Lord George Germain, ii. 183.
- Tupper, General, failure of, at the rapids of the Maumee, ii. 508.
- Tuspan, unsuccessful attempt made upon, by Commodore Conner, iii. 366; capture of, by Commodore Perry, iii. 416.
- Twesdale, marquis of, pursued by General Scott to the Chippewa, iii. 160.
- Twiggs, General David E., position of, in the American camp on the Rio Grande, iii. 278; march of, to Monterey, iii. 297; brigade under the command of, at Lobos island, iii. 411; march of, toward Jalapa, iii. 417; position assigned to, by General Scott, at Cerro Gordo, iii. 419; Mexican attack repulsed by, iii. 437; attack upon Contreras led by, iii. 442; San Angel occupied by, at the siege of Mexico, iii. 453.
- Tynes, Colonel, surprised and defeated by Marion on the Black river, ii. 296.
- Tyng, Edward, in the colonial expedition against Louisburg, i. 8.
- Typees, expedition of Captain Porter against the, iii. 144.

U.

- United States, frigate, capture of the Macedonian by, ii. 485; shut in the Thames by the British cruisers, in 1815, iii. 217.
- Utrecht, treaty of, fatal to French dominion in America—Newfoundland and Nova Scotia ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of, i. 6.

V.

- Valencia, General, posted by Santa Anna at San Angel, iii. 440; disobeys Santa Anna, and marches to a hill beyond Contreras, iii. 441; strongly intrenched camp of, at Contreras, iii. 442; a victory claimed by, and announced by Santa Anna to his soldiers, iii. 444.
- Vallejo, General, taken prisoner in California by Colonel Fremont, iii. 327.
- Valley Forge, description of, as it was during the Revolution—Washington's reasons for selecting, for winter-quarters, ii. 81; destitution of the American army at, ii. 82, 83; description of the huts erected at, ii. 82; testimony of Lafayette to the sufferings of the army at, ii. 84; letters of Generals Huntington and Varnum, in relation to the sufferings of the troops at—anecdote of Washington overheard at prayer at, ii. 85; Washington's commendation of the patience of the troops at—Washington authorized by Congress to supply the necessities of the troops at, by force, ii. 86; camp-fever in, and desertions from the army at, ii. 87; committee of Congress visit, ii. 101; Mrs. Washington and other ladies in the camp at—arrival of General Charles Lee and Ethan Allen in the camp at, ii. 102; arrival of Baron Steuben in the camp at, ii. 103; reception at, of the news of the treaty with France, ii. 110; rejoicings in the camp at, ii. 111; camp at, broken up by Washington, ii. 117.
- Valparaiso, arrival of the *Essex* at, iii. 124; meeting of the *Essex* and the *Phœbe* in the harbor of, iii. 148; battle between the *Essex* and the *Phœbe* witnessed by inhabitants of, iii. 150.
- Valverde, march of Colonel Doniphan from, to Doña Ana, iii. 405.
- Van Braam, left as a hostage with the French at Fort Necessity, i. 44.
- Van Cortlandt, Colonel, with Gates at Stillwater, ii. 21.
- Van Horne, Major, attacked by British and Indians in ambush, near Brownstown, ii. 437.
- Van Rensselaer, a leader of the Canadian insurgents, in 1837—Navy island taken possession of by, iii. 377.
- Van Rensselaer, General Stephen, large force under the

- command of, on the Niagara river, in 1812, ii. 462; military ardor of the troops under, ii. 465; attack of, upon Queenstown, ii. 466; severe wounds received by, in the attack on Queenstown, ii. 467; militia refuse to follow, to Queenstown, ii. 469; command on the Niagara frontier resigned by—succeeded by General Smythe, ii. 474.
- Van Wart, Isaac, one of the Cow-boys who arrested Major André, ii. 257; burial-place of, ii. 273.
- Varnum, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; letters of, in relation to the condition of the army at Valley Forge, ii. 87.
- Vasquez, General, death of, at Cerro Gordo, iii. 423.
- Vaudreuil, Rigaud de, expedition of, against Fort William Henry, i. 97; capitulation of, to General Amherst, at Montreal, i. 134.
- Vaughan, Colonel, Grand battery at Louisburg taken by, i. 17.
- Vaughan, General, Esopus burned by the British under the command of, ii. 37.
- Venango, a French fort on the Alleghany, i. 34.
- Vera Cruz, force organized for the attack upon, iii. 370; General Scott's plans of operations for the reduction of, iii. 510, 511; troops collected by Scott for the reduction of, iii. 379; preparations of Scott for an attack upon, iii. 412; bombardment of—surrender of, by General Landero, to Scott, iii. 414; General Worth appointed governor of—rations distributed to the poor of, iii. 415; Scott's basis of operations, iii. 417; defenders of, asspersed by Santa Anna, iii. 431.
- Vergennes, attempt of Captain Pring to destroy American vessels at, iii. 116.
- Vergennes, Count de, influence of the arguments of Colonel Laurens upon, ii. 387.
- Verplanck's Point, Sir Henry Clinton lands at, to deceive Putnam, ii. 33; capture of, by Sir Henry Clinton, in 1779, ii. 179; guns of Stony Point turned upon, by General Wayne, ii. 185.
- Victoria, divisions of General Taylor's army concentrated at, iii. 369.
- Vigilante, a French sixty-four gun ship, captured by Commodore Warren, in 1745, i. 21; effect of the news of the capture of, on the inhabitants of Louisburg—letter of the commander of, to Duchambon, i. 25.
- Ville de Paris, flag-ship of De Grasse, visit of Washington to, ii. 392.
- Vincennes, recovery of the fort at, from the British, by Major Clarke, ii. 177; large force of western cavalry assembled at, under General Hopkins, ii. 459.
- Vincent, General, pursuit of, by Generals Chandler and Winder, after the capture of Fort George, iii. 14.
- Vinton, Captain, gallantry of, at the siege of Monterey, iii. 308; death of, at the siege of Vera Cruz, iii. 414.
- Viomenil, Baron de, sails from Newport to attack Arnold at Portsmouth, ii. 328; British redoubt at Yorktown stormed by, ii. 397.
- Virginia, a frigate, capture of, in the Chesapeake, by the British, on her first cruise, ii. 154.
- Virginia, levy of troops in, urged by Patrick Henry, i. 238; ravages of the British in, in 1779, ii. 179; bad conduct of the militia from, at the battle of Camden, ii. 226; expedition against, intrusted to Arnold, ii. 304; good conduct of the militia from, at the battle of Guilford courthouse, ii. 324; ravages of Phillips and Arnold in, ii. 329; amount of British devastations in, ii. 335; alarm caused in, by the invasion of Cornwallis, ii. 383; determination of Washington and Rochambeau to attack the British in, ii. 384; terror of British invasion in, in 1813, iii. 33; defensive measures of, in 1814, iii. 170.
- Virginians, company of, fired upon by British soldiers, in Braddock's defeat, i. 78.
- Vixen, an American cruiser, capture of, by Sir James Lucas Yeo, iii. 24.
- Vulture, British sloop-of-war, sent to Teller's Point, to facilitate a meeting between Arnold and André—correspondence of Arnold with Colonel Beverly Robinson on board of, ii. 248; fired upon, from Teller's Point, ii. 252; escape of Arnold to, after the exposure of his treason, ii. 261.

W.

- Wadsworth, General, gallantry of, at the battle of Queens-town, ii. 467; chief command given up by, to Colonel Winfield Scott, ii. 468.
- Wah-lah-wah-lah Indians, attack on Sutter's fort threatened by, iii. 352; pacification of, by Fremont, iii. 353.
- Waldeckers, about fifty made prisoners by an equal number of militia, i. 448.
- Walker, Captain, appointed his aid by Baron Steuben, ii. 105.
- Walker, Captain, authorized by General Taylor to raise a company of volunteers—camp of, set upon by Mexicans in his absence, iii. 280.
- Wallace, Captain, attempted treasonable correspondence of Doctor Church with, i. 218; brutality of, i. 227; anecdotes of, i. 227, 228; depredations of, in Rhode Island, i. 228.
- Wallace, Sir James, capture of his ship *Experiment* by the fleet of D'Estaing, ii. 198.
- Walpole, Horace, remarks of, respecting colonial affairs in 1756-'7, i. 96, 99; character of Burgoyne, as described by, i. 484; language of, in relation to Wolfe's victory at Quebec, i. 132; language of, in relation to the battle of Lexington, i. 152; his account of Lafayette's challenge to the earl of Carlisle (*note*), ii. 115.
- Ward, Ensign, surrender of, to Contrecoeur, i. 35.
- Ward, General Artemas, experience gained by, under Abercrombie, i. 159; aid sent by, to Colonel Prescott, on Breed's hill, i. 166.
- Ward's Point, Staten island, house still standing on, in which Lord Howe received the committee from Congress, i. 345.
- Warner, Colonel Seth, supersedes Ethan Allen in command of the "Green-Mountain Boys," i. 199; services rendered by "Green-Mountain Boys" under, i. 201; opportune arrival of, with his "Green-Mountain Boys," at the battle of Bennington, ii. 6.
- War of 1812, causes of the, ii. 413; debate in Congress preceding, ii. 423; sections of the country in favor of, and opposed to, ii. 428; inadequate preparations made for, ii. 430; speech of Daniel Webster against, iii. 113; financial difficulties produced by, iii. 211; Alison's admiration of American naval skill and gallantry in—American and British captures of vessels during, iii. 220; appendix to chapters on, iii. 243.
- Warren, Commodore, aid refused by, in the expedition against Louisburg, i. 12; arrival of, with his fleet, at Canseau, i. 14; friendly intercourse of, with Pepperell,

- i. 20; impatience of, at the slow progress of the siege of Louisburg, i. 21, 22; the French ship *Vigilante* captured by, i. 21; rivalry between, and Pepperell, i. 27; made an admiral by the British government, i. 29.
- Warren, Doctor Joseph, warning of the approach of Colonel Smith sent to Concord by, i. 141; narrow escape of, at the battle of Lexington, i. 148; services volunteered by, as a private soldier, at Breed's hill, i. 171; death of, at Breed's hill, i. 177; universal grief for the death of—biographical notice of, i. 179.
- Warren, Major, left by General Taylor at Agua Nueva with a garrison, iii. 382.
- Warren, Sir John Borlase, large British fleet under the command of, sent to the American coasts in 1813, iii. 29.
- Warrington, Captain, cruise of, in the *Peacock*, in 1814, iii. 155; cruise of, in the *Peacock*, in 1815, iii. 218; the East-Indiaman *Nautilus* captured and restored by, iii. 220.
- Washington, Augustine, letter of Washington to, in relation to the loss of Fort Washington, i. 392.
- Washington, Captain, position of his battery at Buena Vista, iii. 388.
- Washington, Captain William, important service rendered by, at the battle of Trenton, i. 421; Colonel Hamilton and others made prisoners by, from Tarleton's dragoons, ii. 206; surprise of, at Monk's Corner, by Tarleton, ii. 209; Colonel Rugely and his command made prisoners-of-war by, ii. 295; body of Tories attacked and defeated by, near Hammond's store, ii. 297; activity of, at the battle of the Cowpens, ii. 301; personal conflict of, with Tarleton—silver medal presented to, by Congress, for his services at the Cowpens, ii. 302; services rendered by, at the battle of Guilford courthouse, ii. 324; services of, at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 341, 343; humanity of, injurious to his cause at Hobkirk's hill—Captain Coffin's party surprised by, after the battle, ii. 343; service rendered by, on the lower Santee, ii. 366; wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 371.
- Washington city, alarm in, on the approach of the British, in 1813, iii. 35; march of the British upon, in 1814, iii. 172; great consternation among the inhabitants of, on the approach of the British—vessels and stores at, burned, iii. 190; ravages of the British in, iii. 193; terrible tempest at, while occupied by the British, iii. 194; sudden retreat of the British from, at night, iii. 196; return of President Madison and General Armstrong to, iii. 197.
- WASHINGTON, GEORGE, sent as commissioner to the French on Lake Erie, in 1753, i. 33; slow progress of, toward Little Meadows, i. 36; attack of, upon the party of Jumonville, i. 38; Fort Necessity surrendered by, to De Villiers, i. 43; little justice done to, in England—slandered by the French, i. 46; invited by Braddock to become one of his aids, i. 57; his advice asked by Braddock at Little Meadows, i. 70; his sickness at "Great Crossings," i. 72; rejoins Braddock at "Thicketty Run," i. 73; miraculous escape of, at Braddock's defeat, i. 78; Braddock's retreat covered by, i. 79; horse and negro-servant left to, by Braddock—funeral-service read by, at the burial of Braddock, i. 81; sentiments expressed by, on hearing the news of the battle of Lexington, i. 151; nominated by John Adams as commander-in-chief, i. 157; language of, on accepting his appointment as commander-in-chief, i. 158; ancestry of—biographical notice of—birthplace of—mother of, i. 182; school-days of—midshipman's warrant obtained for, i. 183; land of Lord Fairfax surveyed by—early initiation of, into military life—visit of, to Barbadoes, in company with his brother Lawrence, i. 184; marriage of—called to take command of the continental army at Cambridge—personal appearance of, i. 185; command of the continental army assumed by, i. 186; desire of, for the commencement of active operations against the British in Boston—New England disaffected toward, i. 214; small fleet of schooners fitted out by, i. 219; annoyance of, at the mutinous conduct of the Connecticut troops, i. 224; appeal made by, to the patriotism of the continental army—cause for anxiety in the mind of, i. 232; news of the death of Montgomery received by—unable to move for want of troops and ammunition, i. 234; honors paid to, by Congress, for his services at Boston, i. 256; his opinion of the British plans for negotiation, i. 270; cares and perplexities of, when in New York, i. 271; conspiracy to capture the person of, and massacre his principal officers—influence of, used with Congress, for an increase of the army, i. 286; order issued by, in anticipation of the encounter with General Howe's forces, i. 302; commiseration felt by, for the helpless in New York, i. 321; anxiety of, on the eve of the battle of Long island—activity of, during the retreat from Long island, i. 336; little confidence felt by, in his troops, i. 338; annoyance of, at the bad conduct of militia and Connecticut troops, i. 350; remarks of, upon the necessity of reorganizing the American army, i. 358; his opinion upon militia—his efforts to prevent the practice of plundering, i. 359; anxiety of, lest he should be left without troops, i. 383; perplexity of, as to the movements of General Howe, i. 386; letter of, to his brother Augustine, in relation to the loss of Fort Washington—unsuspicious of duplicity on the part of General Lee, i. 396; duplicity of Lee and Colonel Reed discovered by, i. 399; gravity of his manner after crossing the Delaware—confidence of, in final success—increased powers given to, by Congress, i. 414; letter of, to Congress, touching the difficulties of his position—formation of a standing army recommended to Congress by, i. 415; endowed by Congress with the powers of dictator, i. 429; resolution of Congress conferring the dictatorship upon, i. 430; dangerous position of, on the field of battle at Princeton, i. 434; anxiety felt for the safety of, at the battle of Princeton, i. 435; perplexity of, with regard to the claims of foreign officers, i. 451, 470; anxiety of, respecting the recruitment of a new army, i. 451; colonels of the new army appointed by, i. 452; appreciation of, in Europe—language of Botta and Horace Walpole respecting, i. 454; affectionate treatment of Hamilton by, i. 460; preference of, for natives, for places of trust—life-guard of, how composed, i. 472; language of, respecting the extravagance and dishonesty of some of his officers at Morristown, i. 474; perplexity of, as to the movements of the British on Staten island and the Hudson, i. 481; unwilling to believe the story of the loss of Ticonderoga, i. 497; misinformed as to St. Clair's means of defence at Ticonderoga, i. 498; letter, addressed to Burgoyne, put into the hands of—perplexities of, as to the movements of the British, shown in a letter to his brother Augustine—camp of, removed to

- Germantown, i. 503; first meeting of, with Lafayette, i. 504; movements of, before the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 15; retreat of, to Germantown, after the battle of the Brandywine, ii. 62; overheard in private prayer at Valley Forge—humanity of, evinced in his sympathy with the suffering troops at Valley Forge, ii. 85; encampment of, at Fredericksburg, ii. 157; remarks of, respecting the low character of public men in 1778, ii. 166; hospitalities of, in camp, ii. 168; honors bestowed upon, by Louis XVI., ii. 237; conference of, with Count Rochambeau, at Hartford, ii. 247; design of Arnold to capture, ii. 253; visit of, to Mount Vernon, after six years' absence, ii. 387; personal exposure of, at the siege of Yorktown, ii. 396, 398, 399; Stuart's portrait of, saved by Mrs. Madison, iii. 192.
- Washington, Lawrence, a friend of Wentworth and Vernon, i. 183.
- Washington, Lund, supplies given by, to a British cruiser, to save Mount Vernon, ii. 329.
- Washington, Mrs., arrival of, at the camp at Cambridge, i. 225; leaves New York for Mount Vernon, on the landing of Sir William Howe on Long island, i. 323; in the camp at Valley Forge, ii. 102.
- Wasp, sloop of-war, British brig Frolic captured by, ii. 488; cruise of, in 1814, iii. 154; the Atalanta and the Avon captured by—supposed to have foundered at sea, iii. 155.
- Waterbury, General, taken prisoner on board the Washington, in the naval engagement on Lake Champlain—remark of Sir Guy Carleton to—released on parole, i. 369.
- Watson, Colonel, death of, at the storming of Monterey, iii. 302.
- Watson, Lieutenant, gallant conduct of, in the Argus, in the action with the British brig Pelican, iii. 26.
- Wayne, General Anthony, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; contempt of, for the British soldiers, i. 473; defeat of, by General Grey, near the Schuylkill, ii. 63; impetuous attack of, upon the British at Germantown, ii. 66; Philadelphia and Bucks counties laid waste by, ii. 107; services of, at the battle of Monmouth, ii. 120; scheme of Cornwallis and Knyphausen to surprise, at New Tappan, ii. 158; willingness of, to carry out plans of Washington, ii. 180; account of his capture of Stony Point, ii. 183; wounded in the head, while ascending the ramparts at Stony Point, ii. 184; letter written by, to Washington, announcing the capture of Stony Point, ii. 185; testimony of, as to the sufferings of the American army at Morristown—mutiny of the troops under the command of, at Morristown, ii. 305; led by a stratagem to make an attack on Cornwallis at James river, ii. 334; British driven out of Georgia by, ii. 378; Charleston taken possession of by, on the departure of the British—subsequent career of (*note*), ii. 379.
- Weatherford, a Creek chief, massacre at Fort Mims by Indians led by, iii. 77; defeat of, by General Claiborne, iii. 98; unexpected presence of, at General Jackson's quarters—noble surrender made by, iii. 103.
- Weathersfield, interview of Washington with Rochambeau at, ii. 381.
- Webb, Colonel, precipitate flight of, on the approach of Montcalm, i. 96.
- Webb, Samuel B., appointed colonel by Washington, i. 452.
- Webster, Captain Fletcher, left with artillery for the defence of Saltillo, iii. 382; General Miñon repulsed by, at Saltillo, iii. 401.
- Webster, Colonel, communications of Charleston by the Cooper river cut off by, ii. 210.
- Webster, Daniel, speech of, against the war of 1812, iii. 113.
- Weeden, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452.
- Wemyss, Major, devastations of, on the Pedee and Black rivers, ii. 278; attempt of, to surprise Sumter, ii. 287; wounded and a prisoner in the hands of Sumter, ii. 288.
- Westchester, line across the county of, occupied by French and American troops, ii. 383.
- West Point, selected as a suitable site for a fort, ii. 107; fortification of, intrusted to Kosciusko—fort erected at, called Fort Clinton, ii. 108; General Putnam stationed at, with two brigades, in 1778, ii. 157; anxiety of Washington for the preservation of, ii. 180; headquarters of Washington at, ii. 185; command of, solicited and obtained by Arnold, ii. 240; furnished to Major André by Arnold—troops of Sir Henry Clinton embarked for the purpose of capturing, ii. 253.
- Wexhaw settlement, the native place of Andrew Jackson, iii. 79.
- Whipple, Commodore, uses made by, of his fleet, for the defence of Charleston, in 1780, ii. 207, 208.
- White, Colonel John, five British ships captured by, with the aid of five men, ii. 202.
- White, Colonel, surprise of, by Tarleton, at the Santee river, ii. 210.
- White, General, cruel and unwise conduct of, toward the Hillabee tribe of Creeks, iii. 93.
- Whitefield, Reverend George, advice given by, to William Pepperell, i. 9.
- Whitehaven, attempt of Paul Jones to burn the shipping in the harbor of, ii. 152.
- Whitemarsh, reinforcements from the Northern army received by Washington at, ii. 77; Washington's camp at, threatened by the British, ii. 79; withdrawal of the British from, in the night, ii. 81.
- White Plains, approach of Sir William Howe's army toward—Washington's headquarters established at—services of Colonel Glover at, i. 375; fortified camp prepared by Washington at, i. 376; battle of—bad conduct of militia at, i. 378; gallantry displayed at, by Alexander Hamilton, i. 379; wretched condition of the American troops at, i. 380; General Howe awaits reinforcements at—British grenadier taken prisoner at, by a boy, i. 381; retreat of Washington from—courthouse and other buildings burned at, i. 382; withdrawal of the British from, i. 383; Washington at, in 1778, ii. 157.
- Wilkinson, Major (afterward General), his account of the capture of General Lee by Colonel Harcourt, i. 408; escape of, after the capture of Lee, i. 413; life of Major Ackland saved by, at Bemis's heights, ii. 42; sole American witness of the surrender of Burgoyne, ii. 57; made brigadier-general by Congress, on delivering the news of Burgoyne's surrender, ii. 60; instrumentality of, in exposing Conway's cabal, ii. 99, 100; Spanish posts at and near Mobile taken by, in 1813, iii. 74; summoned to take command of the Northern army, iii. 75; invasion of Canada intrusted to, in the fall of 1813, iii. 104; operations of, against Montreal, iii. 107; refusal of General

- Hampton to co-operate with, iii. 109; the *Boston Gazette* on the ill success of, in the invasion of Canada, iii. 110; failure of his attack on La Colle mill—retirement of, from the army—succeeded in his command by General George Izard, iii. 116.
- Willett, Colonel, successful sortie made by, from Fort Stanwix, i. 513.
- Williamsburg, in Virginia, public property in, destroyed by Phillips and Arnold, ii. 329; arrival of Washington and Rochambeau at, ii. 391; rendezvous of the allies at, ii. 392.
- Williams, Colonel, at the battle of King's mountain, ii. 281; mortal wound received by, at King's mountain, ii. 284.
- Williams, Colonel Ephraim, sent by Colonel Johnson to meet Dieskau, i. 88; utterly routed by Dieskau, i. 89.
- Williams, Colonel Otho Holland, cruel treatment of, as a prisoner, in New York, i. 441; remonstrates with General Gates on his precipitate march toward Camden—advice given by, to Gates, at the battle of Camden, ii. 226; retreat of General Greene to the Dan covered by—rapid retreat of, to the Dan, ii. 316; driven across the Haw by Cornwallis, ii. 321; Maryland brigade led by, at Hobkirk's hill, ii. 341; at the battle of Eutaw Springs, ii. 368.
- Williams, David, one of the Cow-boys who arrested Major André, ii. 257; burial-place of, ii. 273.
- Williamson, General, made prisoner by Colonel Hayne, ii. 364; rescued by British cavalry, ii. 365.
- Wilson, Colonel, Barita taken possession of by, iii. 293.
- Winchester, General, General Harrison superseded by—prudent approach of, to Fort Defiance, ii. 460; winter expedition of, to the rapids of the Maumee, ii. 508; Frenchtown surrendered by, to General Proctor, ii. 509.
- Winder, General, new military district in the South placed under the command of, in 1814, iii. 170; requisitions made by, upon Pennsylvania and Virginia, for militia—long absence of, on a reconnoitring expedition—rapid retreat of the army of, toward Washington, on the approach of the British, iii. 173; perplexity of, respecting the movements of the British—interfered with, by Madison and Monroe, in the management of his troops, iii. 174; statement of, respecting his conduct at the battle of Bladensburg (*note*), iii. 176; sent to the Niagara frontier, iii. 188; return of, to civil life—unusual funeral honors paid to, iii. 189.
- Winslow, General, sent by Abercrombie against Fort William Henry, i. 93; Forts Edward and William Henry strengthened by, i. 96.
- Winyaw bay, failure of Marion's attack on the British at, ii. 297.
- Wirt, William, language of, respecting the terror of British invasion in Virginia in 1813, iii. 33.
- Wolfe, General James, biographical notices of, i. 100, 107; in command of a division in the expedition of General Amherst against Louisburg, i. 102; expedition against Quebec intrusted to, by Pitt—personal description of, i. 107; famous camp-song written by, i. 108; men afterward distinguished, in his expedition against Quebec, i. 109; enthusiasm pervading the army under, i. 110; proclamation issued by, i. 113; activity of, in studying the defences of Quebec, i. 117; effect upon, of his failure at Montmorenci, i. 120; news of the successes of Amherst and Johnson received by—plans of attack devised by, during sickness, i. 121; his despondent letter to Pitt, i. 123; daring resolve of, to attain the Plains of Abraham—information obtained by, from a deserter, i. 124; last orders of, to his army, i. 125; Gray's Elegy quoted by, on approaching the heights of Abraham, i. 126; his disposition of his forces when attacked by Montcalm, i. 128; his conduct on the field of battle—mortal wound received by, i. 129; death of, i. 130; honors paid to the memory of, i. 132.
- Wolfe's cove, landing of Wolfe at, i. 124.
- Wolsey, Lieutenant, in command of the only armed American vessel on Lake Ontario in 1812, ii. 463; attack of the British repulsed by, on the Big Sandy, iii. 159.
- Woodford, appointed brigadier-general by Congress, i. 452; arrival of, with reinforcements, at Charleston, during the siege in 1780, ii. 208.
- Wool, Captain John E. (afterward General), bravery displayed by, at the battle of Queenstown, ii. 467; expedition of, against Chihuahua, in 1846—biographical notice of, iii. 347; volunteers mustered and organized at Cincinnati by—unpopularity of, with volunteers—Colonel Harney in the expedition of, against Chihuahua, iii. 349; American flag raised by, in San Rosas—stops short of Chihuahua, by order of General Taylor—takes possession of Monclova, iii. 351; impatient of inaction at Monclova, iii. 367; city of Parras taken possession of by—immediate aid of, invoked by General Worth—rapid march of, to Patros—game of chess played by, at the house of Señor Sanchez, iii. 368; obstacle presented by, to the march of Santa Anna, iii. 369; American army placed in position by, at Buena Vista, iii. 388.
- Wooster, General David, inactivity of, at Montreal and Quebec, i. 260; disagreement of Arnold with, i. 261; superseded by General Sullivan, i. 262; mortal wound received by, when in pursuit of Governor Tryon—death of, i. 467; biographical notice of, i. 468.
- Worth, Lieutenant William J. (afterward General), in the attack on Fort George, on the Niagara river, iii. 11; in command of the van of the army at the crossing of the Colorado, iii. 272; encampment of, at Palo Alto, iii. 273; deputed by Taylor to open communications with General Mejia—conversation of, with General La Vega, iii. 274; resignation of—succeeded in his command by General Twiggs, iii. 278; encampment of, at Palo Alto, iii. 281; Ceralvo taken possession of by, iii. 297; division led by, in the attack on Monterey, iii. 299; march of, to Saltillo—constituted military commandant of Saltillo, iii. 366; division of, withdrawn from Taylor's army by Scott, iii. 411; Vera Cruz taken possession of by, iii. 415; position assigned to, at Cerro Gordo, iii. 420; march of, into Puebla, iii. 428; arrival of, at San Augustine, on the Acapulco road to Mexico, iii. 437; San Antonio turned and forced by, iii. 448; occupies Tacubaya, at the siege of Mexico, iii. 453; his account of the battle of Molino del Rey, iii. 455; Casa de Mata, a powder-mill, blown up by, iii. 457.
- Wrotham, in Virginia, storehouses destroyed at, by Colonel Simcoe, ii. 304.
- Wyoming, description of the vale of, ii. 133; frequently the scene of Indian warfare—Count Zinzendorf the first white man who visited the valley of, ii. 134; originally settled by New-Englanders, ii. 135; claims of a Penn-

sylvania company in the vale of—volunteers from, for the continental army—threatened by the British and Indians, ii. 136; efforts made in, for defence, under the leadership of Colonel Zebulon Butler, ii. 136, 137; gunpowder made in, by the aid of the women—inhabitants of, march to meet the enemy, ii. 137; defeat and massacre of the patriots, ii. 138; anecdotes of the massacre of, ii. 138, 139; capitulation of the defenders of, in Fort Forty, ii. 139; abandoned by Colonel John Butler to his Indians, ii. 140; houses of, pillaged and burned by the Indians, ii. 140, 141; exodus of the survivors of the massacre at—monument erected at, ii. 141.

Y.

Yadkin river, a rise in, interrupts the pursuit of Greene by Cornwallis—march of Cornwallis to the upper fords of, ii. 314.

Yarnell, Lieutenant, the brig Lawrence abandoned to the charge of, at the battle of Lake Erie, iii. 61; compelled to strike his flag, iii. 62.

Yell, Colonel, position of, at Buena Vista, iii. 388.

Yeo, Commodore Sir James Lucas, attack made by, on Sackett's Harbor, repulsed by General Brown, iii. 13; attack made by, upon Oswego, iii. 158.

York, attempt to destroy British shipping at, urged by Commodore Chauncey—expedition of General Dearborn against, in 1813, iii. 6; explosion of a British powder-magazine at, iii. 7; surrender of, to General Dearborn, iii. 8; escape of General Sheaffe from, with British regulars—killed and wounded at, iii. 9.

Yorktown, shipyard, vessels, and stores, destroyed at, by Phillips and Arnold, ii. 329; fortified by Cornwallis, ii. 380; approach of the allied armies to, ii. 393; confidence of Cornwallis in his power to defend—description of the fortifications of, ii. 394; artillery at, under the command of General Knox—complete investment of, by the allies, ii. 395; first parallel at the siege of, opened by General Lincoln, ii. 396; French driven from their batteries at, by Colonel Abercrombie, ii. 399; Governor Nelson's house still standing at (*note*), ii. 401; articles of capitulation of, ii. 402; imposing scene at the surrender of, ii. 403; number of troops surrendered at, ii. 406; news of the surrender of, how received by Congress—Sir Henry Clinton sails from New York for the relief of, on the day of the surrender, ii. 408; evacuated by both armies within two weeks after its surrender—the surrender at, virtually closed the War for Independence, ii. 409; reception in England of the news of the surrender of—Lord North powerfully affected by the fall of, ii. 410; operations of General Greene after the surrender of, ii. 377.

Youghoney river, descended by Washington in 1754, i. 36; arrival of Braddock at, i. 71.

Young's house, on the "Neutral Ground," prisoners taken by the British at, ii. 205.

Z.

Zinzendorf, Count, the first white man who penetrated the vale of Wyoming—singular preservation of, from Indian murderers—biographical notice of (*note*), ii. 134.

THE END.







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